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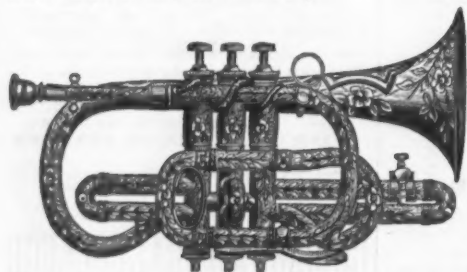
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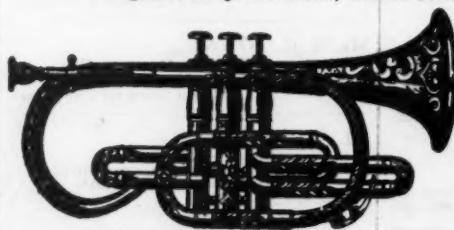


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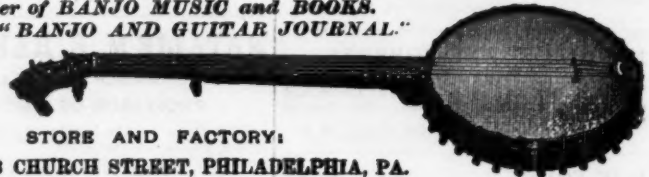
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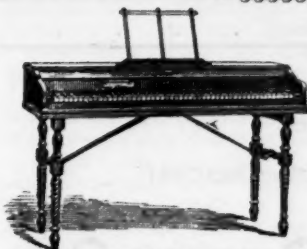
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BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, December 18, 1894.

THE Royal Opera House claimed my attention on Tuesday and Saturday nights of last week because of the joint "guest" appearance here of Ravelli, the tenor, and D'Andrade, the famous baritone. As I wrote to you in my last week's budget, originally there had been three "stars" for this short stagione of opera in Italian which is giving relief to our German repertory, but so great was the fiasco which the elderly Mrs. Gye-Albani made at her first appearance in "Traviata" that she did not care running the risk of a representation of the much younger "Gilda" in such first-class company. She therefore was excused on the plea of "hoarseness," and will not sing here again with her two former partners, but will save herself for one grand and final effort in "Marguerite," which she is to sing to-morrow night.

Meanwhile the tremendous audience of last Tuesday night (the vast house was completely sold out from top to bottom) had no reason to feel aggrieved over Mme. Albani's "hoarseness," for besides the financial advantage of a reduction in the prices of admission (orchestra stalls were at 8 marks instead of 12, as heretofore), they were the gainers also artistically by the substitution of our great little prima donna, Frau Herzog, for the perennial Albani in the part of "Gilda." She sang it superbly, and so carried away the entire audience that D'Andrade after the scene with "Germont père" virtually was forced and in his turn actually and bodily did force "Gilda" to appear with him before the curtain. It was but fair that this breaking in upon the strict rules of the house was not reproved or fined by the stage management or Count Hochberg, for the slender little woman whose wrist was in the firm grasp of the able-bodied signor could no more have prevented her being dragged before the curtain than the management could have stopped the roar and thunder of applause and approbation which the baritone's action produced on the part of the public, who had all along been clamoring for Mrs. Herzog. The only drawback—a slight one in view of the advantages—was that our soprano did not know the rôle in Italian, and as she was called upon at short notice could not memorize it in that foreign tongue, and thus again one of those incongruous, polyglot performances took place of which you have had samples also in New York.

D'Andrade himself was a glorious "Rigoletto" vocally, but histrionically he indulged, for my taste at least, in a bit of overacting. The Berlin press and public, however, seemed to be delighted beyond measure, and had nothing but praise for the foreign artist.

A great and most desirable improvement had taken place in the few days between the "Traviata" and the "Rigoletto" performance with our old little friend Signor Ravelli. Not only did he "duke it well," but he was also in fine voice, and he sang with some of his old time fire and vigor. He also came in for a great share of the applause.

Of the home artists Krolop was excellent as the bloody "Sparafucile," while Miss Rothausen's voice in the part of "Maddalena" did not blend well with the others in the great quartet of the final act. She came also very near upsetting this gem by an entrance two bars too premature. However, partly Weingartner was to blame for this. He conducted the first two acts with the greatest of care and happiest results, but he is hardly in sympathy with that sort of music, and besides it evidently is not his forte. Be that as it may, the orchestra and entire ensemble were not up to standard in the last two acts. Lübeck also played the cello obligato rather poorly.

The first concert hour of my Wednesday night I gave over to Miss Anna Bromberg, who, with the assistance of the pianist Felix Dreyschock, had arranged a well attended concert at Bechstein Hall. The young lady is not exactly a singer about whom one might grow enthusiastic, for she lacks taste and certain sympathetic qualities, but she has naturally a fair and quite powerful dramatic mezzo soprano voice, and with better training she may some day or other become an artist. I heard from her Schumann's "Melancholie," in which, indeed, the reproduction corresponded to the title, and three Franz Lieder ("Die blauen Frühlingsaugen," "Vergessen" and "Mädchen mit dem roten Mündchen"), which convinced me that I did not want to hear any more that same evening.

Dreyschock played Schumann's "Kreisleriana" rather

neatly, but with a short tone and dry touch, which they cannot stand very well. ***

I got down to the Singakademie in time to hear the greater portion of Ernest Hutcheson's second piano recital. His fame as an artist and pianist of extraordinary qualities had spread so rapidly after the first concert that this second one was quite well attended.

I have spoken at length in a former letter about this young Australian (he is now only twenty-three years of age), who is the most talented of all of Stavenhagen's pupils. His technic is something wonderful in its evenness, and he is just as perfect in the most delicate as in the most ponderous passage, scale and wrist work. The last movement of Schubert's D major sonata, op. 53, which was the only one I heard, was musically delightful, the Haydn F minor variations clean cut and most intelligent, while the great E minor prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn was a model of clearness in voice playing. For general finish I liked the Chopin Polonaise-Fantaisie best, and for intensity the Brahms B minor rhapsody. Two consolations in E and D flat, by Liszt, were performed so exquisitely that I came very near imagining them to be really beautiful compositions, and the Liszt sixth rhapsody was played with such verve and bravura that I willingly joined with the public in a furor of applause, and listened to two transcriptions, the scherzo from the "Midsummernight's Dream" music, and the Schubert-Liszt "Erking," which formed the double encore granted on this occasion.

Hutcheson is a great pianist and personally a most modest, charming, young fellow. I predict for him a brilliant future. ***

Thursday I was called away to Leipzig on business, and therefore could not attend the fourth Joachim Quartet evening, of which you will find particulars, however, in Mr. Abell's column. I was especially sorry I could not hear the new string quintet (two 'celli), by August Klughardt, the excellent Dessau Court conductor, and a musician of the highest attainments.

I also had to miss the second of Vladimir de Pachmann's piano recitals at Bechstein Hall, of which I append the program:

Sonata, op. 39.....	C. M. v. Weber
"Warum?".....	" op. 12.....R. Schumann
"Grillen".....	" op. 12.....J. Brahms
Capriccio, op. 116, No. 1.....	" op. 12.....F. Chopin
Ballade, G minor, op. 23.....	" op. 12.....F. Liszt
Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2.....	" op. 12.....Mazourka brillante.....
Impromptu, op. 36.....	
Two preludes, op. 28, No. 19 and 24.....	
Berceuse, op. 57.....	
Two valsees, op. 64, No. 2, and op. 42.....	
Legende, No. 2.....	
Etude de Concert, No. 2.....	
Mazourka brillante.....	

In Leipzig I met Possart, the Munich royal intendant, and I learned that he would not relinquish under any circumstances the contract concluded with Weingartner for 1896. Well, unless the Emperor, who is almighty, should intervene, we shall probably lose our first and best concert, but by no means best operatic conductor, and Munich will be the gainer thereby. We shall have, however, their prima donna, or rather first dramatic soprano, Miss Ternina, with whom the contract for the Berlin Royal Opera House has now definitely been settled, while Munich will get in her stead Mme. Doxat, from the Leipzig Opera House.

General Director Hermann Levi, of Munich, happened to be in Leipzig on the same day, where he gave a concert with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, at which he conducted some Wagner numbers and Beethoven's C minor symphony. I should have liked to have followed an invitation to stay over to hear this interesting concert, but I had to hurry back to Berlin for the Beethoven program, which was performed at the Royal Orchestra's fourth symphony concert on Friday evening under Weingartner's direction. ***

As usual on these occasions, and possibly even more so, the vast auditorium of the Royal Opera House was thronged with a fine and representative audience. In fact a larger attendance would have been a physical impossibility, for, both at the public rehearsal and the concert proper, at the closed window of the cashier's box the sign "Ausverkauft" (in English "sold out") was displayed.

If I mentioned before that Weingartner is unquestionably a finer concert than he is an operatic conductor, he never proved the truth of this assertion more conclusively than he did last week in the direction of two elder Verdi operas on one hand and that of this concert on the other. But I shall go beyond the mere assertion and give as one of the reasons for this remarkable circumstance that he is as a concert conductor decidedly theatrical, while in operatic performances he is the reverse by paying too much attention to the orchestra and too little to the soloists. But there is also such a thing as being too theatrical, and the effect which Weingartner on Friday night achieved with the otherwise most wonderful performance of the third "Leonore" overture I ever heard, was partially spoiled for me through the physical over-exertions and the body con-

tortions in which the conductor found it necessary and proper to indulge. For the great masses that sort of thing looks imposing, and undoubtedly is effective, but as a whole it is theatrical and nauseatingly *ad captandum*.

Why did he not work so hard over the "Coriolan" overture and the "Pastoral" symphony, both of which works were given with equally admirable finish and precision? The pastoral symphony was really delightful throughout and Weingartner achieved with it just as great a legitimate success as he did in the "Leonore" overture by means which seemed to me equally as undignified as they were artificial and unartistic.

It is not often that we have any soloists at these concerts, for Weingartner evidently does not like to share the honors with anybody else. He is conductor and soloistic attraction unified and concentrated in the same person. This time, however, the program called for the services as soloist of one of the most sterling musical artists that have of late come to Berlin. I mean our excellent new concert master, Prof. Carl Halir, who performed the Beethoven violin concerto in a manner worthy and befitting the occasion, the remembrance of Beethoven's birthday. I don't want to trespass upon Mr. Abell's special ground, but I wish to say that the Larghetto and the Rondo of the concerto were given with a beauty and finish, and at the same time with a breadth and dignity, nay absolute spirit, of consecration, such as outside of Halir I have heard in the performance of this work only from the king of violinists, our venerable and venerated Josef Joachim.

He is the only one with whom I care to compare Halir, and the same comparison was heard all around and among a public which through strong applause and repeated recalls showed intelligent appreciation of so great a performance. ***

At noon of the same day a Helmholtz *in memoriam* celebration took place at the Singakademie, which was both befitting and highly impressive.

The *a Capella*, chorus of the royal high school for music sang, under Prof. Ad. Schulze's direction, before Dr. Von Bezold's eloquent speech, a six-part chorale, "Blessed are the Dead," by Heinrich Schuetz. After the speech Josef Joachim, Helmholtz's old-time friend and admirer, played Schumann's "Abendlied," and then the chorus concluded the celebration with the singing of an eight-part song, "Our Fathers hoped for Thee," from Brahms' "Festive and Memorial Sayings." ***

About Saturday night's performance of Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," I can be short, as the principals in the cast were, of course, the same as those of Tuesday's "Rigoletto" performance. Ravelli's "Riccardo" was by far the best impersonation of the three he has given. He was in superb voice, and his high chest notes rang through the house in an enthusiasm-awakening manner. We have no such tenor among the regular personnel of the royal opera house. D'Andrade, as "René," was a bit disappointing, not dramatically, but vocally. His great monologue in the fourth act, which usually is the climatic effort of all big baritones, came dangerously near falling flat. Again Mrs. Herzog gave a charming and vocally flawless impersonation of the page, "Oscar," and Miss Hiedler sang well and acted in a dignified manner the part of "Amelia." The only poor representation was that of Miss Pohl, who was cast for the witch "Ulrica," after Mrs. Ritter Goetze had to be excused on account of temporary indisposition. It would have been better to have sent for Mrs. Staudigl, who is an excellent "Ulrica," and who was available, than to have intrusted the part to a novice.

Weingartner and the orchestra again were more than disappointing. He conducted from a piano score, and missing some of the entrance cues, a number of mishaps occurred in the orchestra. But outside of this the performance was a good and a highly interesting one. It is wonderful how some of these earlier operas of Verdi's wear on account of the truly dramatic instincts of the composer. Auber's pretty opera, based on the same subject, has long ago joined the silent majority. ***

Last night (Monday of this week) I was finally vouchsafed the good fortune (?) after an interval of nearly three years of again hearing Vladimir de Pachmann. It was his third and nominally last piano recital here at Bechstein Hall, but so little impression did the two former make that the pretty concert room, which accommodates less than 500 people, was not even comfortably filled. Pachmann appeared on the platform more than a quarter of an hour behind the appointed hour of 7.30 p. m., and he seemed exceedingly nervous and irritable at something or other. The first thing I noticed was that he, whom I had last seen with a full black beard and mustaches, was absolutely clean shaven, and this gave him the looks of a little monkey actor.

His playing was the greatest disappointment which I have undergone this season, and I now understand why some of my esteemed Berlin colleagues spoke so slightly about the first two recitals, which I was prevented from attending. His performances last night were so extraordinarily poor, technically and in point of memory, that I

could only come to the conclusion that either Pachmann had dined too well or that he is on the road to rapid decadence. He began with Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," which, anyhow, are somewhat beyond and outside of the pale of his best genre. The broadly spread and massive chords are not Pachmann's forte, and the Schumann technic is not exactly suited to Pachmann's hands. However, he went at it boldly and smashed things to smithereens, which I never heard him attempt heretofore. His memory failed him three times badly during the performance of these variations, and the halts and mishaps became at moments decidedly painful. Then he used the pedal unmercifully, a fact which I also never before noticed in Pachmann, whose playing always seemed a model of cleanliness. But these études symphoniques are, as I said before, in every way beyond him. I hoped for something better in the smaller fantasy pieces, "Aufschwung" and "Traumeswirren," but it never came. After this first portion of the program there was a little applause, which made Pachmann immediately jump back to the stage and which provoked him to play as an unsolicited encore the Schumann E major novelette, which fared no better at his hands than the previous pieces.

I was sorry I had to leave then, for I am sure that in the Chopin pieces, which formed the last part of the program, Pachmann did much better.

At the Singakademie the English pianist, Miss Fanny Davies, gave a concert a little later in the evening. She is an excellent pianist and a pupil of Clara Schumann. Her performance of the Mendelssohn prelude and fugue in E minor, op. 35, and of Beethoven's op. 110 sonata, I missed on account of the Pachmann recital. Her playing of some of the Schumann Pedalfügel studies (sketch in F minor from op. 58, canons in A flat and B minor from op. 56), as well as Liszt's "Walde rauschen" and Chopin's Scherzo in C sharp minor and an encore piece, gave me much pleasure. It was not really grand or rousing piano playing, but it was thoroughly musicianly, clean, well shaded and interesting. The English are not by nature very warm, but if you find a truly musical one among them the lack of warmth is atoned for by a kind of staid correctness which also has its charms. I can easily understand, therefore, that Miss Davies is highly praised in her own country and that such a classicist as Joseph Joachim is one of the young lady's staunchest admirers.

He and his associates, Professors Worth and Hausmann, were the co-workers at this well attended concert and joined Miss Davies in an excellent performance of Brahms' G minor piano quartet, which was received with well merited applause after each of the four movements.

Apropos of Clara Schumann, whom I just had occasion to mention, I want to tell you of a little episode which recently happened at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Kogel, the ambitious conductor of the old-time Saalbau symphony concerts and one of those modern interpreters whose principal aim is to try for effect, had just finished the Schumann B flat symphony. Proud as a peacock of the applause which rang in his ears he walked up to Mrs. Schumann and, expecting to be praised, asked her how she liked the performance. "It was not at all according to the ideas of my husband," the lady quietly replied, when Kogel, unabashed, blurted out, "but it was much more effective." The incident roused Wilhelm Jordan, the aged poet of the "Nibelungen" to the following philippic against this modern conducting of old works, which some of the American conductors also might read with advantage:

Prahler mit Gauklersgeschick, die das schier Unglaubliche leisten,
Weil sie mit zäher Geduld Jahre lang Tage verübt,
Hindernissstarrenden Weg auf Paradegaulchen zu reiten,
Haben ja stets die Musik auch zum Sockel entweiht
Ihrer koketten Person. Doch neuester Mode Geschöpf erst
Ist der des leitenden Amts wählende Pultvirtuos.
Stolze Vereine sogar zur Pflege der klassischen Tonkunst
Schaffen Regenten sich an, welche den Titel verdient,
Allermodernsten Geschmack für Gartenkonzerte bewiesen,
Schaaeren zusammengeleckt, Beifallstürme geweckt.
Eifrig bemüht'n sich die Herr'n mit zappligen Gesten und Mimik
Schaubar zu machen den Sinn nervenserrüttenden Lärms,
Jüngste Gedankenmusik zum Verstande reden zu lassen,
Handlung, Szene, Begriff ohne Gesang ins Gehör
Wie mit gesprochenem Wort nur mit Tönen hinein zu motiveln.
Da man die Abende ganz schon zu vergeuden sich scheut
Mit dem Gaukel und Spuk nach langen gedruckten Programmen,
Auch von den Alten ein Nest lechzt nach gediegener Kost,
Wendet man wenigstens keck die nämliche Vortragsmethode
Auch auf Mozart, Gluck, Bach und Beethoven an,
Thut, als hätten auch die zu Sprechversuchen erniedrigt
Die des Unsäglich Reich uroffenbarende Kunst,
Die das Gemüth uns befreit mit strengster Genetzerfüllung,
Bis wir empfindend gelöst ahnen das Räthsel der Welt.
Dreist wir verführt man das Mass, das vorgeschrieben die Meister,
Steigert zu tollstem Gehatz eilende Sätze, zerreckt
Schleppend Adagio sang zu spinwebdünnem Geräusch,
Um durch Bläsegebrüll, Becken- und Paukengerach
Desto erschreckender strucks zu betäuben die Mehrheit der
Lauscher.

Die ja was stachel und packt immer frenetisch beklatscht.
Einer des Schlagens, der so zum Erkitzeln thürichten Beifalls
Auch das erhabenste Werk ohne Bedenken verunst,
Hatte in dieser Manier das Tonstück eines Verstorbenen
Neulich ververklerlicht. Als ihn mit Donnerapplaus
Wieder belohnt die so weit schon misserzogene Gesellschaft,
Schüttelte, wenig erbaut, Eine verdrossen das Haupt,

Meisterin selbst und Wittve des eben verleumdeten Meisters.
Neben sie trat und frug, Lobes gewärtig und stolz,
Ob sie zufrieden sei, der dreiste Schwinger des Taktstocks.
"Was mein Gemahl einst gewollt, haben Sie gänzlich verfehlt,"
Sagte sie kurz. Doch siegesgewiss versetzt er: "Das weiss ich;
Aber Sie sehen, es macht so weit stärkern Effect."

Andacht wollten der Lust am Wohlklang paaren die Meister—
Schnöde verfälschen ihr Werk Buhler um Massenapplaus.

"Ivanhoe" is again postponed at the Royal Opera House on account of Sir Arthur Sullivan's special desire and present inability to attend the premiere.

Felix Weingartner was present in Prague last Sunday at the premiere of Reznicek's new opera, "Donna Diana," which met with a rousing success at the Bohemian capital.

Mrs. Emily Scharwenka, née Golisch, mother of those two excellent musicians, Philipp and Xaver Scharwenka, died here to-day, aged seventy-two. She was a most amiable as well as estimable old lady, who made very many good friends also in the United States during her sojourn of several years in our country. *Requiescat in pace.*

I believe I shall commit no special indiscretion if I quote the following from an interesting letter just received from an Elmira (N. Y.) friend of mine: "Siegfried Wagner writes to me that he had a fine time in London. Speaking of coming to America, he says: 'It is very possible that I come next winter, I got several invitations for coming spring to America, but I did not quite agree with the whole entertainment.'" To this my Elmira friend adds: "To understand just what he means by the latter sentence, you may translate it into German and then translate it back into English. I hope he will come. Seems to me he would make a hit here." Yes, "entertainment" is good, indeed very good and very entertaining, almost as entertaining as the reading of Mark Twain's translation back into English of the French translation of his "Jumping Frog of Callaveras."

The best joke I have heard for a long time is that which Henry Pierson the other night perpetrated in the lobby of the Royal Opera House, when, anent Albani's time worn vocal organ, he dryly remarked that it was "fin de siècle." It is indeed very much *fin* of her *siècle*.

Another good one was told me on Heinrich Gruenfeld. He is a great humorist as well as a good cellist, and especially among Jewish society, the latter also very much patronize his concerts. The other day Gruenfeld tackled a gentleman of strongly marked Oriental features, to whom he had just been introduced, with the question: "Excuse me, sir; are you a Hebrew?" "I am," was the prompt Gruenfeld, in order to continue in the same way, then asked his new acquaintance: "Do you still stick to the old orthodox customs?" "Not all, but some of them." "Which, for instance?" "Well, I go to all the Gruenfeld concerts!" Tableau!

Siegfried Ochs, who is an autograph collector, and who has some beautiful and valuable samples, recently presented the manuscript of Beethoven's Choral fantasy to the Beethoven Haus, at Bonn.

Sterndale Bennett, the English composer, whom you may or may not know by the "Najad" overture, but who outside of this has a well earned place also in Grove's dictionary, is not quite as forgotten as you may imagine. As I learned from a program which young Mr. Alvin Kranich, of New York, brought to me yesterday, there is in actual existence at Leipzig a Sterndale Bennett Society. This society gives concerts, and here is what the London "Musical Standard" has to say about one of them of recent occurrence:

The Sterndale Bennett Society gave their first orchestral concert, assisted by the band of the 107th Infantry Regiment (Music Director Walther) on November 27 in the Noth Hall. The orchestral pieces were Sterndale Bennett's overture to the "Najad" (op. 15), "Fairy Tale," No. 2, by Alvin Kranich (of New York), F. H. Cowen's gavot, "Jaamin," from the "Language of Flowers"; Cowen's Scandinavian symphony (in C minor), the first movement of Alvin Kranich's E flat major, concerto for piano and orchestra and the second and first movements of Louis Spohr's violin concerto, No. 2. The orchestra was under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Schäfer, a former pupil of our Conservatorium, who conducted very satisfactorily in view of the fact that he is a beginner with the baton. The violin was played by Fräulein Kaethe Laux, of Leipzig, with a breadth of tone and musical feeling that thoroughly earned the applause given to her. Mr. Kranich, in addition to the movement from his piano concerto, played a prelude, a "Gnome Dance," "Album Leaf," and as encore a nocturne of his own composition. His works and his playing both give evidence of musical feeling. In contrast to warmth and power he shows in the suitable passages refinement and delicacy of touch combined with good technical finish. O. F.

Milan.—Massenet's "Werther" was recently produced the first time at the Internationale, Milan. It was the fifty-third performance since the opening of the theatre, September 21.



BRITISH BUDGET.

BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, 15 ARGYLL STREET, LONDON, W., DECEMBER 19, 1894.

"THE CHIEFTAIN" was produced at the Savoy under the baton of its composer, according to promise, last Wednesday evening before a brilliant and critical audience. It will be remembered that the first part of this opera was taken from "Contrabandista," written and composed by Mr. F. Burnand and Sir Arthur Sullivan in sixteen days for the German Reeds opera entertainments at St. George's Hall in December, 1867. This followed the very successful collaboration of these gentlemen in "Box and Cox," and at that time served as only a part of the program of the entertainment. Some eight numbers of the original work have been introduced into the first act of "The Chieftain" with very little change. The story as it appeared on Wednesday is briefly as follows: The brigands have lost their chieftain by desertion, and the rule is that the first stranger entering the camp after a year and a day shall be made chieftain, whether he wills it or no, and he must then promise to marry the chieftainess. "Peter Adolphus Grigg" (Walter Passmore), a comic tourist in an English plaid suit, armed with a camera, and a wife left at home, is the character that fate decrees should take this important office. In spite of his protests he is forced into the chieftainship and a promise of marriage with "Inez" (Miss Rosina Brandram), the deserted chieftainess, who may or may not be a widow. Other prisoners are held by the banditti, many of whom are highly prized in expectation of large ransoms, including "Rita" (Miss Florence St. John), and they try to effect Mr. Grigg's release, which after a time is accomplished. Numerous complications arise in the second act when Mrs. Grigg comes out to meet her missing husband, but about this time the robber queen discovers her lawful spouse disguised as a courier. This, with a few minor details, is the story. Other principal characters are "Mrs. Dolly Grigg" (Miss Florence Perry), the missing "Chieftain" (Mr. Scott Fiske) and "Count Vasquez" (Mr. Courtice Pounds), who in disguise has wandered into the camp of the brigands. A detailed account of the music and libretto is not called for in this connection. The most striking number of the first act was a parody on a well-known motive from "The Hymn of Praise," which was so apparent that it was commented upon by all. The hit of the evening was a burlesque French ditty, acted and sung by Miss Florence St. John and Mr. Courtice Pounds. The humor provoked by the Anglo-French pronunciation gained a recall. The libretto is full of fun, and many puns were introduced, with such refinement, however, that they were heartily enjoyed. The music is sparkling with melody, and Sir Arthur Sullivan has followed on his old lines most successfully, and the libretto is admirably adapted to his music. At the close of the performance both composer and librettist were enthusiastically called before the curtain.

Mrs. Henschel gave her third recital at the Salle Erard on Friday. She was in splendid voice and probably never sang better. At the close of an interesting program she was recalled and sang the duet from Boieldieu's "Les Voitures Versées" with Mr. Henschel. Madame Augarde, who was to have assisted her, was ill, and M. Sons took her place, playing among other things Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," transcribed by Joachim, with Mr. Henschel at the piano. Another encore Mrs. Henschel gave was one of the new Scotch songs composed by her husband.

At Mr. Richard Gompertz's concert the most interesting number was the Smetana quartet in E minor, of which everybody in London is talking at present. It certainly is a magnificent piece of writing for strings, and while difficult is very effective. The last movement is hardly equal to the other three. This work was first published by an obscure house in Bohemia, and would probably have remained unknown to the world had not Peters found it out and given it publicity. It was extremely well played on this occasion, the part for viola being well brought out. Mr. Gompertz's solo, a "Barcarolle" recently composed by Mr. Emanuel Moor, proved a brilliant, well written piece for the violin, though it was somewhat vague in places and had no strong theme. It was well received. The other concerted number was Beethoven's posthumous quartet in A minor, which also was well played. Miss Marie Fillunger was the vocalist, and sang songs from Schubert and Schu-

mann with great intelligence, her style and diction being excellent.

Berlioz's "Faust" was given by the Royal Choral Society on Thursday evening at the Albert Hall, and a large audience gathered to hear this work, which is increasing in popularity. The great forces were under the direction of Mr. Randegger, in place of Sir Joseph Barnby, their accustomed chief, who was seriously ill. It is greatly to Mr. Randegger's credit that he was able to conduct this difficult work so successfully. Through circumstances over which he had no control he was unable to secure a rehearsal of the band, chorus and soloists together, but the performance went off splendidly. Miss Ella Russell, as "Marguerite," added again to her laurels as one of our leading soprano vocalists, and her ability to give representations of the severer works was again exemplified. Her beautiful voice was heard to the best advantage in the "King of Thule" ballad. Signor Campanini did not make much effect in the tenor music. His pronunciation was not all that could be desired, and his voice has gone off considerably. Mr. Douglas Powell, who made his debut at the Albert Hall on this occasion, sang the "rat" song with excellent style and finish. His enunciation was good, he made no straining at effect, and each note carried to every part of the vast auditorium. He was somewhat nervous at first, but made a most successful debut, and thus so pleased the powers that he was secured for Mr. Oudin's part in "The Golden Legend." Mr. Andrew Black in the part of "Mephistopheles" did very good work indeed, securing hearty applause in the beautiful aria "Mid Banks of Roses."

The novelty at the Symphony concert at Queen's Hall on the same evening was a new concerto in D major for piano and orchestra by Mr. Emanuel Moor. Mr. Moor presided at the solo instrument, proving himself an executant of high attainment. The work is marked with Hungarian characteristics; the treatment of the themes, especially in the first and last movements, is very skillfully done. The work is richly scored, and throughout are beautiful passages for the piano. The piece was fairly well received, the composer being recalled to the platform. This concerto has been given in the North twice before by Mr. Henschel, when Mr. Benno Schonberger was the soloist. This is the second time that the Scottish Orchestra have played for us, and their mettle was further tried in Dr. Mackenzie's popular overture "Britannia," Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre," and Liszt's symphonic poem "Les Preludes." This second appearance was certainly very favorable, and added to the impression they made on a former occasion. The vocalist was Mme. Medora Henson, who sang extremely well "Elizabeth's Greeting" from "Tannhäuser." Her dramatic soprano voice and excellent interpretation of this number were greatly appreciated by the audience, and gained her a hearty recall. This concert was probably the most successful of any that they have had this season.

At Steinway Hall on December 12 a very interesting concert was arranged by Miss Alice Thomas, who chose this occasion to make her debut as a singer. The fair aspirant to fame is a pupil of Signor P. Delevanti. She possesses a flexible, sympathetic contralto voice, and her altogether pleasing style of singing could not fail to impress her numerous and friendly audience very favorably. A number of other artists contributed in an able manner to the success of the concert.

Mr. Wilbur Gunn gave his second annual concert at the Queen's (small) Hall on Friday afternoon. The unpropitious weather undoubtedly accounted for the small attendance, but those present made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. Mr. Gunn was assisted by Mme. Belle Cole, Miss Edna Grey, Mlle. Virginie Cheron, Miss Fanny Wentworth, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, Mr. Avon Saxon, the Saxon Glee Singers, Miss Lita Jarratt (violin) and Mr. Sidney Brookes (violinello). He took a very modest part in the program, giving only one number which was not down, and as I was not there until after it came off, naturally I cannot give its name. Mme. Belle Cole sang Cowen's "Promise of Life" and Adam's "Valley by the Sea." Mr. Bantock Pierpoint was in excellent voice and was very successful in Mozart's "Non piu andrai" and Rockel's "The Laird's Fling." The other artists lent efficient aid.

The Royal Academy of Music gave some scenes from "Il Flauto Magico," "Lohengrin" and "Carmen" in their hall on Friday, when the students took part. The accompaniments were played on the piano, and some of the performers exhibited considerable talent.

Sir Joseph Barnby had progressed so favorably up to yesterday morning that he was removed to Bournemouth, where it is hoped that he will rapidly recover from his severe attack that is taking him away from his active duties in the London musical world. Inquiries as to his condition were made on behalf of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Asquith and many others during the past few days.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments given this season in London, and patronized by a large audience, was that of Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lely, with Signor Carlo Ducci as solo pianist, at St. James' Hall last Tuesday evening. Those who are familiar with Mr. Lely's entertain-

ments, both in England and America, will readily grasp why he kept his audience in a continual state of merriment during the evening. There are few people before the public to-day who so successfully entertain as Mr. Lely. On his program, entitled "Scottish Song and Story," were: "O Sing to Me the Auld Scotch Songs," "Annie Laurie," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "O Open the Door," "Hame Cam Oor Gudeman at E'en," "O a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw," "Come Under My Plaidie," "The Land o' the Leal," "The Barrin' o' the Door" and "Allister McAllister." These were delightfully illustrated with traditional and other remarks prefacing each. The piano selection was Scotch airs, excellently played by Signor Ducci, and Mrs. Lely accompanied at the piano with her accustomed success.

The same evening at Steinway Hall Mlle. Douste de Fortis gave a concert, when she was assisted by her sister, Mlle. Jeanne de Fortis, Herr Josef Claus and Mr. Rene Ortmann (violinist). A well selected and varied program was chosen to interest and entertain a most appreciative audience.

At the Salle Erard last Wednesday Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen, with Mrs. Mary Davies, gave an excellent harp recital, when most of the works were of the concert-giver's own composition or arrangement of others. The selections from Parish Alvar's "La Danse des Fees" and "The Mandolin" (Grand Study) were very acceptable. Mr. Thomas is an artist of rare merit on this instrument, and his knowledge enables him to write very effective and acceptable compositions for it. That charming vocalist Mrs. Mary Davies sang among other songs Mr. Thomas' "The Memory of Love," which was also popular. Her other numbers were Mendelssohn's "On the Wings of Music," Goring Thomas' "Wind in the Trees" and "The Ash Grove." Her songs were accompanied on the harp.

Mrs. Katharine Fisk will sing at the Imperial Institute on December 19, and at the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's concert on the 21st.

Messrs. Plunket Greene and Leonard Borwick's last recital before Christmas will take place at Tunbridge Wells on Saturday afternoon. They will resume their recital tour on January 15 at Hastings.

The concert at the Imperial Institute on Wednesday evening was given by the students of the Royal College of Music. The orchestral numbers included the "Oberon" overture, the Tchaikowsky symphony in B minor, in memory of Anton Rubinstein, and also Guiraud's caprice for violin and orchestra, the solo being played by Mr. William Akroyd. The vocalists were Miss Frances Harford, in Handel's "Lascia Amor," and Miss Louisa Kirby Lunn, in Goring Thomas' "My Heart Is Weary."

Mr. Edgar Hulland, assisted by Miss Rosa Leo, soprano, and Miss Angela Vanbrugh, violin, entertained a small audience at the Salle Erard on Thursday afternoon. The concert-giver exhibited considerable talent in Schumann's "Fantasie" and a group of pieces by different composers, including a "Valse Caprice" of his own, which proved an acceptable addition to this class of music. Miss Vanbrugh joined him in Saint-Saëns' sonata for piano and violin, afterward playing Max Bruch's "Swedish Dances." Miss Rosa Leo was suffering from influenza and hardly did herself justice in Frances Allitsen's "Unto Thy Heart" and Godard's "Dites-moi."

The Royal College of Music gave a performance at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Thursday afternoon of Delibes' comic opera "Le Roi l'a dit." The college deserves hearty congratulation and thanks for enabling us to hear this opera, which otherwise is not to be heard. The orchestra included forty-six players, all of whom, with the exception of six, were college students, and did very good work.

The chorus was excellent and so were the soloists. The performance was all round of a very high standard, and reflects great credit upon the work that the college is so thoroughly carrying on. Perhaps the best voices among the soloists were Miss Clementina Pierpoint, Miss Constance Sim and Mr. Albert Archdeacon. The house was well filled and the audience were discriminating in their approval, but all agreed that as a whole the performance was most excellent. Dr. Parry, the new director of the college, and many musicians connected with the institution and others were present.

Another organization has come forward for the purpose of giving chamber music. Mrs. Roskell, a professor of the piano, who recently attracted much attention by a paper on the musical training of children, gave the first of a short series of quartet concerts in the Queen's (small) Hall on Wednesday evening, with a program including well-known works. Mrs. Roskell was associated with Messrs. Elderhorst and Eayres, violins; Mr. Hobday, viola, and Mr. Adolph Schmid, cello. Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Walter Ford added variety in the way of several songs, the new song by Maud V. White, "A Protest," proving a very popular number.

The autumn season of "At Homes," so ably carried out by the Musical Exchange since October 1, was formally brought to a close by a grand evening in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors in Piccadilly last Saturday. A very extended program was given,

and I herewith quote the names of those who took part: Miss Florence Lenton, Miss Maud Rene, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Ethel Bevans, Miss Noona Macquoid, Miss Margaret Mos, Mr. Charles Chilley, Mr. Trefelyn David, Mr. George Aspinall, Mr. Franklin Clive, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Arthur Barry, Mr. Roger Peck, Miss Louise Nanney and Mr. E. du Domaine (violins), Mr. Sidney Brookes (cello), Madame Else Mathis and Mr. Frank Howgrave (piano), Miss Edith Drake (sola), Miss Nora Hastings and Mr. Norman V. Norman (recitation), Mr. George Pritchard (musical sketch), and Mr. Quenton Ashlyn ("The New Humor"). A notable feature of the proceedings was an admirable speech by Madame Antoinette Sterling, who spoke with words of encouragement to the management of this newly founded institution, and congratulated them upon the success that they have attained in so short a period, and also upon the very flattering outlook. Mr. Percy Notcutt, the general manager, also made a short speech, recapitulating what they have already done, and mentioning the bright prospects for the future, and incidentally indicating several new features that will be added, one of them being that they intend to found one or more scholarships in the musical schools of London, whereby young people of unusual talent will have an opportunity of developing the same to the best advantage. Altogether the Musical Exchange is closing its first season under very happy auspices.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert at St. James' Hall last Wednesday afternoon, under the direction of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. The program included Rubinstein's concerto in D minor, in memoriam, with Miss Edith O. Greenhill at the piano. It will be remembered that this lady won the Steinway grand given by Sir Augustus Harris recently. Mr. Aldo Antonetti gave an excellent performance of Vieuxtemps' "Fantasie Appassionata;" Miss Lydia Clare sang the "Inflammatus" from Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," and Mr. Bertram H. Wallis Mozart's "Qui s'degno," from "Il Flauto Magico." Miss Clara Williams and Miss Mildred Drake sang the duet from "Der Freischütz" in place of Beethoven's quartet that was down. The first performance in London of Goring Thomas' cantata "The Swan and the Skylark" was given, and was a very creditable performance. The work of the Academy, like the other schools of music, shows marked progress.

The second of a series under the title of "Marco" concerts was given at Ladbrooke Hall on Monday night. The principal attraction was Senorita Yva Alvez, the new Spanish-American contralto, with a register from low E to high B. This young lady was born in Malaga, studied with Lamperti in Italy and Nicholas Bassi in Buenos Ayres. She has now completed ten years of careful preparation, and in that time has learned about forty complete operatic rôles for contralto, embracing the works of all schools, besides a large number of oratorios, concert arias and songs from all nations. She has been recently singing in South America, where she has appeared with great success in some ten or twelve of the more popular operas. In addition to the compass given she has four more notes that she can use on occasion, and her voice has no break in the whole range of three octaves. More about this young lady's singing will be heard from time to time. She was assisted on this occasion by Miss Flora Leoni and Miss Bella Leoni, violinist and pianist respectively, who are from California, Mr. Arthur Barry and others.

Miss Eugenie Joachim, niece of Dr. Joachim, of whom I have spoken before in these columns, is having great success in her teaching of German diction, and she has a large class of both amateurs and professionals. One of the best indorsements of her work is that she has a number of Germans who are learning diction for Lieder and other operatic works. Her method of teaching is her own and secures rapid advancement.

Herr Emil Sauer gave his two last recitals of the season last Friday and Monday. At the former he still added to his popularity, playing two numbers extra after a Liszt rhapsodie, and an extra Chopin number after that composer's "Allegro de Concert," op. 46. His playing was a masterly performance, with wonderful trill and pianissimo passages in the Liszt number. His Beethoven sonata, op. 53, was manly and forcible, yet delicate in those passages that called for this treatment.

On Monday he was suffering from a cold, as was announced from the platform, and his work in consequence was not up to the usual standard. The barcarolle of Chopin was taken too fast and too boldly, but the program as a whole was very finely played. Henselt's "Si oiseau j'étais," which is played by everybody, brought him an ovation, though it was not as evenly played as by De Pachmann. After the recital laurels and flowers were showered upon Herr Sauer, and the people were most demonstrative. He played two extra numbers, which were insisted upon by the large audience.

On Saturday Herr Sauer played at the Popular Concert, which was probably the reason why such a large number of people were present. He was down for Beethoven's "Appassionata Sonata," which everybody is supposed to know, and gave a rendering of this which was in the main approved of by all present, both amateurs and connois-

seurs. He was recalled to the platform five times before the public understood that he was firm in declining an encore. This was the last Saturday Popular Concert before Christmas. The program included Rubinstein's piano trio in B flat, by Lady Hallé and Herr David Popper, with Herr Sauer. In Beethoven's well-known G major quartet, op. 18, Mr. Gibson joined the artists above named. Miss Palliser sang songs by Schumann and Massenet's "Alleluia" very successfully.

On Monday the program included Dvorák's "Dumka" trio, which was first given in London with Lady Hallé, Mr. Whitehouse and Mr. Isidor Cohn last June at the latter's concert. It proved a very popular item. Mr. Leonard Borwick played Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and Miss Thudichum sang songs by Schaeffer, Lassen, and Saint-Saëns' "La Cloche," the concert ending with Haydn's string quartet in E flat, op. 71. This concert completed the first half of the thirty-seventh season of Mr. Arthur Chappell's popular concerts. Mr. Chappell's success in carrying on these concerts as he has during these thirty-odd years is the best commentary upon his capabilities as a caterer to the taste of the public. This year he added more novelties than usual, as will be seen by following the announcements made in these columns since the "Pops" recommenced in mid-autumn. The winter season will begin on Saturday, January 12, when it is hoped that Signor Piatti will be able to reappear and play the sonata by Porpora.

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday the autumn season closed with an interesting program, including the dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet" (Berlioz), which is the first time of performance at Sydenham. Mr. Manns' forces on the whole did excellent work, and special mention should be made of their performance of the "Feast of the Capulets," the "Calm Night" and "Love Scene," and the "Queen Mab" scherzo. Other numbers were not as well done. The soloists were Miss Dews, who made a first and very successful appearance at these concerts, Mr. Edwin Wareham and Mr. Norman Salmond, and the Crystal Palace Choir was somewhat augmented for the occasion. The young English tenor distinguished himself in the part that fell to him in this work, and also in Gounod's recitative and aria "Salve Dimora Casta." He has a tenor voice of fine quality, and sings very artistically and with great intelligence. Mr. Manns deserves praise for having introduced so many interesting works to metropolitan amateurs during the past season, and also for reviving so many more like the present one, which would undoubtedly become more popular were it not for the fact that the scores (published by Richault, of Paris) are sold at such exorbitant prices. Furthermore, these are badly printed; I think, as I understood from Mr. Manns, that it cost over £4 for corrections in the scores used on Saturday before they could be used. This is a very serious drawback. If these works were published by a house like Peters they could probably be sold for a few shillings, whereas now they cost £4 10s. The balance of the program was also from French composers, and included Berlioz's "Marche Hongroise," from "Faust"; "Méhul's" overture "Le jeune Henri," and Massenet's meditations for violin, harp, orchestra and chorus, "Bouches Fermées," also for the first time at these concerts. The Crystal Palace concerts will be resumed on February 16, and will terminate on April 27 with the customary benefit for Mr. August Manns.

The London Choral Union last night gave a performance of "The Messiah" at Queen's Hall, with a band and chorus numbering 300 performers, under the directorship of Mr. Lewis. The soloists were Miss Emily Davies, Miss Marian McKenzie, Messrs. N. Humphreys and Mr. Norman Salmond. In February they intend giving "The Golden Legend."

The competition at the Royal Academy of Music for the Robert Cocks Prize took place on Monday, the examiners being Mrs. Gertrude Roskell and Mr. Gustav Ernest. The prize was won by Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, Miss Alicia Adelaide Needham being highly commended. The Hine Exhibition was also awarded yesterday to R. Neville Flux, Joseph Charles Holbrook being highly commended.

The Grosvenor Club gave their first concert of the year last evening, and the large drawing room was crowded. Mrs. Helen Trust, Mlle. Landi, Mlle. Elba and Mr. Templar Saxe all sang charmingly. Miss Christine Bremleu performed on the violin, and another feature of the musical part of the program was the playing of a genuine Hungarian Band, "the Royal," recently imported from Buda-Pesth.

The musical world is always interested in the Philharmonic Society, and a few of the arrangements already planned by this noble institution will perhaps be welcome. Some of the works already selected are: A new symphony in D, No. 5, "L'Allegro e Il Penseroso," by Professor Stanford, who will conduct the performance; an overture, "From the Scottish Highlands," by Frederic Lamond; a new overture, "Leonatus and Imogen," by Dr. George G. Bennett; a new piano concerto by Herr Stavenhagen, who will come over to play the solo part; César Franck's symphony in D, for the first time in England; Rubinstein's last suite in five movements; two new

orchestral pieces by Dr. Mackenzie, the society's conductor. Among the artists already engaged are Messrs. Sauer, Stavenhagen and Dawson, and Mlle. Chaminade (who will also introduce a new fantasia for piano and orchestra of her own), Mr. Ondricek, Signor Piatti and Miss Frida Scotta, instrumentalists, and Madame de Vere-Sapio, vocalist.

The Carl Rosa Royal Opera Company commence an eight weeks' season at their theatre in Liverpool on the last day of this year.

Mr. Tivadar Nachez played at the Philharmonic concert in Bordeaux, and I see from the criticisms in the French press that his success was emphatic, and they call him a "grande artiste." He played Max Bruch's concerto in G minor, and a group of three pieces, Beethoven's romance in G, Schumann's "Chant du Soir," and the "Dances Tziganes" of his own composition.

The cast for the performance of "Hänsel und Gretel" at Daly's Theatre on Boxing Night includes Mr. Charles Copland as "Peter, the Broom Maker," Miss Julia Lennox as "Gertrude," his wife, and their children, "Hänsel" and "Gretel," will be impersonated by Mlle. Marie Elba and Mlle. Douste. The "Witch" will be taken by Miss Edith Miller, the "Dewman" by Miss Jessie Hudleston and the "Sandman" by Miss Marie Debat. This work will be preceded by Mozart's one act opera, "Bastien et Bastienne," which was composed when he was in his twelfth year. The cast will include Mr. Reginald Brophay, Miss Jessie Hudleston and Herr Josef Claus. Signor Arditi will conduct both performances.

Madame Adelina Patti sang before Her Majesty last week "Batti Batti," from "Don Giovanni"; "Una Voce," from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"; "Elizabeth's Prayer," from "Tannhäuser"; Tosti's "Serenata," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Blue Eyed Maiden's Song," composed by H. R. H. Princess Beatrice, and "The Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Wilhelm Ganz was at the piano. The Queen highly congratulated the diva and expressed herself as highly pleased, presenting her with a beautiful brooch formed of the royal crown and initials in precious stones in commemoration of the event, and also a portrait of Her Majesty with the royal autograph.

Mr. Plunket Greene and Mr. Leonard Borwick gave their song and piano recital at St. James' Hall last Friday, with a program similar to that given on a former occasion, which I quoted in extenso. The pianist opened with Schumann's "Humoreske," playing later selections by Bach, Chopin, Scarlatti and Tausig. Mr. Plunket Greene in his first eight songs gave us German Lieder by the best writers, and later seven Irish melodies in Dr. Villiers Stanford's arrangement, the composer accompanying.

Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Barton's vocal and piano recital took place at Queen's Hall last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Barton is a pianist of considerable attainment. He played Grieg's ballad op. 24, and selections from Chopin and other classical masters with much expression and feeling. Mrs. Barton gave a sympathetic and pleasurable rendering of Schumann's cycle of songs, "Frauenliebe und Leben," and later in the program she sang some selections from Hamish MacCunn, with the composer at the piano. One of these was a manuscript song, composed specially for Mrs. Barton, and proved very much to the taste of the audience. Altogether the concert was a decided success, and was highly appreciated by the large number present.

Mme. Medora Henson gave a vocal recital at the Salle Erard yesterday afternoon. Her program included the following selections:

"Schlummerlied".....	Schubert
"Meine Ruh' ist hin".....	Schubert
"Die junge Nonne".....	Schubert
"The Dream".....	Rubinstein
"Flowery Omens".....	Dvorák
"Im Regen und in Sonnenschein".....	Von Koss
"Winterlied".....	Von Koss
"Love Lies Asleep".....	Cowen
"The Sun that Lights the Roses".....	Cowen
"Love's Philosophy".....	Waddington Cooke
"My True Love Hath My Heart".....	Waddington Cooke
"Heart's Spring".....	Wickede

Mme. Medora Henson's pure dramatic soprano voice was most heartily enjoyed. Her artistic singing, clear enunciation and fine interpretation readily won approval from those present. Some of the songs suited her voice and style better than others, but she came out of the exacting ordeal with success. The beautiful setting of Shelley's "Love's Philosophy" by Mr. Waddington Cooke (who, by the way, is her husband) was so popular that it had to be repeated. Mr. Cooke accompanied Madame Henson at the piano. In the way of variety, Herr Popper, the 'cellist, played Mendelssohn's piano and 'cello duet from sonata op. 58, and three solos from his own pen, "Berceuse," "Spinnlied" and "Ungarische."

M. Pascal German, the popular writer, whose book "Rhea" attracted so much attention some two years ago, has recently written another, in which he again enlarges upon the theory of the ethical influence of music and its power to bring into harmony the conflicting elements in the soul. M. Pascal German's treatment of this intensely interesting subject is very clever, and his new work will be read with profit by musicians. Outwardly the story is the

episode of a French artist in London just after the Franco-Prussian war. A critic in France says the book is a gem, as original as "Rhea" and containing lessons of the greatest importance to the occult student, one of these being advanced thought in the realm of music.

Madame de Vere-Sapio has recently arrived in London after a most successful tour of Australasia in which she gave 100 concerts. The Australian press speaks in the highest terms of Madame Sapio's work there, where her vocal powers have been duly recognized, as they have been all over the world. Madame Sapio is now booking engagements in England, one of the most important being with the Philharmonic, as mentioned above. During January she goes to fulfill a two weeks' concert engagement in Russia.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, the Welsh baritone, of whom I have spoken so many times in my letters, has recently returned from a most successful concert tour, where he sang in 14 tv concerts in the English provinces. He has recently been elected by ballot as principal baritone at the National Eisteddfod to be held at Llanelly, South Wales, next year. He will sing in Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride" and "Acis and Galatea." He is also engaged to sing the title role in Dr. Parry's "King Saul" in February for the Birmingham Choral Society. I herewith give a press notice illustrating his success on the above mentioned tour.

Undoubtedly the greatest favorite of the evening was Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies. He possesses a baritone voice mellow in quality and extensive in range; he has diligently cultivated his natural gifts. Being entered in "The Parting Hour," by E. Birch, he gave a splendid rendering of the "Prologue" aria from "Pagliacci." For his fine dramatic declamation of "The Tempest," by E. St. Quentin, he was loudly recalled, and he substituted "Father O'Flynn," which was given with such quiet-unction that he was again encored and compelled to sing the "Curate's Song" from Sullivan's "Sorcerer." His final effort was "Largo al Factotum" from Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." This difficult buffo air was interpreted most artistically and humorously, the florid passages being executed with a facility that none but an accomplished vocalist can display. Encored again, he sat down to the piano and accompanied himself in Poniatowski's beautiful song, "The Yeoman's Wedding," which was given with all the requisite force and fervor.—"The Leek Times."

Mr. Tivadar Nachez tells me that he is engaged for a second tour of twenty concerts in Germany, beginning January 6 and ending on February 10. This is the result of his first tour, recently completed, with Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Algernon Ashton.

Mlle. Trebelli made a big success in Holland, where she is engaged to return in March, just before her tour to America.

Arrangements have been completed whereby Miss Clara Butt will visit America some time during the coming season.

On Saturday evening the People's Palace gave a performance of the "Elijah," with an audience of 2,500 people, among whom, it is stated, were 500 musical students from the different classes in connection with the institution. The choir did unusually fine work, and the orchestra, formed principally of amateurs, reinforced by a few professionals, played fairly well. The soloists included Miss Alice Hollman, who displayed considerable dramatic talent in "Hear ye, Israel." Miss Hannah Jones was less successful in the contralto rôle. Mr. Iver McKay and Mr. Dan Price were both good, the latter's most successful effort being "Is not His word." The forces were directed by Mr. C. H. Allan Gill, who should be congratulated upon an all-round good performance.

Mr. Josef Hofmann.

One of the most interesting personalities we have among us to-day is Mr. Josef Hofmann, who enjoyed the unique privilege of instruction from Anton Rubinstein, which he improved to such purpose that his master declared his studies were finished and he would take his place among the first pianists of the day. Before touching upon his work with Rubinstein we will go back for a brief sketch of this young man's career. He was born at Cracow, Austria, in 1877, and is the son of Casimir Hofmann, who was his sole instructor until two years ago. His father was a professor of harmony and composition with Paderewski at the Warsaw Conservatoire and a conductor of the opera at Warsaw. It was Paderewski who first took special note of the boy's marvelous musical endowments, when at the age of six he played Halka's "Fantasie" and a Chopin valse before the Society of Music in that city, saying then that the boy was a genius. At the age of eight he played the andante and variations by Schumann for two pianos with Michalowski, Beethoven's third concerto and a polacca of his own at his orchestral concert. At nine he went on a tour through Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, where he played in many of the leading cities, afterward going to Paris, from there on to London, and visiting America in the season of 1887-8. There he appeared in fifty-two concerts during two and a half months. It was while on this tour that his father decided he was being put to too great a strain in this constant recital-giving, and it was determined that he should have complete rest until the time when his powers should be so developed that it should no longer be a tax upon his vital energies to appear so much in public. For this period of rest and study young Josef and his parents settled in Berlin, where he was

under Professor Urban for composition, continuing his piano studies with his father.

Through Mr. Hermann Wolff, Rubinstein was induced to hear the boy play, and so impressed was the master that he immediately consented to direct the boy's studies. Twice a week, after this arrangement was consummated—late in 1892—he journeyed to Dresden, where he studied with Rubinstein until he made his debut on March 12 of this year at Berlin in Rubinstein's concerto in D minor, playing so well that the master embraced and kissed him on the platform. The method of this young musician's study with his master was not the usual course pursued: he took the works he had been studying to Rubinstein, who placed the music before himself on a table, while Josef played from memory. Never in a single instance did he interrupt him, but after the selection was finished, he would call him to where he was sitting and indicate to him where his reading was at fault, sometimes drumming the rhythm on the table, but only in two instances in the whole course of study did he sit down to the piano and show him on the instrument. After the corrections had been pointed out, young Hofmann would sit down and play it through once more. He never played any selection more than twice, and after he caught the spirit of Rubinstein he did not repeat them at all. In this manner he went through his entire repertoire, his aptness as a scholar being marvelous. After his debut as a finished pianist he came to London last season, and gave several recitals, which were noticed in these columns. He has now made a second visit to England, giving one recital at St. James' Hall, and making a most successful tour of the provinces. He returned to Berlin, and after some six weeks' rest he played there at the Philharmonie in Saint-Saëns' concerto under Richard Strauss, and on February 3 at the Vienna Philharmonic under Dr. Richter in Rubinstein's concerto.

Music in the Provinces.

Edinburgh.—At the fifth orchestral concert of a series given by Messrs. Patterson & Sons, of Edinburgh, two new Scottish cantatas were performed for the first time.

The first was a dramatic cantata, "The Kelpie," by Learmont Drysdale, who conducted. It is founded on the well-known ballad of Dr. Charles Mackay. The ballad shows Wagnerian influence, and the theme is expanded and elaborated with exceedingly clever orchestration, especially in the descriptive passages. The second is less pretentious and founded on the old ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens." This was also conducted by the composer. It contains much beautiful writing and was strongest in the choral numbers. An efficient force of eighty performers and a chorus of 160 voices gave both works to the satisfaction of the composers, and the large audience was extremely enthusiastic, recalling both men to the platform. The soloists were Miss Pauline Joran, soprano; Mr. Brozel, tenor, and Mr. P. Glen-corse, baritone.

At M. Paul della Torre's piano recital, at Freeman's Hall on December 1, Mrs. John Lemmoni, the Australian flautist, appeared with great success.

Brixton.—The Brixton Choral Society gave the first concert of their seventh season last week. Mr. Douglas Redman has brought the chorus up to a high standard of work and they acquitted themselves admirably in Beethoven's "Engende; Or, David in the Wilderness," and Hoffmann's "Melusina." The soloists were Miss Kate Drew, Miss Constance Barber, Mr. James Leyland, Mr. David Hughes and Mr. William Irvine. A good orchestra played the accompaniments well.

Barnet.—The Barnet Choral Society gave an interesting concert at the Lecture Hall on Wednesday evening. The choir, under the conductorship of Mr. F. A. W. Docker (organist of St. Andrew's, Wells street), sang with admirable facility several part songs and choruses. The soloists were Miss Regina Atwater, Miss Emilie Mee, Miss Annie Layton, Mr. John Probert, Mr. Dan Price and Mr. Gerald Walenn (violin). Miss Regina Atwater was down for three songs, but sang with such effect that she had to give

two encores. Mr. John Probert was also very successful in Beethoven's "Adelaide" and the "Irish Emigrant," having to respond for more, and Mr. Dan Price was accorded a like favor. The violinist exhibited marked talent and high executive powers in Svensen's Romanza. The hall was crowded, and all remained to the last number, thus showing the interest taken in the concert, which is the first given by the Barnet School of Music. This recently formed institution is well equipped with a competent band of professors, and is doing a good work in teaching the young musical ideas of that locality how to shoot.

Wellington.—The first musical festival held in this town was given last Friday, when a performance of the "Messiah" took place in the parish Church in the afternoon, and a ballad concert was given in the Town Hall in the evening. The band and chorus of 250 performers were excellent under their capable conductor, A. K. Elworthy, Mus. Doc. The soloists were London musicians, including Miss Edith Bloomfield, Miss Annie Layton and Mr. Douglas Powell (basso), and the tenor was Mr. Edward Morgan, from Bristol Cathedral. Report speaks well of the work of these principals, especially of Mr. Douglas Powell. He has been engaged for the part of the "Prophet" in a performance of the "Elijah" by the Western Counties Musical Festival (of which the above society is a branch) next April in the cathedral at Exeter.

Glasgow.

GLASGOW, December 15, 1894.

GLASGOW has had quite a host of musical celebrities of late within her gates. This week we had Borwick and Hofmann.

The opening concert was one given by the Choral and Orchestral Union. Their program was as follows: Prelude to the new opera, "Hänsel and Gretel"....E. Humperdinck Piano concerto in D minor.....Brahms Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven Piano solos Barcarole, op. 60 and Scherzo No. 3 in C.....Chopin "Meistersinger" Overture.....Wagner

The prelude to the new opera is a most interesting piece of writing, founded as it is principally on the hymn tune which the lost children are supposed to sing. Few could have made such a successful opera out of the slight subject of a fairy tale. The prelude was very well played by the orchestra.

In the Brahms concerto we had Mr. Leonard Borwick as soloist, and he gave a most powerful rendering of the part and was splendidly supported by the orchestra. At the close of the concerto Mr. Borwick was repeatedly recalled. This talented young artist is well worthy of the title of "our English Paderewski." In the performance of the Beethoven symphony the orchestra was not up to its usual high standard, the reason, I have no doubt, being that the symphony was rushed upon it immediately the concerto was finished. It left the impression that both conductor and men were tired. This opinion I have heard on all sides. Doubtless the management had some good reason for so doing, but if it could have been avoided it would have been much better. Having had such a magnificent interpretation of this symphony at the close of last season's concerts from Mr. Henschel and an interpretation unsurpassable from Mr. Richter at the beginning of this season, one felt sadly disappointed.

Mr. Borwick's solos were beautifully played, and he had so many recalls that at last he had to play once again. The orchestra, like a giant refreshed after its interval of rest, thundered out the "Meistersinger" overture superbly, and earned hearty applause.

Messrs. Paterson, Sons' & Co.'s Hofmann concert took place in the Queen's Rooms on Thursday evening. Little Hofmann, as we are accustomed to call him, has grown a bit since last I saw him—as a small boy in a velvet suit, who, with an awkward little bow after each piece, ran off the platform like a happy child released from school. He reminds me much in appearance of Rubinstein, although in Hofmann's case one almost feels that the lad's hard work

has stunted his growth. But the moment he touches the piano you are left in no doubt as to whether his physical powers are stunted or not. You find a young giant who has not as yet learned altogether how to moderate his enormous physical force, and he simply roars out his forte passages to such an extent that you expect to see the hammers of the patient, much-enduring Bechstein flying skyward. Rubinstein indulged in "fine fury" on the piano, but I never heard him let you hear the sound of his hand coming in contact with the ivories. Mr. Hofmann is very young, and when he learns a few of the sad lessons which life has in store for us all he will know how to moderate his force, and to understand more fully the meaning underlying many of the pieces he now plays.

This was where Rubinstein's fascination lay: he understood life, and he saw deep down into the hearts of those who in their music had written their life's history; hence the difference—the one a boy, the other a man. Josef Hofmann, there is no question, is a lad of undoubted genius, destined shortly to overtop all living pianists. He was most successful in his playing of Rubinstein's pieces, and of the Liszt No. 6 Rhapsodie. His program was as follows:

Prelude and fugue, D major (for organ).....Seb. Bach
Three "Songs Without Words".....Mendelssohn
Variations, op. 14.....Josef Hofmann
Preludes—
B flat major.....Chopin
E flat major.....Chopin
Sonata, B minor.....Schubert-Liszt
"Gretchen Am Spinnrade".....Schubert-Liszt
"Morgen Ständchen".....Moszkowski
Suite, in G (new).....Moszkowski
Valse, op. 14.....Rubinstein
Polka, op. 82.....Liszt
Rhapsodie, No. 6.....Liszt

Mr. Hofmann was most enthusiastically received, and had frequent recalls.

This (Saturday) afternoon M. Guilman, the celebrated Parisian organist, gave a recital on the great organ in St. Andrew's Hall. The recital was one of the series of afternoon concerts organized by Messrs. Ewing & MacIntosh, music sellers, Glasgow. They provide over 2,000 seats at one penny each (fancy hearing Guilman for one penny!), and the other seats are moderately priced at 1s. and 2s. The hall was crammed and M. Guilman has no reason to complain of his reception. The organ solos were interspersed with tenor songs by Mr. Stuart Moncue and a novelty in the way of saxophone solos by Mr. Mills, a member of the Scottish orchestra.

To-night the Scottish Orchestra gave their sixth popular concert. Miss Pauline Joran was the solo vocalist. She was only moderately successful in her songs, "Quando a te lieta" ("Faust"), Gounod; two German songs, "Schlummerlied" and "Kinderlied," by Julius Hey, and Sullivan's "Guinevere." Miss Joran's intonation is far from being perfect, and is not made better by the painful tremolo she affects. The orchestral program was as follows:

"Der Freischütz".....Weber
Symphony No. 5, in E minor, op. 95, "From the New World".....Dvorák
Characteristic piece for orchestra, "The Mill".....Raff
"Invitation to the Waltz".....Weber-Berlioz
"Huldigungs-Marsch".....Wagner

The opening overture did not seem to meet with its usual share of popular applause, but the symphony was most enthusiastically received, as it well deserves to be, and Mr. Henschel had repeatedly to bow his acknowledgments. The "Invitation" was hurriedly done and the tempo most unequal in some parts. The Popular audience is perhaps more critical than the classical audience, and its applause of this old favorite was not nearly so hearty as formerly; but in the "Huldigungs-Marsch" the orchestra rose to its best and gave us quite an exceptionally fine performance, which the audience was not slow to appreciate.

Next week the Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society gives a "big" concert in St. Andrew's Hall, and I hope in my next letter to have something to say about this society and its work. E. P. M.

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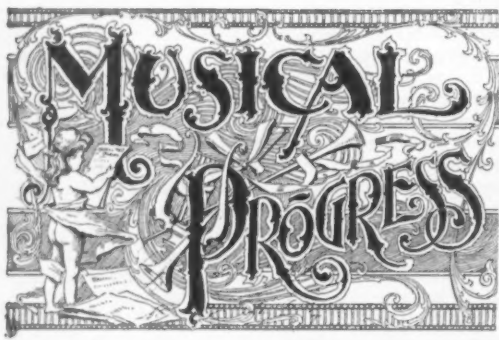
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THE supremacy of might over right in the domain of intellectual production has cost many a bitter tear and deadened many an aspiration.

This condition of things, the result of lack of business capability on the part of one, and lack of thought, or perhaps principle, on the part of the other, is infinitely pathetic. The lack of consciousness that any other condition is possible, the silent and pitiful acquiescence of the artistic mind to the unwritten laws of commercial power, but adds to the pathos.

There is something in the contemplation of a mind constituted for communion with occult forces, and single-ideated in its make-up, peeping frightened from its peaceful lair into the "other world" of commerce, push, grind, grasp and motive complexity that touches the thoughtful. The poor little effort that the creator, to live, is forced to make to cope with shrewdness, foresight, hardness and power to take advantage is so small, so inefficient, so incapable in its inequality that no reflective person can regard it without tears.

When to this is added thought of the tremendous value that this same uncommercial character of mind is to life and progress, pity is changed to indignation. That such a condition of things as the present control of brain by business should exist in America, of all other countries, is the wonder of the age.

In France one hot summer night one of these-of-the-Lord's-own-but-neglected-race-the poor author-depressed, wretched and very poor, jolly songs fairly tumbling from his brain without helm or guide to steer the results to his own advantage, was walking the streets of Paris, the refuge for all classes of feeling. Stepping in front of a café concert, into which people more happy than himself were pouring like bees before a shower into a sheltering hive, strains of music from within came to his ears through the swinging doors. It was one of his own songs.

With the artist's bluntness for conventionality he marched in and took a front seat to listen. Wakened from phrase contemplation by an aproned waiter's asking what he would wish to have, "Nothing," he replied, carelessly; "the song they are singing just now is mine and I dropped in to hear it."

He was politely requested to leave by the purveyor of rummed cherries, who doubtless thought a man daft who would write songs and march into café concerts to listen to them without "consuming," which meant paying for the privilege.

It ended in his taking a glass of sugared water, by means of which he paid 2 frs. to listen to his song. But the throb of outraged justice that leaped in his heart as he passed back into the street was the conception of the Société des Auteurs, Compositeurs et Editeurs, or society for the protection of brain work against brain work management, which is to-day patronized by all thinking countries, except America, which has not yet arrived at a due appreciation of artistic values. Indeed the wonder is that

some organized band of humanitarians have not before this taken hold of the matter in the interest of common justice.

This man was Bourget, the year 1849.

Before sleeping—French-like—he had seen four of his confrères, and the result was an embryo of the society established two years later on a regular legal basis for the prevention of the infringement of right.

The first step was to find out the extent to which their works were being used for others' advantage, and the value of the productions. One of their number, a M. Henrické, director of the office of Minister of the Marine, a man well versed in the questions of intellectual copyright, was called to lead the society thus quietly formed. They managed their first steps so well that after two years they were able to constitute themselves into a definite body having their statutes placed with the notary.

To-day the society extends official action into Spain, Germany, Russia, Belgium, England, Italy, Switzerland, Alsace-Lorraine and Egypt. It has almost 7,000 members, and the 50,000 frs. of the first establishment is to-day 1,550,000 frs.

Of the original group of founders but one is alive at the present day, M. Paul Henrion, who is in his seventy-eighth year, and who became renowned in letters and music in 1836.

The first difficulty of the society was in obtaining legal decisions covering the vacant gulf between the crude protective law of 1791 and applicable to the right of artistic copyright.

But the difficulties were all overcome, and to-day exists in France an arsenal complete of sanctions of all degrees and jurisdictions incontestably establishing the right of the author to oppose the public production of all kinds of artistic works without his authorization.

Before 1891 it was impossible for an author, not of American origin, to obtain the least protection from the United States. In order to obtain protection it was necessary to live in the States and be recognized as an American citizen.

By the copyright law of July, 1891, a great step was made in progress, and authors non-American are now safely protected against the States infringement. For that certain formalities are necessary.

First—To mail on American territory for Washington two copies of the work to be protected the same day and no later than it is "placed" in the original country. This is what is called "simultaneous deposit."

Second—To typograph, lithograph, engrave, have all cards, plants, &c., reproduced in America. That is to say, that the copies placed in America for Washington must be made in the States. Take a book for example.

If it is printed in France only, it is then in the "domain public," and gives the right of translating in the States. If, on the contrary, the book is printed simultaneously in America and in France, and regularly deposited, it is fully protected against the States, and so is its translation.

If, however, a French book translated into English is made in the States and regularly deposited, even if the original book is not made there, the translation is fully protected.

This law of refabrication does not apply to all that is engraved or to music. For stamps, engravings and artistic works, painting and sculpture, &c., to be protected in the United States, all that is necessary is the formality of record in the book of copyright as a measure of declaration and two photographs of the work with designation, title and subject.

For music it is sufficient that two copies of the composition or of the score be mailed on American territory for Washington the same day that the same works are deposited in France. This is generally observed, and Parisian publishers are very careful not to neglect the formalities of copyright, especially if they imagine the works are going to be in demand and have big sale in the States.

This society has a representative in New York whose business it is to mail the works that are sent to him from France, so that they shall be recorded in Washington the same day of deposition at home. All allowance is made for possible delays, and great care is exercised in the procedure.

This observance constitutes an immense répertoire protected, on which certain payment of fee—Droit d'Auteur (Author's Right)—must be paid before the production of any lyric or dramatic work can take place in the United States.

This protective right of intellectual property is strictly observed in France as well. No musical or literary work can be publicly produced without the formal consent of the author or his representatives. Practically this consent implies the payment of a certain sum—Droit d'Auteur—at home as well as abroad.

Creators of all nations are admitted to the society. We therefore find side by side, figuring on the lists, Wagner, Sullivan, Liszt, Rubinstein, Cui, Valverde, Chapy, Breton, Chica, Verdi, Boito, Mascagni, Ponchielli, Holmés, Godfrey, Gœvaert, Peter Benoit, Gungl, Suppé, Fährbach, Strauss, Moszkowski, Grieg, &c., ranged beside the French authors and publishers, such as Schott, Krantz, Ricordi, Sonzogno, Novello, Enoch, Chapell, Fablo Martin, Vidal y Llimona, Katto, Bott and Bock, &c.

With few exceptions all the musicians of note since '51 are members of the society. Before that time it was customary, as it now is in some places, to pay artists for pushing their works. The enormous productions in forty years forced modifications of old courses and the "Authors' Right" is the response.

This right extends also to heirs for a period of fifty years after the death of the author. In the States copyright law extends but to seventeen years from the date of publication.

The rights of heirs are protected as efficiently as those of authors themselves. It is only necessary to establish identity and connection with the social statutes. In this way the heirs of Clapisson, Adam, Felicien David, Berlioz, Halévy, Bizet, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Gounod, Guiraud, Reber, &c., are to-day receiving steady incomes from the production of the dramatic works of their ancestors, quite outside of moneys coming from the sale of the music, &c.

Besides the direct object of the society is also the establishment of a special fund for sexagenarians. At present there are sixty-five recipients of this graceful tribute—Pacini, Cormon, Verdi, Henrion, Deffès, Ambroise Thomas, D'Enery, Felix Godefroid, Dancila, Tagliafico, Wekerlin, Reyer, Jules Barbier and others. There is soon to be printed a catalogue of all the works protected from public production in the United States.

It is to be hoped that American authors will comprehend the utility of such an institution as this, and give to their national productions this immense encouragement in aiding their artists to live and enjoy life through the product of their inspirations.

It is to be hoped also that the day is not far distant when international genius will demand an international copyright.

The successful revival of "Paul and Virginia," which marked this week, was really a creation, so far as many were concerned. After eighteen years but little trace of the first production remains. Marie Heilbronn, one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the opera in its untold age, is dead. Mlle. Cecile Ritter, sister of the pianist who created the rôle of "Virginia," is the wife of a distinguished singer. Engally, whose place Delna so proudly filled, is the devoted mother of a large family; Capoul has since been a musical director in America; Bouhy is one of the best liked teachers of singing in Paris. The two mothers, Mmes. Tconi and Sallard, and M. Ciampi are also professors. Melchissidec, who was "Sainte Croix," is professor in the Paris Conservatoire. The poor composer, Victor Massé, died from the results of a cold taken during the first rehearsals. The librettists, Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, are very much alive; so is the excellent chef d'orchestre, M. Daube, who conducted the work under the original director, Vizenini, at the old Theatre Lyrique.

The original audience—alas!

In spite of a general feeling that M. Carvalho, of the Opéra Comique, was risking much in attempting a replace-

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ment of these artists in a latter day and generation, he succeeded in finding a very unusual caste and the experiment was wholly satisfactory.

M. Clement was "Paul," Mme. Saville "Virginia," Delora Niela the slave; Fugère, the successful successor of Maurel in "Falstaff," was "Dominique." Mlle. Wynn, a recent débutante, pupil of Crosti, of the Conservatoire, and Mlle. Villefroy were the mothers of "Paul" and "Virginia."

We ought to have special interest in Mme. Saville, as she is really American, although but five months in the country, and is wife of one of the most delightful of American husbands, who found her in Australia. French by blood and training, Mme. Saville had an exceptional chance to make a successful French début, and she did full justice to her opportunities. It is very seldom that a foreigner makes such a decided success. The French journals are unanimous in their approbation. They praise her diction, her singing, her acting and her looks. She can congratulate herself and thank her "stars."

She has the advantage, too, of being a well educated, tactful woman and a good musician as well as a singer. She has good common sense, and is really pretty besides.

Another interesting musical affair of this week was the giving of Robert Schumann's opera "Geneviève" by M. Eugene d'Harcourt at the Salle d'Harcourt. It was not given as an opera of course, and more of it was given than can be called "fragments." It was the body of the opera without acting.

"Geneviève" is a sort of "Francesco di Rimini" business, only instead of a brother being left in case of a wife it is a sort of valet or chamberlain, and instead of walking down shady lanes and reading love romances with her "guardian" she tells him to behave himself. In revenge he relates some very wicked lies to the returning husband, who idiotically orders his wife and baby drowned! The men charged with the cruel task fail, through tenderness, in fulfilling it, and four years after the husband finds them alive in a forest where they have been nourished by the animal he is chasing. Reconciliation follows, the naughty valet is put to death and a triumphant finale closes the story.

A very effective part is that in which an alleged fortune teller, in league with the valet, makes the husband see in a magic mirror how things are going on at home during his absence.

The music, thanks to the plot, is not as tedious as many of Schumann's concertos. The hall was filled with interested people who want to hear it again, and the young director has mounted another rung in public favor.

There is some curiosity as to why M. d'Harcourt essays another orchestra when three of such incontestable excellence already exist.

When asked about it he said:

"Well, people are all the time complaining that MM. Colonne and Lamoureux repeat their programs so. They give the same things over season after season and often during the season. I do not pretend to give things with the same excellence as the others. That would be an utter impossibility. You can't have novelties and perfection. They don't go together, but I will give the novelties as well as I can. I am curious to see now how the people will take this. It's impossible to please them, you know, but it is fun to watch them."

At the same time the grade of excellence in the experiment is weekly growing higher and better, and the work of Salle d'Harcourt is getting on solid footing.

Two farewell performances of "Thais" are given this week at the Opéra—at least farewell performances of Sibyl Sanderson before her departure for America.

The young lady who takes her place at the Opéra is Miss

Susanne Adams, of Boston! Miss Adams studied two years with Bouhy, later with Marchesi for two months, and again with Bouhy, when she settled down to serious study, with the result above stated. She will sing in "Roméo et Juliette." More about her later.

M. Gabriel Pierne, organist of St. Clotilde, has finished a pantomime tragi-lyrique on the words of Armand Silvestre. "Salomé" is the title and it is to be given at the Comédie Parisienne. Loie Fuller will create the principal rôle.

Massenet is again in his place with his composition class at the Conservatoire. Fortunate pupils!

Calvé leaves this week to visit her parents in mid-France before making her Spanish trip.

A M. Maurice Lefèvre is giving a very interesting series of lectures on "La Chanson" at the Salle Bodinière.

Should married women study for or continue stage careers will soon be treated in this department.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

"The Scarlet Letter."

AT the third afternoon and evening concerts of the Symphony Society next Friday and Saturday a large portion of a new opera composed by Mr. Walter Damrosch will be performed under the direction of the composer. It is scarcely necessary to say to readers of the "Tribune" that such an occasion invites from it special attention. This journal aims to be patriotic in all its policies, and it has for years sought to encourage the cultivation of good music of all kinds in America, and especially to advance the interest of American composers. It has believed this to be possible without a lowering of the standard of judgment or pandering to a vulgar taste. It has not found it necessary to say that the bad was good because it chanced to be a native product; but neither has it found it necessary to accept everything as good that chanced to come to us with a foreign label and win its way to a hearing in our concert-rooms. It has believed, and therefore it has so urged, that what the composers of the United States need is a hearing, so that they as well as the public may learn the measure of their strength or discern their weakness. They deserve to be heard, but they do not need to be coddled. Coddling will not produce the class of composers which every patriotic music lover is hoping to see arise in this country; it is even more dangerous than repression, for genius often overcomes obstacles set in its path and is then unable to withstand the blandishments of flattery or hold out against the sweets of success. Every season the American composer is acquiring a firmer foothold at home and winning greater respect abroad. To hear such music as Mr. MacDowell's piano concerto, played at the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, or Mr. Horatio W. Parker's "Hora Novissima," or Mr. George W. Chadwick's new symphony, is calculated to warm the heart of every believer in the ultimate destiny of the United States to take her place with the artistically creative peoples of the Old World in this respect as well as in statecraft, warfare, commerce and learning. And the way to advance such a consummation is to give respectful ear to what our native composers find opportunity to say, and to judge it with intelligent discrimination and with the same measure of kindness and dignity as ought to mark all artistic criticism.

The purpose of this writing is to help to such intelligent discrimination in respect of Mr. Damrosch's music; exposition is its aim, not criticism. Music must be caught as it flies, and there are few who can discern the meaning or even the structure of a composition on a first hearing. It is always well, therefore, to give the mind and the fancy of the listeners starting points for their activity. This shall here be attempted with Mr. Damrosch's opera. With the

book we can only be concerned so far as it is necessary to show what it is that has inspired the music and provided the framework for it. It would not be wise, because it is not called for, to discuss what merit the opera has as a dramatic creation; and, indeed, since Mr. Damrosch has composed his music in the modern spirit, a reservation will have to be made in its behalf, even in a discussion of the concert performance, because of the absence in such a performance of the action and the stage pictures. Moreover, the composer has sought to give expression to the moods of natural scenes as well as personages, and here the expositor can only hope to awaken the fancy by telling what the scenes are, and how it has been sought to make the music conform to them.

The opera is called "The Scarlet Letter," the lyrical dramatization of Hawthorne's romance having been accomplished by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop. It is rhymed throughout and written with some of that freedom in the matter of form which the modern manner of musical composition not only tolerates but invites. Mr. Damrosch will present the first act and a portion of the second only at the concert performance, and it will not be necessary, therefore, to discuss the entire book. Suffice it that this is in three acts, and follows closely the incidents and sentiments of the story, which were deemed good dramatic material by the authors, till the end. There, for obvious reasons, the drama departs from the romance. Dimmesdale proclaims his sin standing with Hester on the pillory amid the pomp of the election-day festivities, and the heroine, truly such in the opera as she is in the book, having promised him that in his effort to escape he should not go alone, drinks poison from a phial she had taken from him in the wood and dies beside him. This ending, though not in keeping with the character of Hester as depicted in the romance, serves an ethical purpose of which both librettist and composer have made use; it works a change in the hearts of the populace. In the first act the people are all harshness and hatred; at the end of the last they sing:

Hush, hush! Their souls have fled—

Peace unto the dead!

The flower of sacrifice

Blooms in no earthly garden.

Thou, Hester, over us triumph hast won;

Toward mercy turning our sullen hate.

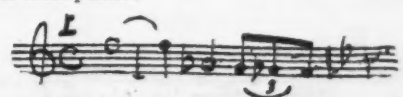
Thou, Arthur, though repenting late—

May God thee pardon!

The opera opens with the scene in the market-place of Boston, showing a prison, church, town hall and pillory, with a view of the harbor as a background. There is an excited gathering of Puritan men and women from the streets around Master Brackett, the jailer, who, with a company of soldiers, guards the prison door. The people rail against Hester, and demand that she be brought forth for condemnation. Mr. Damrosch has made use of the system of typical phrases, and the first of these (which persons who have a liking for labels, à la Wolzogen-Wagner, may call the Scarlet Letter motif) sounds out in the orchestral part while the chorus sings:

O child of error, fair,
Caught in her beauty's own unhallowed snare.

Here is the phrase:



This should be kept in mind throughout the act, along with several companion phrases which the composer has created to symbolize the personages, the passions and the sentiments of the drama. The chief of these are here marshalled, but it ought to be said of them, as it ought always to be said of Wagner's typical phrases, that it were better not to label them at all than to listen to the music with no

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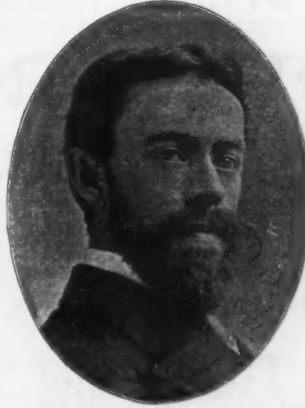
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other purpose than to discover their every entrance. When they are known the composer's purpose in using them may be disclosed by the action of the personages and the sentiments of the text, but this intellectual exercise should not be permitted to interfere with sensuous enjoyment of the music as such. If the listener will bear this fact in mind he may associate Chillingworth with the following phrase (No. II), which is first heard in the bass clarinet part when Chillingworth enters, as he does while the people are



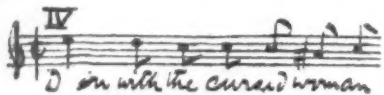
storming around the prison gate, buffeting the soldiers and clamoring for judgment against Hester. The tumult is stilled as the soldiers form a lane through the crowd from the prison door to the pillory. Like Elsa, in Lohengrin, the music of the soft wood-wind instruments accompanying Hester Prynne as she walks toward the pillory, her motif sounding from the oboe (No. III). In these two phrases



an attempt at personal characterization may be noted. The next belongs to a different category. It is an attempt to give voice to the intolerant rage and harshness of the Puritan mob. They salute Hester with cries of

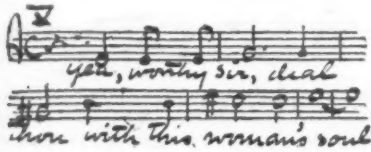
Jezebel! Jezebel!
Daughter of hell!

point their fingers and jeer at the scarlet letter which she wears on her bosom, and finally break into a storm of denunciation, with the typical phrase referred to. (No. IV.)



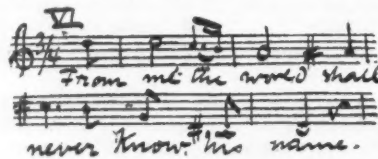
Banish her shadow that darkens
Each true Puritan dwelling,
Staining us all with dishonor,
Tempting God's wrath in disaster,
Far into hell-fire cast her!

Brackett and the soldiery protect Hester from the mob while she advances to the pillory and stands upon it, defiantly facing the multitude. The babe is omitted from the scene, and, indeed, is never a visible factor in the drama. Dimmesdale, the Rev. John Wilson, Governor Bellingham and other dignitaries appear upon the balcony of the town hall, and the elder minister admonishes the unhappy woman to tell the name of her companion in sin. Again, like Elsa in the parallel scene of Wagner's opera, she remains silent. Bellingham appeals to Arthur Dimmesdale to exhort the woman to confession and repentance, and the people echo his appeal in a phrase which may be said to stand for Dimmesdale as he exists in the opinions and affections of his parishioners. (No. V.)



Dimmesdale does as bidden, his words being a paraphrase of the address in Hawthorne's book. Hester replies gently in the phrase which thenceforth characterizes her in her capacity as a firm but loving woman (No. VI.): "From me the world shall never know

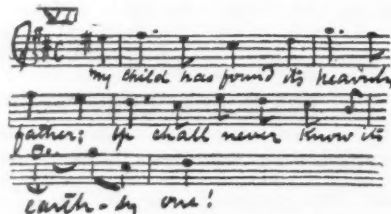
his name!" Wilson, then Arthur again, then the populace, and finally Chillingworth from the midst of the crowd,



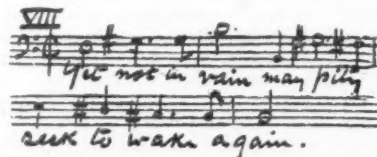
urge the woman to proclaim her fellow-sinner. She starts at the voice and words of her husband:

Ay, woman, speak
And give thy child a father!

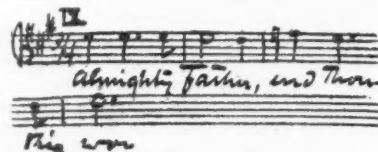
HESTER (startled and agitated): Ha; that voice—No, no! Thrice no to thee! My child hath found a Heavenly Father. Ye shall never know its earthly one!



An extended ensemble follows upon this scene. Arthur sings his marvel of Hester's sacrifice and love, and the tortures that consume him; Chillingworth the prospects of his dreadful vengeance, the chorus its hunger for Hester's punishment; Wilson prays for wisdom and admonishes to mercy; Hester pleads to Heaven for surcease of suffering for herself and Arthur, and Bellingham is torn by conflicting emotions in the presence of his duty as the one who must pronounce sentence upon her. In the course of this ensemble two melodies call for notice. One in the part of Wilson, which is found then and later to be consorted with the sentiment of mercy (No. VIII.), and one in the part of Hester



(No. IX.), which symbolizes the only reliance left her, her faith in a God who knows the human heart and hears its supplications.



Bellingham's sentence is pronounced in these words:

Hear, then. I decree
Not death. She is free;
But henceforth apart
From other folk she must tarry;
And there, on her heart,
Her life long, carry
Yon scarlet letter!

The phrase numbered X. in the list of excerpts appears in



the orchestral parts while Wilson sings the words:

Yet not in vain
May pity seek
To wake again
The soul from trance,
Its slumber imbuing
With eager breath
Let mercy be ours
Her life renewing.

From this association of words and music it becomes evident that Mr. Damsch wishes the musical phrase to stand as the symbol of mercy, pity and related sentiments. Let it be called the mercy motif if the reader wishes. At the beginning of the second act Hester sings a song to the brook which flows near her hut in the forest, and here the phrase is effectually applied to depict her loneliness, as it would seem—Hester the outcast, the object of pity, the one meriting compassion and mercy. The interview in prison between Chillingworth and Hester, which occupies Hawthorne's fourth chapter, is made to follow upon the heels of the ensemble just described, the populace having been sent into the meeting-house by the Governor. The leech strengthens the fainting woman with a potion and the interview proceeds on the lines of the story, interrupted at its climax by the doxology, sung by the congregation in the meeting-house in unison to the tune of "The Old Hundredth," which is treated musically as a cantus firmus. At the close of the service Arthur is carried out in a faint. Hester runs to him and drops beside him on her knees. The crowd angrily drive her away.

CHORUS:

Back, woman! Thy touch
To his white soul is pollution.

CHILLINGWORTH:

'Tis he! O wonder of darkness—
I have found the man!

The finale is built up on a basso ostinato (No. XI.), which



takes possession of the music immediately that Chillingworth has extracted the promise from Hester never to disclose his identity.

The second act is devoted to the scene in the forest in which Hester persuades Dimmesdale to fly to Europe with her. At the concert only two numbers will be given—Hester's brook song, and a madrigal written in the old style and introduced simply for the sake of contrast and musical effect. It is sung behind the scenes and is supposed to come from a band of Pilgrims just arrived from England. Here is one stanza:

Green are the meads
Made new by showers,
And hedgerows white
With hawthorn flowers
Win our hearts to delight.
Who then at home be staying?
Up; cast aside dull sorrow's weeds;
'Tis time we go a-Maying.

The scene is in a forest; Hester's hut on one side and at the back an opening among the trees, showing a forest path lost in obscurity. Sunlight alternates with deep shadow. There are indications of a brook among the trees on which the sunlight sparkles fitfully. Naturally such a scene calls for descriptive music, and the rip-

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New Haven Palladium: Innes' Band drew nearly 10,000 people to Savin Rock yesterday in spite of rain.

New Haven Leader: Innes' Band gave the best concert of the kind ever heard here.

Bridgeport Daily Former: Fully 15,000 people visited the Innes' Band production of "War and Peace." The scene beggars description. Innes out-Gilmore's Gilmore.

Saratoga Times: The mantle of Gilmore has fallen on Innes.

Baltimore American: An overwhelming ovation greeted Innes at Ford's.

Baltimore Herald: Every body charmed and delighted.

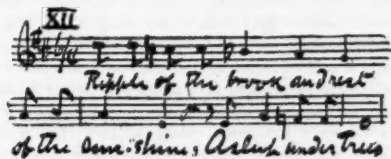
Londoner News: "War and Peace" was the greatest affair in the history of the park.

Albany Argus: Fully 6,000 people paid for the afternoon concert alone.

Scranton Truth: The most admirable band concert Scranton ever heard. In "War and Peace" the audience rose to its feet in enthusiasm, and the performance is the uppermost topic in Scranton to-day.

Washington Post: A radical departure from anything of the kind ever attempted. It is well conceived and the result picturesque and admirable. A great band

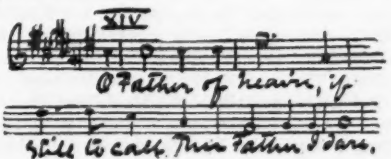
ple of the brook runs through Hester's song, which begins as follows (No. XII.):



The orchestra gives voice to her musings as she sinks upon a mossy bank and thinks of her once happy home in England (No. XIII.), her one-time innocence, now fled,

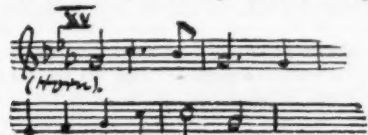


the church bell and her childhood. She kneels and utter a prayer. (No. XIV.)



Oh, Father in Heaven, if still
To call Thee Father I dare,
Grant to me Thy will
My burden here to bear!
Unto my heart restore
Sweet faith again, and rest,
That humbly I once more
May trust my soul to Thy care.

The madrigal interrupts her song, and the sight of the Pilgrims from home rejoices her, but as she advances hesitatingly toward them, two Puritan men acting as guides denounce her as witch and wanton, and the Pilgrims draw away from her. Hester hurls a curse after them. In this scene there is another phrase which is allied in sentiment and purpose to that which has been called the "mercy motif." It is No. XV., which may be called the repentance



phrase, to judge by the words with which it is consorted.—H. E. Krehbiel, in "Tribune."

New London Engagements.—Mr. Vert proposes to introduce to London audiences early in the spring the famous violinist, Herr Willy Burmester, who during the present winter has achieved great celebrity in Germany. Next month also he has arranged for three recitals by the American pianist, Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler, who has been successfully touring in Germany in the course of the winter. He has likewise arranged that Miss Clementina de Vere, the American soprano, who has just returned from a profitable tour in Australia, shall permanently take up her residence in England.

Paris.—The Paris "Ménestrel" says: "For the 'Tannhäuser' performance, which is to take place after Easter, the following will be the cast:

Tannhäuser.....	Van Dyck
Wolfram.....	Renaud
Le Landgrave.....	Delmas
Walter.....	Vaguet
Henry.....	Laurent
Biterolf.....	Ballard
Reinmar.....	Dubulle
Elisabeth.....	Mme. Rose Caron
Vénus.....	Mme. Bréval
Le Pâtre.....	Mme. Agussol

"Zucchi will arrange the ballet scene as she did at Bayreuth. A fine distribution of the parts truly, which we would like to see applied to one of our French works. Instead of this the Parisians are to receive a lesson, and are to be forced to find admirable a work which cannot be counted among Wagner's best."

Did Mozart Write Mozart's Twelfth Mass?

ABOUT the year 1816 there was published by Simrock, at Bonn, a mass purporting to be the work of Mozart. The vocal and piano score was the work of Carl Zulehner (born 1770), a member of the Academy of Arts and Science of Mayence, a musician of some note, but chiefly known as an arranger of operas, masses, cantatas, which he did with admirable skill and no little taste, &c. The mass bore the number VII. Later, in some inexplicable manner, it was numbered as XII., by Novello, of London.

There were many features about the mass that led connoisseurs to shake their heads dubiously in looking over the work, while the Mozart specialists were outspoken in denouncing it as spurious. These rumors became so prevalent that the publisher was compelled to offer some explanation how he secured the work, and what evidence he had to prove their authenticity.

In October, 1821, the Leipzig "Muzik-Zeitung" contains an anonymous contribution, in which the authenticity is to be vindicated, and which likewise makes an effort to prove that Mozart alone could have written it. The writer is both discursive and evasive. He dwells at inordinate length on the unchurchly character of the composition, deploring the fact that many of the Mozartean characteristics are lacking, but admits, with evident reluctance and discomfort, "that a church style similar to that of the requiem had been sought, but unfortunately not even in the slightest degree found." The writer continues that "he owned it (the mass) already more than thirty years and had obtained it at the most truthful source, Salzburg, where Mozart wrote it and had it performed several times."

There lived at the time Ignaz Xaver Seyfried (born 1776), not only a prominent composer both of sacred and profane music, but a scholarly musician and cultured literarian, whose edition of the theoretical works of Albrechtsberger and studies of Beethoven are consulted with no little advantage in our own time. His reputation, however, was international as a Mozart specialist or expert, a court of appellate on all moot questions about the composer. The work was naturally referred to him, and with searching criticism, half humorous but none the less incisive, he gives his reason for repudiating the work. Categorically he mentions his scruples in this fashion:

First scruple, on page 8: "I find the words 'adagio quasi andante.' 'Quasi,' he maintains, is a word never in the whole Mozart literature."

Second scruple: "In Mozart's time there was a law, as inflexible as that of the Medes and Persians, that there should be no heterogeneous change of keys, that most of the movements should be in the principal key; the first and last keys were always the same, and that it was sheer heterodoxy to have such a succession as G and F." The movements in the mass flirt with the whole gamut: G major, C major, C minor, &c. Even should the various parts of the mass have been written by Mozart, he certainly could not have collocated or arranged them in this fashion.

Third scruple: The operatic or theatrical composition of the Et incarnatus est, where the Crucifixus is spoken by the choir sotto voce, "just as in opera buffa one hears zitto, zitto—taci, taci, taci." On page 47 he finds "a splendid consecutive fifth, and in the Dona nobis "a most charming consecutive octave."

He finds fault with the tedious length of the Kyrie, in the "vulgar, silly" Quoniam, Benedictus and Dona nobis. Mozart never could have scanned the words Kyrie, quoniam, seculi, venturi.

The letter printed in the first volume of the "Cecilia" was replied to by Simrock (the publisher) in the same periodical. He claimed to have received the work from Zulehner, and that in itself was sufficient guarantee that no deception was intended and no imposture perpetrated. The manuscript, he confessed, bore a remote similarity to the handwriting of Mozart, but he acknowledges with undisguised reluctance, "it hardly could be his." He then goes on to state that presumably the work was patched up of old fragments, scattered in some of the abbeys and convents where Mozart found an occasional asylum. This hypothesis, he claims, would explain "the many queer

things found in it," and he thought Mozart never had an idea nor knew of its publication.

Zulehner took no notice of the controversy, although challenged again and again to furnish corroborative testimony to vindicate himself from the imputation of dishonesty, and the fame of the immortal master of having this incongruous medley foisted on him.

In 1855 Otto Jahn published the first volume of his epoch making "Life of Mozart," a monument of research and erudition, which is still the only authoritative life of the great composer. In the appendix he gives a most circumstantial and critical notice of the master's church compositions, and comes to the conclusion when discussing this XII. Mass "that the arguments of Seyfried against the authenticity of the work have been overthrown by neither the critic in the 'Allg. Mus. Zeitung' nor by Simrock." He finds in addition to the defects already alluded to by Seyfried, the treatment of the instruments, especially of the bassoons, wholly different from Mozart's manner in the Salzburg masses.

In 1862 there appeared a large quarto of 551 pages, by Dr. L. R. von Koechel. It was his monumental "Chronological Thematic Catalogue of Mozart's Complete Works." In this superb and gigantic work, in which every note of Mozart's is rescued from obscurity and threatened oblivion, we find the XII. Mass mentioned, but as a supposititious work (untersshobener Werk). With painstaking research and critical acumen he studied the Mass, its origin, its history, its musical purport, only to dismiss it finally with the words: "By all connoisseurs this mass is decidedly declared to be unterschoben (supposititious)," and to make no possible mistake he particularly designates it as "Mass in G, published as No. VII. by Simrock, and No. XII. by J. Novello."

In the same year a most exhaustive and critical series of articles appeared in the "Deutsche Musik-Zeitung" (Vienna) on "Mozart's Messen" (Mozart's Masses), in which each mass is subjected to crucial tests. The articles are replete not only with quaint information and thorough musicianship, but likewise display an accurate apprehension of liturgical requirements. The XII. Mass dealt with there is in C, was composed by Mozart in 1780, in strict contrapuntal form, devotional in spirit, with only a few textual repetitions. It covers thirty-six pages and there is as much similarity between it and the accepted XII. Mass as there is between his "Requiem" and his "Marriage of Figaro."

Within the last few years the publishing house of Breitkopf & Härtel have completed the publication of all of Mozart's compositions. Not one note written by the master was to be omitted. Posthumous works were unearthed, forgotten scores recovered, old manuscripts printed for the first time. The XII. Mass was again presented for publication as a Mozart composition; the editors, after again studying its claims; rejected it as spurious.

We are not denying that Mozart's Twelfth Mass possesses great beauties; that at times it has a Mozartean character and is always suggestive of talent and inspiration; that the fugue especially is technically irreproachable, vocally very singable; that in part again it is more dramatic than churchly. No; we only contend that in face of the strong evidence adduced against its authenticity Mozart never wrote Mozart's Twelfth Mass.—"Catholic Times."

Signor Arditi Corrects.—Signor Arditi writes from Europe to correct the statement that Mme. Sembrich ever spoke crossly to him across the footlights. At the opera house, when Mlle. Drog and Signor Mancinelli exchanged remarks in that memorable performance of "William Tell," it was said by several veteran opera-goers that the Sembrich-Arditi contretemps was the only similar incident that had ever occurred in New York. However, it must have been some other conductor to whom Mme. Sembrich relieved her mind, for Signor Arditi writes: "I have no recollection of ever having a row before the footlights, and most certainly not with Mme. Sembrich, for she has never sung under my baton—much to my regret, for she has made my waltz, 'Parla,' a household word in Germany."

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The Masters: A Dream of Music.

(DEDICATED TO JOHN HERMANN LOUD ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.)

I.

WAS it a vision or a passing dream? was it a fancy, or a truth of God? Listen, and tell who can. As I came slowly to myself again I felt a sense of weariness, as if from some long journey; a sense of painful breathing, as if I came again from some rare atmosphere into a duller, heavier air, and yet I felt withal a lightness and a gladness of the soul, an ecstasy of eye and ear, as if the visions and the music of another life were with me even yet. Some time it was before I quite could realize where now I found myself. Then slowly as the towering columns took their shape, the arches and the groined roof, and as the light fell through the softened colors of the great rose windows, I remembered that I was at Notre Dame. And as the voice of priest and singers reached my ears, and the great organs sighed and sobbed and thundered in their vast antiphonies, I looked and saw the altar bright with glory. The candles were ablaze, the priests were bowing, the fragrance of the incense floated still upon the air, and I remembered all. I was at that sweet office of the Benediction after Vespers.

But what strange happening had come to me? The deep remembrance was all too vivid, too coherent for a passing dream. More real it was to me than all the other things that passed before me in all the hours of that most wondrous day.

Had I been caught up in the spirit, as was Paul in the old days? And had it been, that even unto me, unworthy as I am, there had been given a moment when the spirit has been blest and lifted to the third or seventh heaven, and made to see and hear things almost unutterably sweet and rich and wondrous?

II.

Shall I tell something—what I can—of these high things that mostly are beyond the power of human words?

It seemed as if I stood alone within the pleasant twilight of a wondrous garden of white roses. The air was soft with perfume, above me shone one single glorious star, and from a distance came the faintest sounds of low, delicious music. As I wandered there at will, suddenly I was aware that some new presence stood before me—a woman marvellously fair and sweet of face. And she was clothed in flowing garments, lustrous white and fragrant. She spoke. Her voice was as a gentle song, and this she said: "Music you love and prayer you love. 'Tis well. I come to lead you to the heart of All, that you may tell your fellow men the truth, and give them sweeter aspirations after God. Follow in prayer, for I am she whom men call Saint Cecilia." Then on she led, and prayerfully I followed. Her step was rhythmic and her presence soft exhaled a perfume and a music, as if ten thousand of those tender roses in the garden breathed at her every footfall and sighed in harmony a serenade of love.

III.

How long I followed on I do not know. I only know that fairer and more radiant grew her sweet presence; I only know that wondrous and more wondrous grew the symphonies of sound that seemed to float about her and crown her as with glory.

At last she paused, and still I stood in ecstasy and reverence. Naught could I see at first but her, my gentle guide, who knelt before a great white light that seemed to shape itself into a pure white Cross. This only could my mortal eyes discern. But wondrous awe stole to my heart, and down I fell and worshipped also at that Presence—the central Joy and Glory of all life. And O the music! The air was music, and devotion was a rapture. We were within the minstrelsy of heaven—the harpers and the swelling choruses, the seraphs' songs, the noise of many waters, the cherubs' voices and the thunders.

IV.

What wealth of harmonies sublime were in those mighty choruses! I seemed to hear distinct, yet blended wondrously, all the sweetest, noblest music that the earth had known from earliest ages.

Now what seemed to me the music of old Egypt. Sweet it was, as if led by the lyre of thrice-illustrious Hermes, with a myriad host that played on citharas and moon-shaped harps and sistrums with their tinkling rings of silver.

And then what seemed the songs of Hebrew priests; the music of old Tubal Cain, and Asaph, and David's thousands with their instruments, and many hundred singers jubilant in song; the people and the Levites in antiphonies amid the clash of cymbals and the blare of trumpets.

And then it seemed as if I heard the music of the Greeks in temple rites and war songs, strong, triumphant; Orpheus and Amphion, Tyrtæus and Apollo, and rustic Pan; and lute and lyre and harp and flute, and softest Lydian airs and songs of clashing swords and joyous melodies of high Olympus.

These all and more, and all superbly blended and interwoven with rich harmonies.

At times there was a silence wondrous sweet. And then far distant I could hear the soft murmurous music of the spheres, as if an echo, a thousand fold reverberation, of this the nearer tide of heavenly joy.

And then again in softest rapture the choruses would recommence, and slow unfold their glory of sweet sound, as leaf by leaf might open some great supernal rose of lustrous whiteness and of rapturous perfume.

And now I seemed to hear the music of the world's dim twilight of the Middle Ages; the songs of lovers in Italian gardens, the ballads of the wandering troubadours in Southern France, the plaintive chants of Druids in the woods of Britain, the rough-toned sagas of the stormy Norse, and breathing over all the great Gregorian chants of tonsured priests in dim cathedral aisles, and noble masses of old Palestrina.

And as I listened still with throbbing heart I seemed to hear the master works of all the masters of the latest age—the chorales, anthems, symphonies and masses that are the glory of our nobler life. I heard the "Passion" music of the immortal Bach, the massive oratorios of Händel and of Haydn, the wondrous "Twelfth Mass" of the wondrous Mozart, the "Symphony Heroic" of divine Beethoven. These and a thousand more I heard within the circling, surging choruses. And yet the music was not such as on the earth we hear. The best that here on earth we hear is poor and cold compared to this transcendent tide of glory. Perfect was this, transfigured and divine.

V.

And as I listened, bowed in very rapture, the thought took shape within me: "Earth is honored wondrously that here incorporate with seraphic songs and minstrelsy divine are sung the songs that hearts of men have made, and all the themes and work of those, the masters, in the realms of music of the sons of men."

And as my thought was blossoming, my sweet celestial guide discerned it all unspoken and answered with her voice of softest song: "What on the earth is best is near to Heaven, and thou seemest to hear the noblest songs of earth and all the themes of earth's great symphonies mingled in these celestial harmonies. Listen! I brought thee here to teach thee a great truth. 'Tis almost thine. Earth never gave to Heaven, but Heaven to earth. These choruses of high immortal song, the symphonies of rapturous melodies, have surged and rolled like this from first creation's earliest morning. They are the song of God's own heart that outpours itself forever, like bubbling fountains, in melodious waves of infinite delight, and are caught up in ecstasy and eternally re-echoed by all his countless and enraptured hosts of cherubim and seraphim. What now thou hearest, these melodies, forever old, forever new, is what the morning stars together sang at their first birth, and will forever roll and throb in joyous rapture round the throne of love. What thou hast heard at times on earth are dim remembrances and distant echoes of this great primal and eternal song of God."

VI.

Then my heart knew the truth. At last I knew that music was a revelation of the heart of God. No music is on earth, no rhythmic sound, but what is echo of the surging realm of melody divine that wakes in God's own heart and waves in widening circles to the farthest bounds of His great universe.

And then I knew that those we call the masters—those we call creators and composers—are those to whom at times come gifts of hearing. They are the chosen ones with the thrice blessed gift of God to hear His song. And snatches of the mighty choruses of Heaven have filled their ears betimes and thrilled their souls, and they have written down what they have heard and given us the hymn and anthem, song and symphony.

Happy are ye, O! sons of men, gifted of God to hear and sing again the songs of other worlds.

Happy, ye chosen ones, who can soothe and rouse our hearts with echoes of God's own eternal song.

Happy are ye, for ye are made the lighteners of earth's hard tasks, the cheerers of the weary heart of pain, the sanctifiers of the hours of joy; and God, through you, His prophet-priests of song, doth kindle in our hearts a deeper fire of pure devotion and an impassioned longing for those heavenly realms where the air is music, speech is music, life is music and the countless throngs in all their joyous deeds of endless love and marvelous delight make music of immortal symphonies and anthems, as they draw closer to the rapturous heart of God. * * *

VII.

* * * Something of this it was that seemed my dream, or trance, or living truth. But much is all unutterable. The sights, the sounds were wonder beyond words. And, O! that glory of the pure white Cross—for only this my mortal eyes could see—toward which the boundless music seemed to surge and float and throb and bow eternally in homage. And as I knelt there worshipping in constant adoration and a wondrous ecstasy * * * behold, I was on earth again, at Benediction in great Notre Dame.

OLIVER HUCKEL.

PARIS, August 26, 1894.

Yaw.

MISS YAW evidently had a triumph in critical New Orleans, where she sang last week. The "Picayune" says:

"The warmth of Southern people from time immemorial has been proverbial, and it was never better illustrated than last night, at the initial concert of Miss Yaw and her excellent concert company. Odd Fellows' Hall was filled by a large and appreciative audience, to whom the short hours the concert lasted seemed only minutes, and when the last chord was struck they would have wished it might commence again.

"The concert began with a very good rendition of Liszt's 'Rhapsodie No. 10,' by Miss Georgiella Lay, the pianiste of the company, who developed excellent touch. Miss Yaw followed with two numbers, a 'Russian Nightingale' song and a little barcarolle by Del Acqua. It seemed incredible that the light, delicate-looking woman on the platform could possess the marvelous voice claimed for her; but hardly had she finished the first part of her number than the large audience was loudly applauding and she had proven her claims were not ill-founded. As an encore she gave 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' and this also received continued and hearty applause. Mr. Maximilian Dick, a violinist, next played 'Ballade and Polonaise,' by Vieuxtemps, developing a marvelous breadth of tone and richness of melodic sequences. He was encored, and gave a graceful mazourka by Musin, which required and received excellent phrase work.

"Miss Yaw next rendered 'Theme' and variations, by Proch. It served as the vehicle for demonstrating what she could do in scale and staccato work, and completely carried the audience. With the greatest ease she ran from her lowest note up, up to the clouds of her phenomenal upper registers, until she touched E above high E, or almost an octave above Patti's highest note. The enthusiasm of the audience broke forth, and applause, cheers and bravos resounded. As an encore she gave the 'Laughing Song,' which won her another salvo of applause. She sang it as it has never been sung here before; her laughter was not that of mirth, it was pure art, scale running, trills, staccato notes, all in a melodic mass, from which her voice rang out at times as soft and melodious as a flute or as harsh as that of a horn, ending in an inconceivably high note. * * *

"Her voice is something marvelous, both in range and strength. It would be supposed that the volume and expression would be sacrificed for range, but it is not so. Her lower registers are those of a contralto, while her highest tone baffles the comprehension of the most skilled musician, and must be heard to be appreciated. Singing in her natural and middle registers, she would succeed as an excellent soprano, while her contralto notes, rich, round and full of expression, are superb. Miss Yaw is without doubt all that is claimed for her, and as she is young and has ample time to devote to study, she will undoubtedly be a shining mark in the musical world for many years to come.

"In order to accommodate those who were unable to attend last night, a matinée concert will be given next Saturday, at 1 o'clock, at Odd Fellows' Hall."

Nina Bertini Humphrys.—The Tavery Opera Company has reached the Pacific coast. Miss Nina Bertini Humphrys, of this company, has reason to be proud of her successful representations of the principal rôles in "Pagliacci" as "Nedda" and in "Cavalleria Rusticana" as "Santuzza." The press cannot say enough of her excellent singing in "Martha," "Bohemian Girl," and in the rôles of "Venus" in "Tannhäuser," of "Micaela" and "Carmen." The company sings this week in San Francisco.

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Marie Maurer.

MARIE MAURER, the well known dramatic contralto, of whom we print a portrait on the front page of this issue, has by dint of hard study and innate talent obtained recognition on the part of the various leading operatic and concert organizations in Europe and in this her native country. Her engagement by Walter Damrosch for his coming German opera season has already been announced, and it is expected that Miss Maurer will be assigned the following parts in Wagner's operas: "Magdalen" ("Meistersinger"), "Pricia," "Erda," "Flosshilde" and "Waltraute."

Miss Maurer's career has been one uninterrupted success. The New York Liederkreis Society often called for her services as a soloist at the artistic concerts given by the society, before she determined to visit Europe for the purpose of completing her musical education. After studying with Professor Julius Hey, she sang in opera and in concerts under von Bülow, Professor Klindworth and many other renowned conductors.

Miss Maurer when in Berlin had a call from the Wagner Verein to sing as a "Flower girl" in "Parsifal." Rosa Sucher, W. Grünung and Bulss were also in the cast.

After her return to America she sang under Anton Seidl, on a Western concert tour and under Walter Damrosch she sang in Grell's Mass at the first concert of the Oratorio Society last year.

Miss Maurer also sang last summer at the Brighton Beach concerts under Seidl, and was one of the soloists at the Wagner Festival at the Beach. Previous to the beginning of her opera engagement she will be heard during January in concerts and recitals.

"Kenilworth."

NO one interested in dramatic music should fail to welcome a new work of decided merit at a time when mediocrity is rampant. We are glad that a young composer, whose sound knowledge and technical skill are equal to his natural gifts, gives fair promise to become one of the greatest dramatic writers of our century.

Unlike Mascagni, Leoncavallo and a host of others, he did not trust to his natural genius alone, but has acquired sound learning, and made himself a master of the technic of composition. Even then he did not start out to write operas, but cultivated first of all, and with marked success, the highest and most difficult kind of writing—symphonic music. His great sonata, op. 10, and suite, op. 25, rank, according to Dr. Wm. Mason's estimate, among the finest specimens of modern piano literature.

The natural result of this proceeding is that his first opera is the work of a master in all respects. The composer is no other than our well-known Bruno Oscar Klein, and the name of his first opera is "Kenilworth."

"Kenilworth," an opera in three acts, will be brought out next February in Hamburg, with the world famous Wagner interpreter, Mme. Klafsky, as "Amy Robsart." The piano score has just been published by Hofmeister in Leipzig.

The whole opera shows a strong individuality. Amazing technical skill serves the highest artistic purposes. Only a writer of such fiery temperament as Mr. Klein can utter such passionate strains as the superb prelude, the finale of Act I., the duet, quintet and gorgeous march of Act II., and the divinely beautiful death song of "Amy."

It is safe to predict from the piano score a most enthusiastic reception of this opera.

More will be said when the opera shall have had its first production.

ALFRED REMY.

Chicago's Marine Band.

CHICAGO has at last its own marine band, and one too that bids fair to become as famous as the aggregation of players over whom in former days Sousa wielded the baton at Washington. It is perhaps needless to say that this band is identified with the First Battalion of Illinois Naval Militia, the gallant boys who have already made a record equalled by no other military organization. Their patriotism and courage do not rest on bloody encounters; these men put down rampant riot without killing a rioter or losing a man. The proof of these young tars' patriotism was evinced in the fact that a majority of them lost their situations by being true to their colors and standing by their guns in the never to be forgotten turbulent times of last July.

Their armory and necessary accoutrements are now in ship-shape trim, and can bear public inspection. Though Lieut.-Com. B. M. Shaffner has labored indefatigably to obtain this end, he is often asked by visitors on board why an opportunity is not given the public to hear his band in concert.

To gratify this oft repeated request, which will serve a dual capacity, that of exhibiting Chicago's only concert band, as well as assisting to lighten the debt of the battalion, Mr. T. P. Brooke, the conductor of the band, acquiesced to the public sentiment, and has arranged for a

series of twelve concerts to be given at the Central Music Hall, commencing Wednesday evening, January 16.

Musical Director T. P. Brooke is known all over the country as a band leader and one of the best writers of band music. He was a warm friend of the late P. S. Gilmore, was his assistant for years and often took the great leader's place as conductor of his band. Under his baton the public sentiment will be gratified and popular music discoursed.

The band itself numbers fifty artists, and altogether the equipment of the band is the best that money and skill can make it. That the concerts may receive a liberal patronage popular prices will reign throughout the series. Surely 25 cents, 50 cents and 75 cents are prices that will certainly meet the public's approbation.

Official Report of the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Ohio Music Teachers' Association.

DELAWARE, Ohio, December 26, 27, 28, 1894.

THE city of Delaware is noted from an educational standpoint because it is the seat of the great Methodist school, the Ohio Wesleyan University. The musical department of this school is by no means a secondary one, being directed by Mr. S. H. Blakeslee, who has just been elected as president of the O. M. T. A. for the ensuing year.

The halls and rooms of the university, which were gratuitously tendered to the O. M. T. A., were especially suited for the purposes of the convention. After the addresses of welcome and the business meeting of the first day, a complimentary concert and reception were given by the faculty of the Conservatory of Music to the members of the association.

The second and third days of the meeting were opened with round-table discussions of public school music topics. The importance of the elementary branch of musical art has been fully recognized by the O. M. T. A. in the programs of the last two years. As a consequence the discussions were very spirited and instructive, and a public school commission of three was appointed to further the dissemination of this branch in public education. It was a noticeable fact that musicians of all ranks of the profession took a lively personal interest in this branch. Similar discussions were held on topics relating to voice and organ. All these topics were introduced by five-minute papers, and those participating in the discussions were limited to three minutes, hence there was a general warm interest which the long papers of the past have always prohibited.

On the programs of the recitals and concerts were found the names of the following pianists: Miss Minna Wetzler, of Cincinnati; Miss Idelette Andrews and Mr. Peirce, of Dayton; Messrs. Evans, Doerner, Bohlman, A. Gorno and Krueger, of Cincinnati; Wilson G. Smith and Miss Blanche Hart, of Cleveland, and Mr. E. L. Powers, of Delaware. The vocalists participating were: Miss Edith Gardner, of Washington C. H.; the Turner Concert Company, of Dayton; Mr. Oscar Ehrhott, of Cincinnati, and a local chorus of mixed voices, directed by Mr. S. H. Blakeslee. The violinists were Mr. Marsteller, of Dayton, and Mr. Marco, of Delaware. The organists were Miss Hayner and Mr. F. R. Adams, of Delaware; Mr. Zwiler, of Dayton, who also played 'cello in the ensemble numbers, and Sterling, of Cincinnati. The Schumann recital by Miss Wetzler was one of the artistic features of the meeting. Unusual interest was excited by the magnificent performance of the "Faust" symphony, by Liszt, as presented by Messrs. Bohlman and Gorno, with assistance of organ and male chorus.

The meeting as a whole has come nearer to the realization of the motto of the association ("Art, Progress and Professional Fraternity") than any previous one. The spirit of progress was certainly dominant; fraternal feeling was sub-dominant, while the tonic, the generating spirit, was prevalent in the excellence of the performances, among which ought to be recorded Mr. Marsteller's performance of the chaconne (Bach), the Dvorák trio, op. 65; the sonata for piano and violin, op. 12, by Godard, and the "Funeral March" and "Hymn of the Seraphs" (Guilmant) by Mr. Adams.

A special vote of thanks was unanimously accorded Mr. A. J. Gantvoort, of Cincinnati, the retiring president, for his faithful, energetic and musicianly administration of the last three years. The O. M. T. A. certainly owes to him its existence as a progressive, active body, full of vigor, health and enthusiasm—the result of his fostering care.

JOHN A. BROEKHOVEN, College of Music,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
F. R. ADAMS, Delaware, Ohio,
L. R. MARSHALL, Newark, Ohio,

Committee.

C. N. Colwell's Pupils' Concert.—The pupils of Mr. C. N. Colwell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., gave their twenty-fifth recital yesterday evening, assisted by Mrs. J. G. Steketee and Miss May Bosley.

A Novelty.—Edwin Star Belknap and Harvey Worthington Loomis, the former a monologist, the latter a pianist and composer, a pupil of Dr. Dvorák, have conjured through their united talents a repertoire that has the merit of novelty, if no other. While Mr. Belknap recites, Mr. Loomis accompanies with music of his own composition suitable to the recitation.

"The Messiah" at Plainfield.—"The Messiah" was given by the Plainfield Choral Society at their first private concert on December 27. The orchestra was our own New York Philharmonic Society under the direction of E. J. Fitzhugh, assisted by the following soloists: Mme. Ziporah Monteith, soprano; Miss Gertrude May Stein, contralto; Mr. David G. Henderson, tenor; Mr. Conrad Behrens, bass.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER appeared in concert at Lausanne, Switzerland, and from the local papers we take the following:

"Nouveliste Vaudois," Lausanne, December 11, 1894.

As regards Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler, she fully justified her brilliant reputation; she was simply superb, joining with an infallible technic great sincerity of feeling, combining a touch of velvety softness with remarkable energy and power. The very first measures of the Rubinstein concerto revealed the grand artist she is, and the balance of the program did but serve to confirm the impression of her qualities as those of a pianist di primo cartello.

"Gazette de Lausanne," December 8, 1894.

The task of the critic is both easy and agreeable to-day. He has to bestow naught but praise. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler is by common report a great pianist. She proved it yesterday from the moment she struck the first chords. It is no small undertaking, particularly for a woman, to attack a work like Rubinstein's D minor concerto. The master himself played it here some ten years ago. The habits of our concerts will remember with what mighty art, with what entrancing fire! Two years ago Slivinsky played it for us, and we applauded his virtuosity and his great talent. Last night Mrs. Zeisler triumphantly stood this formidable test of her powers, and surprised her audience by the astonishing vigor of her playing. One would have to be hypercritical indeed to find in it anything to criticize; it was marvelous.

And in Chopin, in the charming compositions of Scarlatti, in Liszt's paraphrase of the "Erking," which the artist kindly added to her program to respond to the enthusiastic applause of the audience, as also in a second encore, a piece by Moskowski, what exquisite art, what subtlety, what delicacy of touch, what admirable wealth of tone color, what conscientiousness and what infallibility of technic, and above all what perfection of good taste!

Mrs. Zeisler is not only a virtuoso; she is an artist endowed with the sense of the beautiful and of the dignity of her art. She showed this by her perfectly classical earnestness and her respect for the works which she interprets. It is rarely that one hears a pianist of such worth. The manner in which she interpreted Schubert's so dramatic compositions showed that she allows her subject to penetrate her very being to its profoundest depths, and understands how to give expression to her own emotions in such a way as to enrapture her audience.

"The Scarlet Letter."—In connection with Walter Damrosch's opera on the subject of "The Scarlet Letter," it is interesting to recall the following paragraph from Hawthorne's "English Note Books," dated Liverpool, 1855: "I saw in an American paper yesterday that an opera, still unfinished, had been written on the story of 'The Scarlet Letter,' and that several scenes of it had been performed successfully in New York. I should think it might succeed as an opera, though it would certainly fail as a play."

Where They Feed.—One sees the lesser lights of the opera at small French and Italian restaurants about town, and observant persons recall the time when some of the greater lights frequented such places. It is noticeable that the latter no longer dress in such fashion as to attract attention, but eccentricities of attire sometimes distinguish the less known singers.

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MUSIC SENT FOR CRITICISM.

G. A. Leopoldt, Hamburg.

JOSÉ MANUEL JIMÉNEZ, . . . *Homage to Milanés.*

The Cuban poet Milanés is here kept in remembrance by means of a regularly constructed melody with arpeggio accompaniment, which from symmetrical design, unaffected harmony and ease of execution may find great favor with amateurs competent to play Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

As this is only the third work of its composer, and indicates ability, schooling and absence of crudity, one may well expect some pleasant things from him in future.

Richault et Cie., Paris.

LOUIS DÉRIEVES, . . . *Marche Hongroise.*

The setting of this celebrated march by Berlioz in his "La Damnation de Faust" is here found arranged for six hands on one piano and for players who are not capable of executing passages requiring great technical powers.

It seems a pity that duets and trios such as these are not printed in score, like Liszt's orchestral symphonies. They would then be available for solo purposes to good musicians able to play from many staves at once, and to organists who wish to have possession of all the figurations found in complex works, in order to reproduce as much as possible when presiding at instruments that offer unusual facilities for rendering elaborate details.

Richault et Cie., Paris.

HECTOR BERLIOZ, . . . *"Je Crois en Vous."*

Baritone singers seeking songs not greatly known and yet which are the productions of composers of world wide fame would do well to look at this lyric. The words are by Léon Guérin. All is simple technically. The six verses are set to the same melody, but are fully engraved out, so that the cost of the song is 7½ francs. Teachers with backward pupils will have but seven lines of music to impart. The range of voice required is from C to high F. The opening bar is like that of Walthers' "Preis Lied" in "Die Meistersinger," transposed one semi-tone higher; or, rather, Wagner's vocal beginning closely resembles the instrumental opening of Berlioz. This is mentioned as a most singular coincidence, as the two works are not otherwise related.

C. F. Peters, Leipzig.

OSCAR MEYER, . . . *Vier Lieder.*

Four songs with accompaniments for the piano are here set to German words by Heine, Mina Meyer, Oscar Meyer (the composer of the music) and Goethe. Perhaps the best is "Sehnsucht" ("Longing"), which rings out with great earnestness and depth of feeling Goethe's cry: "Return we pray; 'tis winter without thee, although 'tis May."

This song has been translated into English by Lady Macfarren and is published separately.

The melody ranges principally from F to F. There is a low D, but it occurs at a feminine termination, and therefore wants but little tone and may be merely indicated.

A tenor singer with limited range of voice may essay this little art work, especially if he can render well delicate and tender accents, and bring himself into sympathy with the poet's feeling. These four songs form op. 2 of a writer from whom much is expected.

Emile Renaud et Cie., Paris.

GEORGES PAPIN, . . . *Arrangements for 'Cello and Piano.*

A collection of works by ancient and modern composers arranged for the violoncello and piano are here found which may prove useful to teachers and a welcome addition to our domestic music; for the series A (facile) and also series C (artistique) contain pieces that are so easy as to be within the powers of the majority of amateurs. The celebrated "Sicilienne" by Bach (given in G minor), and the first "Song without Words," by Mendelssohn (transposed to G major), first of all recommend themselves, and, like many of the other pieces, present few difficulties to the arranger. The case is different with Chopin's sixth study (op. 10) in E flat minor, which is here transposed into A minor and termed "Andante Lamento." The chief melody is assigned to the stringed instrument, and the piano part takes the leavings or remainder of the composition. As the most eloquent notes of the harmony (such as thirds and discords) are commonly used in melodies because of their having deeper signification than fifths or octaves, there is always danger that this style of treatment will prove disadvantageous.

It cannot be truly said that the resultant effect here is always good. In vocal music it is not considered proper to omit important harmonic notes in the accompaniment because they may be guaranteed by the singers; for instrumental music stands so far apart, or on a plane by itself, that harmonies must be rendered intact and quite independently of what vocalists may intone. From similar considerations, in such complex harmonic phrases as Chopin here employs, it becomes a question whether the notes played by a violoncello may be properly omitted in the piano part. It is believed that such a part can

hardly prove satisfactory in itself at best, and is most disappointing when the essential notes of harmonies are absent. The only point here gained is that all is made easy to comprehend and execute; and therefore this highly artistic production is brought within the range of players hitherto unable to attempt it. Chopin, however, suffers. It may also be said that it is hardly fair to display harmonies half an octave higher than they were composed. It is evident they must appear thin and attenuated rather than full, plump, warm and glowing.

Additional parts may be purchased for oboe, or violin and organ in anticipation of the introduction of this piece at funeral services.

In series A, Niedermeyer's pretty song, "The Lake," appears in the original key. The barcarolle from "Oberon" is given a fourth higher.

G. Schirmer, New York.

C. WHITNEY COOMBS, . . . *The Christ Child.*

Church singers choosing offertory solos will do well to look twice at this new contribution.

It is published in A flat for tenors and sopranos, and in F for mezzo sopranos or baritones.

There is, besides the piano accompaniment, a part for solo violin, which, however, may be omitted, as its subject matter is either unimportant or is contained in the part for clavier. With this part organists may be able to accomplish much, as it does not consist of commonplace, guitar-like accompaniments (which are most difficult to make respectable on so noble an instrument as the church organ), but, on the contrary, appears in some places to have been conceived for orchestra and in the modern spirit.

The opening instrumental motive, which is repeated and made to appear subsequently (before the triumphal entry of the "Angelic Hymn") consists of harmonies that are most unusual in songs of this nature.

These chords, when properly "laid out" (i. e., displayed by a master well acquainted with their roots and orchestral works of the modern school, and also in sympathy with them—may be made to have a truly magnificent effect. The extreme brilliancy of such discords, when intelligently compounded—i. e., doubled, balanced and registered on a truly fine organ—give at once (in the first four bars) a lofty tone to this lyric and do not interfere in any way with the singer.

On the contrary, they prepare the mind for his utterances. Such periodic elevations even make a subsidence into softer passages for narrations, &c., a welcome relief. The monotonous dead level of ordinary semi-religious, semi-sentimental songs that come into favor with vocalists is not noted here, to the comfort of choir directors.

With a little planning this work may be made immediately enjoyable and eventually perhaps somewhat popular. Its final phrases are capable of a high degree of exaltation by a good singer, like the analogous ones in "The Palms," but the modulations, &c., here are uniformly more novel and ambitious.

Therefore the piece may suffer if inconsiderately treated by novices. When an organist must make his own part from the piano copy the more elaborate the music the more his skill must be taxed to realize the composer's intentions vividly. For this reason popularity here, as in Chopin's case, will have its drawbacks. Skilled artists tired of "The Palms" will find in "The Christ Child" a work on which to exercise their powers that may well reward them.

The Boston Music Company, Boston.

ETHELBERT NEVIN, . . . *Four Songs.*

These songs may find a welcome among singers of small capacity, as regards technical matters and the deeper things of art, who wish to escape from the dreary monotony—the dead level of the ordinary drawing room ballad.

"La Vie" ("Life") fills but two pages, yet it is a perfectly rounded little lyric, that may soon be learned and immediately enjoyed, because of the novelty of the harmonies, &c. (and consequent relief from ordinary guitar-like accompaniments), to say nothing of the beauty of the setting itself. The song with Charles Kingsley's words, "The Merry, Merry Lark Was Up," occupies no more space, and will suit a contralto singer of little skill. It may thus be useful to teachers. The composer has not been so successful here, and has apparently amused himself by risking consecutive octaves between the melody and the lowest bass several times, and fifths by contrary motion once. "Ti Saluto" ("Thine My Greeting") is longer, and it may answer as an exercise on the ascending chromatic scale, and spare a student a dreary singing tutor étude. "In Der Nacht" ("In the Night") (Graf Platen), dedicated to Max Heinrich, is an energetic song suitable for baritones.

The printing, paper, engraving, &c., of these works is good.

C. F. Peters, Leipzig.

OSCAR MEYER, . . . *"Willkommen und Abschied."*

A song for tenor voice is here found which is no mere amateurish effusion. It requires from the vocalist considerable power of voice and high appreciation of the aims of modern composers. The first four pages are set so low

as to appear designed for a baritone; only toward the close, when the melody rises with great enthusiasm to the highly emphatic high B flat, does it exhibit the upper register of the tenor voice freely. The German words alone are given. The composer seems to have striven hard to do justice to the poetical ideas of Goethe in every respect. The figurations in the accompaniment, the startling changes of key and style, the novel modulations and splendid harmonies sufficiently indicate this. No singer should attempt such songs unless he be prepared to revel in a sort of orgie of instrumental sound, which by supplying utterances of wildly passionate enthusiasm nobly second his efforts and incite him to increase them. All is intense. Heroic tenors, having the co-operation of a good pianist, who can deliver these harmonies, &c., understandingly, may essay the work in small concert rooms. But the assistance of an orchestra seems almost as much required as for the Preislied of the Meistersinger, when the auditorium is large.

Oliver Ditson Company, Boston and New York.

KATE OCKLESTON-LIPPA, . . . *When Love Was Young.*

This is a prize song of the Pittsburg Art Society for 1893, which on inspection proves to be a pretty little lyric for soprano voice (to Alfred Austin's well-known words) which is by no means commonplace or ballad-like in style. The key is that of G flat, and the compass of voice requires from D flat to F (a tenth).

There are changes of time and key and manner sufficient to give scope to any singer who might choose to ignore the restraints of the concert platform and partly act (or even over act) in order to bring out as vividly as possible the full meaning of the words. A mere glance at this work is insufficient to give any adequate idea of what it is capable when rendered by a really clever vocalist, for it belongs to the class of songs which are said to be "made" by the singer. The vocal melody demands perfect freedom, and is not to be reinforced by any instrument at certain points, for the singer's impulses here may not be restrained. And yet some of the intervals used are so far chromatic as to seem to require instrumental definition and harmonic establishment.

A vivacious singer playing her own accompaniment might easily overcome such difficulties, and find in "When Love Was Young" a welcome addition to her stock of favorite pieces for home use.

Fritz Schuberth, Leipzig.

BERN. BOEKELMANN, . . . *Tête-à-Tête Vaise. Three Octave Studies.*

Theo. Presser, Philadelphia.

BERN. BOEKELMANN, . . . *Back Fugues in Colored Notation.*

This composer proves himself to be a didactic musician of no mean order, being found striving to lighten the labors of students by well devised schemes of teaching and succeeding well. The waltz will prove a good study for the equalization of the hands. The three octave studies, entitled "Falco" (A major), "Cygnus" (in C) and "Apis" (in C sharp minor), are all for the attainment of a true legato style of performance such as an organist must acquire.

Their use may be greatly extended for this reason.

But Mr. Boekelmann deserves still greater praise and most hearty thanks for his labors in inventing and perfecting a method of printing music with notes of different colors and shapes (types) by which highly complex contrapuntal passages may be analyzed by players who are ignorant of the laws governing strict counterpoint—of the devices of fugal construction—and the considerations that have dominated the best writers from Palestrina down to our times. He also deserves a more substantial return for expenditures, evidently made with a sincere desire to aid students throughout Europe and America.

Agencies are established at Amsterdam, Moscow, Milan, Paris, London and Copenhagen for the sale of these aids to the study of fugal formations. Eight fugues, forming a second series, are now put forth, which are, like those in the first, selected from Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues. Each is accompanied with a brief explanation of the fugue form in English, German and French. A harmonic scheme or abstract of the underlying chords, which act as so many moving centres of gravity, is given to show that the structure has coherence, &c., and there are also well considered explanatory remarks. Whenever the first subject appears it is printed in one uniform color, say red; the counter subject uniformly in green, and so on.

The difficulties to be overcome in preparing a separate plate for each color (and engraving all the plates so accurately that when all are separately passed through the press, none of the notes overlap or appear partly on lines and partly in spaces, &c.) were so great that nothing but the most indomitable will would have persisted until the desired end was gained.

If only as a curiosity readers may wish to order the comparatively simple fugue in C minor (vol. 1, No. 2) or the more complex one in C sharp minor (first series) in the same volume, which is in five parts.

Difficulties have not only been overcome, but the copy is really beautifully executed, perfectly clear to decipher, and is refreshing to the eye from its variegated tints.

IN THE CONCERT WORLD.

THE holidays are absolutely over at the time of this writing, else would the concert goer's occupation be gone. There has been little the past week, but the weeks forthcoming will pay up freely for preceding short scores.

On Thursday evening the Maud Powell String Quartet, assisted by Mr. Carl Reinecke, clarinet, gave the third concert of the season at Chamber Music Hall. Haydn's D major quartet, and Brahms' B minor quintet were the ensemble numbers. Miss Powell herself played Bach's E major sonata, so that the program was one of reasonable brevity.

Maud Powell's playing never disappoints. She has purity, dignity and breadth, and her work has much firm authority. The extremely familiar—positively domesticated—Bach music got excellent treatment at her hands and provoked well-earned enthusiasm. The Brahms quintet was the pièce de résistance of the program, and proved duly so in the performance. It had evidently had good rehearsal, and went smoothly, and, of course, Mr. Reinecke handled his clarinet like a musician, and proved himself an artistic force. The other members of Miss Powell's quartet acquitted themselves with more moderation and finish than was noticeable at the previous concert, and the entire program was intelligently and enjoyably given.

On Friday evening the New York Trio Club, which must be noted as phenomenally active, gave a Beethoven program at the New York College of Music Hall. The club, which was assisted by Miss Louise Gerard, soprano, and Mr. Albert G. Thies, tenor, played the D major trio. Mr. Gallico and Mr. Jan Koert played the "Kreutzer Sonata," and Mr. Gallico played the C minor piano variations. As detailed in these columns a week ago, the club has a smooth ensemble and already plays like a trio in old time harness. Its members separately are solo performers of good reputation, and their vigorous combined rehearsals are bound to result in public performances of interest and value. They have no rivals in the "trio" field pure and simple, and as an initiatory organization their personnel is quite happy. The "Kreutzer Sonata" was played by request, and again did Mr. Koert recall more and more the manner of Adolph Brodsky, particularly in this same work, which Brodsky played here with Franz Rummel three seasons ago. Mr. Koert is always sure in his work and firm as steel in his methods. Mr. Gallico also performed his part well at the piano.

The scena and aria "Ah Perfido" were sung by Miss Louise Gerard in the purest manner and with a fine and ample style. Miss Gerard has made big strides forward in the matter of dramatic as well as vocal breadth. As she gives an "Evening of Song" this coming week with her husband, Mr. Albert G. Thies, at Chickering Hall, she will be heard at varied advantage and can be written of more fully. She has an advantage in a rare degree over the average songstress of a particular intelligence and personal refinement. Mr. Thies sang "Adelaide" with just appreciation of its pure beauty. The New York concert goer can never hear this without recalling the Campanini explosion and a thankfulness that "Adelaide" should fall into less spasmodic and fiery hands.

"The Messiah" was repeated on Sunday evening at Music Hall by the Oratorio Society, conducted by Walter Damrosch. It was a good house and sufficiently enthusiastic, particularly for Madame Nordica, who certainly earns her Oratorio laurels well. Her voice has the quality of a silver bell and carries with it the musical ring and echo of an instrument of the purest metal that has been properly struck.

Nordica has still further a charming presence on the concert stage. She is one of those pretty, natural types which lose instead of gain in the frame of stage glamor and trappings. Hers is a fair, sweet, fresh and nut brown beauty, and just as winsome as the day in its smile and quiet bred grace. In the ordinary costume of everyday life she is a most fair, unspoiled and unartificial specimen of gracious womanhood. In no opera she sings does she manage to look one-fourth as pretty as when she is simply Lillian Nordica, either at home or on the concert stage. And then what a brilliant voice and at times superb delivery! It would appear often that she can outsing—but the least said soonest mended, only Nordica is an admirable artist. This much may go.

On Monday of last week the fourth December "Musical Morning" was given by Albert Morris Bagley at the Hotel Waldorf. César Thomson played, Bemberg accompanied songs of his own and played an excerpt from "Elaine," and Mme. Mantelli, from the Opera, sang.

Mantelli sang admirably and had an enthusiastic reception. Her voice and the large emphasis of her methods are better adapted to a wider frame. Nevertheless her sentiment and her dramatic delivery were, as usual, apparent, and the "Connais tu le pais," from "Mignon," was charmingly modified to the exigencies of the Waldorf ballroom. Bemberg accompanied her in his own "Chant Hindou," and for encore to the same she sang his "Amie-moi" so well that in the form of a double encore she had to repeat the second verse. Of course M. Bemberg was immensely

in his element. The aristocratic women nearly clapped their gloves off for him, and that "Entr'acte" from Act II. of "Elaine" was absorbed with delight. Bemberg has a really graceful touch, but he will never take away the breath of his hearers by a forte. A Bemberg song, however, sung by Mantelli and accompanied by the composer, is a charming enough thing.

The virile feature of the morning was the playing of César Thomson. Among his numbers were Max Bruch's "Adagio Appassionata," the finale from Wieniawski's second violin concerto, a Rubinstein "Romance," a Scandinavian folk-song, Mr. Thomson's own, and Sarasate's "Gipsy Dances." His astoundingly flawless execution was never more in evidence, and in the Bruch "Adagio" his sentiment took on a genuinely impassioned glow. It is the look of the pale, sober, unemotional visage surmounting the fiddle which seems to rob Thomson's playing of magnetism more than the actual performance itself. One can hardly look at the man and believe that the soulful-sounding and polished strains come from any other region than his reflective cranium, aided by a phenomenally dexterous hand. Thomson's face gives the lie to passion, and a terrible pity it seems; for hear his playing from a distance when he is not visible and it sounds fairly, often like the outpouring of a really turbulent soul.

The Sarasate dances the other morning were played with a fiery sweep which with one's back to Thomson might be sworn to as temperamental, but turn and face the man, there was again before you only the intellect and technic. To make the emotional success, which after all would secure his position in this highly strung climate of ours, Thomson might be at his best behind a curtain à la Turiddu, first scene in "Cavalleria." His grave immobility confronting us is a chill to sympathy, and largely devitalizes strains which separably might rouse the blood. But taken all in all, what a mighty rock of purity and strength is César Thomson! He was felt the other morning and had a most cordial reception. Only if he looked as his instrument spoke he would have had everything at his feet, first and above any and all.

Mantelli was showered with plaudits and petted by the ladies to more than her heart's content. Aside from her art, she has great personal magnetism, and is an extremely pretty woman off the stage, of the tall, slender, dark-eyed and pale, oval-cheeked variety. Mantelli got out of a bed with chills and fever to sing "Guinevere" at the première of "Elaine." Bemberg almost went on his knees to her in gratitude, as she had no understudy fully equipped for the rôle, and the piece would have gone asunder without her. "Madame Mantelli est un ange," he said; and for once Mantelli said she felt like it at heart, though she sang far off from her ordinary earthly harmony.

Mantorami, her husband, swears by the New York press. They wrote next day that Mantelli was either ill or did not know her rôle, without having any certainty as to what was really the matter. "That was just," he said; "they did not sweep her out of existence and say simply she was a bad artiste, they furnished to themselves an excuse."

The Mantellis are among the most intelligent and agreeable of the newcomers at the opera to find at home. The singer herself is a good all round musician, plays piano very well, reads rapidly and is ordinarily her own répétiteur. When she asks for Louis Saar Grau tells her good-humoredly that she can get along herself. She is the fairest, and at the same time a keen judge of her fellow artists.

She declares Jean de Reszké to be the sort of perfect artist whose refinement in detail makes him grow upon one more and more at each performance. At the same time she says Tamagno moves her by his anguish in the fourth act of "Otello" more than any singer on the living stage. "When it comes," Mantelli says, "to the 'morta, morta, morta!' I am shaken so terribly that I could not myself keep up much longer." Tamagno himself, she says, is so strung up at this point, letting himself go because the end of the opera is reached, that he is completely played out and seldom leaves the stage without tears in his eyes. This episode Mantelli thinks the most heartrending effect of rugged passion on the present stage and works the greatest havoc with her own emotions.

In the matter of praise she would rather one moderate word from Victor Maurel than the most cordial terms from the rest of the company rolled into one. She thinks him the most acute of critics, and in fact Maurel occupies a position of lofty distinction in the minds of most of the artists, whether they all express it freely or not.

The men file in to sit in the front rows of the orchestra to study him when he sings, just as regularly as the curtain goes up. There was a liberal point in "Don Giovanni," however, which they all may not choose to copy if they get the chance. The supper table flowed with champagne—the real article. Maurel hates shams, hates poor setting, defective properties. He sent in the dozen bottles of wine, and to do the chorus ladies justice they drank it like good fellows, and didn't wait for Leporello to refill their glasses either. Maurel in "Don Giovanni" means a better beverage for the choristers than they always get at home, and they don't fail to profit by their opportunity.

Maurel hates the "Huguenots"; the sitting about and pouring wine from empty tankards alternately in the first

act is death to him. "Je trouve," he remarked the other day, "que les Huguenots est un opéra très admirable des chaises et des fauteuils."

M. Michel Mortier wouldn't have it this way. "La pièce m'embête," he said; "C'est vrai, mais je le trouve très admirable de voir ce corps de grands artistes ranger par file après l'acte II."

"Ah, Monsieur Scribe, Monsieur Scribe," repeated Maurel, half a dozen times wearily in reply, "Ce pauvre Monsieur Scribe."

"Mais je les trouve pour moi un très belle opéra," he went on dryly, "Des costumes et des chaises. Pour moi c'est vraiment excellent pour les chaises."

Mortier got half cross. He thinks Maurel looks well at least as "Nevers," and he finds the opera only half a one, while at the same time he dreads Maurel's sarcasm in anything regarding himself.

"Mais je l'ai chanté" said Maurel, as if to appease him, "très agréablement, mais très agréablement, mon cher, mais bon Dieu cette prodigalité de meubles!"

Maurel's humor is exceedingly dry. He doesn't laugh very much, but his eye tells a frequent humorous tale. His speaking voice is a wonderful gift—full, deep and remarkably resonant. If Maurel should cease to sing he has a speaking voice to support his dramatic gift, which is hardly equaled on the stage to-day.

The best picture made of him was painted by Constant on the La Bretagne coming over. He is done as "Iago," with golden red wig, and the picture stands in his apartment at the St. James. It is immensely effective. Everything about Maurel is effective for that matter, and well considered.

And so we will let the forthcoming "Falstaff" rest for the present.

At the Twelfth Night Club reception on Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Thies (Louise Gerard) again sang. They are prime salon favorites, aside from their serious aims in art, and always do delightful and encorable work in the concert room.

Mr. J. Charles Aster, a new arrival in New York, who has opened up a recherché studio at 10 East Twenty-third street, somewhat after the model of his recent studio in Paris, opens up this week with a series of musicales, assisted by Mrs. Ida Gray Scott. A list of prominent artists is put forward for the first, headed by Plançon.

A New Schlesinger Song.—The New York "Herald's" European edition published in its Christmas number an original song by Sebastian W. Schlesinger, to words of Col. Richard Henry Savage, entitled "Love Haunted." The song is copyrighted, and is to be published by J. H. Schroeder, 12 East Sixteenth street, New York.

Lachaume to Write an Opera Comique.—Aimé Lachaume, the pianist of the Ysaye Concert Company, who wrote the music for Vance Thompson's pantomime, "A Dresden Shepherdess," has been engaged by Manager Saunders, of the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, to write the music for an opera comique to the book of Oscar Barrett. The new opera will be produced in London in September with Marie Tempest in the leading rôle.

Balzac and Music.—The De Goncourts tells us, on the authority of Théophile Gautier, that "Balzac abhorred music." "Théo" did, we know. To him is generally attributed the saying that music was the most expensive noise of which he had cognizance. Balzac did not himself thoroughly understand it, but he was deeply interested in it; he treated it most sympathetically; he got, so it is said a learned German to help him to deal with it elaborately and not a little pleased, it may be remembered, was he with the result.

Had any writer of fiction, before Balzac, ever analyzed any musical composition with half the thoroughness with which, in one of his shorter stories, Balzac analyzed "Robert le Diable," and all the method of Meyerbeer? And Meyerbeer, it is worth noting, was in the Paris of Balzac's day—just half a century ago—almost the Wagner of that place and time. He was an innovator scarcely less discussed.—"The Academy."

Fine Choral Work.—The Dayton and Cincinnati papers speak in the highest terms of the work of the chorus in the performances of "The Messiah," given at the former place on the evening of December 28, and on New Year's Eve in Cincinnati, the Dayton chorus participating at the latter performance. All the chorus training was under Mr. W. L. Blumenschein, of Dayton, who also conducted the final chorus at Cincinnati, by request of Mr. Theodore Thomas, who was the director of the Cincinnati performance.

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NOTICE.

New subscribers to insure prompt delivery of THE MUSICAL COURIER should remit the amount of their subscription with the order.

THE attention of our readers is called to an article entitled "Annual Meeting" in the Musical Instrument department of this issue.

A STEP far in advance of any yet made by the Broad Street Conservatory, of Philadelphia, is the engagement of Leopold Godowsky as principal piano teacher at the school. Mr. Godowsky will prove of inestimable artistic value to the conservatory.

TALK about artistic rivalry—just read the story of the man who was recently expelled by the police from the Theatre Royale, at The Hague. The man was hissing and he hissed the "Song to Aegir." He was a composer and probably felt jealous of his royal rival. And yet they say Europe is not a hotbed of anarchy!

PROBABLY only a few guileless persons in country neighborhoods still cling to the idea that people make money by the ordinary concert—that is, the kind of concert which has most artistic value or most interest for lovers of music. An orchestral conductor may in the course of many unprofitable seasons gradually form an audience of paying subscribers, and ultimately make his concerts self supporting: but the balance of profit, even after the undertaking has achieved success, is such as would be considered ludicrously small by financial experts. And if the larger concerts do not pay, the smaller affairs in which one performer's name figures as "giving the concert" are scarcely nearer the point of solvency, if the thing is looked at soberly.

Though the concert giver usually makes what seems a large sum, he is laid under so many obligations to the artists who have helped him gratuitously,

and to the kind "patrons" who have taken tickets, that the net pecuniary advantage to himself is uncommonly small. What seems like an interchange of civilities between artists is as a matter of business nothing more or less than a mutual mortgage of services. I do not for a moment mean to imply that so sordid a view is commonly taken by artists, who, as a rule, are the kindest of the human race in such respects as these, and who, to put the thing on lower grounds, know well that it is to their advantage to be heard under any conditions.

WARDEN PATRICK HAYES, of the Kings County Penitentiary, believes in music as a factor in keeping peace and breeding content among his lambs. So he allowed them the musical instruments such as their relatives and friends provided, and also the privilege of singing. "The Recorder" in a news article describes the effect:

Promptly at 7 o'clock a keeper in the long and short term prison rang a big gong four times. This was the signal for the music to begin, and 1,000 convicts went to work with all their might to make as much noise in rhythmic waves as possible. The owners of the 150 instruments struck up different tunes and songs, and for the first ten or fifteen minutes it seemed as if everybody was singing a different song at the top of his voice, and each fellow was trying to make more music than his neighbor. The combined roar from over a thousand throats was more than any ordinary tympanum could stand, and the keepers went anxiously about the corridors with their hands over their ears.

We think that it would only be a just punishment to send to this jail the music critic that calls Wagner's music noisy. A course of symphonic concerts in Mr. Hayes' concert halls would convert the most incorrigible hater of Wagner.

THE following quotation shows the mysterious union which existed between religion and music in the early ages of India, and the intensity of feeling which realized the sacramental character of nature:

"Listen to the Voice which filleth all, thy Master's Voice, the Sevenfold Breath of the One Soul, the inner sound.

"The first is like the nightingale's sweet voice chanting a song of parting to his mate.

"The second is the sound of a silver cymbal awakening the twinkling stars.

"The third breathes the melodious plaint of the ocean sprite imprisoned in her shell.

"The fourth is the chant of Vina.

"The fifth shrills in thine ear like the melody of the bamboo flute.

"The sixth changes into a trumpet blast.

"The seventh vibrates like the peal of a lowering thundercloud, swallowing up all other sounds, which die and are heard no more.

"Thus shalt thou climb upward by the mystic stair to the Power Divine, and merge thyself in Him."

FOR the benefit of students and lovers of the violin we have opened a new department in musical criticism. Mr. Arthur M. Abell, our Berlin correspondent and assistant of Mr. Floersheim, will from now on make a specialty of writing on violin playing. The number of violin virtuosi appearing in Berlin each season is surprisingly large, much larger than in any other city of the world. This makes such a special line of criticism feasible. As to its advisability, we think no one will deny that detailed critical and analytical accounts of the playing of these artists by an expert can fail to be of great interest, and, what is more, of value to students of the instrument all over our country, the most of whom enjoy limited advantages in the way of hearing violin playing of a high order.

Mr. Abell's criticisms will not necessarily be limited to violin solos; cello playing and chamber music performances will also receive his attention. He will deviate somewhat from the course of the ordinary critic, in that he will devote considerable attention to the technical methods pursued by representative artists of the different schools, with a view to giving information that will be of practical benefit to the students and teachers—a feature of criticism which, on account of the difficulties and complications of the violin, is of course beyond the scope of the general critic.

A talented and enthusiastic violinist himself, Mr. Abell has for the past four and a half years been studying under the greatest masters abroad, and is eminently fitted for this particular line of work.

We trust that all those of our readers who are interested in the violin and its ever increasing popularity will be glad to learn of this new and unique feature of our foreign correspondence.

SOUR ON PAUR.

MR. HENDERSON wrote the following in the "Times" last Sunday:

"Be ye faithful unto death" is the motto of the Boston scribes. This is how Philip Hale rejoices in the "Journal" that Boston got Paur instead of Richter:

"Here is a remarkable instance of narrowness, if the statements are true. Hans Richter loved Wagner so that he therefore felt obliged to hate Rubinstein. He has prohibited the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he is the leader, from playing at the Rubinstein Festival to be held at the Singakademie, and Rubinstein's works are not allowed on the programs of the Philharmonic concerts. This deplorable attitude is the cause for much comment in musical circles in Vienna.

"It is in many ways an excellent thing for Boston that Hans Richter did not succeed Mr. Nikisch as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the first place, he is in his fifty-second year, and good judges say that he is careless in drill and slovenly at times in his public conducting. He is an ultra Wagnerite, 'set' in his notions, and narrow in his ideas concerning modern music. He is a fine example of the old saying, 'No bigot like a radical.'

"When, in the natural course of events Mr. Paur decides to return to his fatherland—for it is not likely that he looks forward to a family vault in Jamaica Plain—why should we not have a Frenchman, an Italian, a Russian, a Swede, or, better yet, an American, for a leader? Why do otherwise sensible and reasoning creatures believe that music was a special revelation to the Germans, and that German conductors are born with batons in their hands? There is no more ridiculous fetish in the world than this slavish and unreasonable adoration of the German Muse."

Yes, but there is a cloud no bigger perhaps than a man's hand on the musical horizon. There is an undercurrent of grumbling in Boston about Mr. Paur and his cast iron beat, and the grumbling is done by the music critics. Mr. Hale's effusion, quoted above, might profitably be read between the lines. Whether Mr. Paur is or is not a great conductor is not the question now. What principally concerns Mr. Higginson is that the Boston Symphony orchestra has unquestionably lost some of its prestige during the past year.

1894.

THE musical record of 1894 in this city opened with a performance of "Lohengrin" on January 1 at the Metropolitan Opera House with the De Reszkés, Lassalle, Emma Eames and Fursch-Madi in the cast. On January 2 Pachmann began a new series of recitals at Chickering Hall. On January 8 "I Maestri Cantori" was sung at the opera, and on January 9 Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" was received coldly. On January 13 Mme. Melba made her first appearance in "Semiramide." On the same evening the Kneisel Quartet produced Dvorák's quartet in F, op. 96, and quintet in E flat, op. 97. On January 15 the Bostonians produced T. P. Thorne's "The Maid of Plymouth" at the Broadway Theatre. On January 18 the Church Choral Society produced Harry Rowe Shelley's "Vexilla Regis." On January 29 the Paris version of "Tannhäuser" was sung in Italian at the Opera, and on January 31 Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" was revived.

On February 9 the Kneisel Quartet produced a new quartet by D'Albert. On February 11 the Philharmonic Society produced Christian Sinding's D minor symphony, op. 21. On February 13 "Die Walküre" was sung in German at Music Hall. Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion was sung by the Oratorio Society on February 24. On the same evening the American Symphony Orchestra made its début. February 24 was also the last night of the Winter opera season. On March 3 Courtlandt Palmer, pianist, made his début. On March 9 the Philharmonic Society produced Victor Herbert's second cello concerto. On March 15 Peri's "Euridice" was performed by Franklin Sargent's pupils. On March 16 Mme. Adelina Patti made her last appearance here. On March 16 the Symphony Society produced Tchaikowsky's sixth symphony. On March 26 Gilbert & Sullivan's "Utopia" was produced at the Broadway Theatre. On March 27 Arthur Friedheim produced his own piano concerto at Music Hall. "Die Götterdämmerung" was given in German at the Opera House on March 28. Ben Davies, the English tenor, made his début on March 31.

The spring opera season opened on April 16. Massenet's "Werther" was sung for the first time in America on April 19. The opera season closed on April 27. Barnett & Chadwick's "Tabasco" was produced on May 14 at the Broadway. The German Saengerfest took place at Madison Square Garden June 23 and 24. Della Fox appeared in "The Little Trooper" at the Casino on August 30. De Wolf Hopper produced "Dr. Syntax" at the Broadway September 3. Mr. Wilson brought forward "The Devil's Deputy" on September 10 at Abbey's. Mme. Melba and several others of the opera company appeared in concert on October 10. The Maud Powell Quartet made its début on October 26. Smith & De Koven's

"Rob Roy" was produced on October 29. César Thomson, the eminent violinist, made his début on October 30. The Boston Symphony Orchestra produced Goldmark's "Sappho" overture at the Opera House on November 1. Lillian Russell appeared in the "Queen of Brilliants" on November 7. Eugene Ysaye made his début at the first Philharmonic rehearsal on November 16. The opera season opened with "Romeo et Juliette" on November 19. The Bostonians produced "Prince Ananias" on November 20. The Beethoven String Quartet produced Martucci's piano quintet in C major, op. 45, on November 22. Elliott Schenck, an American, appeared as composer and conductor at Carnegie Hall on November 24. M. Maurel made his début at the opera as "Iago" on December 3.

The Symphony Society produced the prelude to Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" on December 7. Bernhard Stavenhagen and Jean Gerardy appeared at Carnegie Hall on December 12. E. A. MacDowell played his second piano concerto at the Philharmonic rehearsal and concert of December 14 and 15. Bemberg's "Elaine" was produced at the Opera on December 17. The Church Choral Society produced Dr. Bridge's "Cradle of Christ" on December 19. The first concert of the Musical Art Society was given on December 22. Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" was given at the Opera with a remarkable cast on December 26. Mozart's "Don Giovanni" closed 1894 on December 31 and ran a few minutes over into 1895. May the omen stand!

MUSIC HALL ART.

THERE is a lot of "rot" written about the art of the music hall, about the artists (?) who sing there—and Mr. George Moore seems disposed to place the music hall singer above legitimate artists. This is supreme affectation, *fin de siècle* "faddism." A writer in the "Tribune" last Sunday, after dwelling at length on the vulgarity of the music hall and of the art of Yvette Guilbert, writes the following sound sense:

The fact is that the music hall looms larger now upon the London horizon than it ever did before, and it is the fashion to put coster songs on a level with the works of Franz or Schumann, to bracket Mr. Chevalier and his kind with the rulers of the lyric stage. All, forsooth, is Art; all these people, it seems, are artists—Chevalier, Little Tich, Dan Leno and Yvette. Well, perhaps the smart persons who settle these things in London are right, if their Parisian forbears have been right before them, and indeed the color and the picturesqueness of much that is presented behind café footlights in the French capital go far to lend an artistic charm to inartistic things. But the Art in question is a debased art; it is the decadent artifice of men and women who minister, not to a sense of what is spiritual and beautiful—the mission of the true artist—but to a sense of what is animal and sensual. It is in this light that Yvette Guilbert must be regarded by anyone who appraises her personality and work at their true value. Look at her as she appears upon an open air stage in her familiar and beloved Paris!

Yvette is dressed in a deep apple-green robe that fits her closely and is readily suggestive of the gown in a painting by Botticelli, from which she took the idea. Her black gloves cover her long arms nearly to the shoulder. Her bronzed auburn hair is gathered simply above her thin, hard face—a face in which the sadness of a troubled life and the mischievousness of a gay one seem to mingle. She clasps her hands, lets them fall negligently below her waist, and in the most caressing of tones, with the demurest of expressions, she begins to sing.

Does she sing to bring them surcease of sorrow? She flaunts it in their faces. Does she sing the grace and charm and beauty of womanhood? She hints broadly of its degradation and holds up the lily her auditors have dishonored, to show them how deftly and wittily she can soil it further; not by bald words, but by a shrug of the shoulder, a piquant gesture, a phrase that can mean two things, but only means one to a throng whose responsive snigger reveals the dirty instincts of its mind. And they call this Art; they have plaudits for the drollery that makes capital out of youth and loveliness and virtue and high ideals, that drags chastity in the filth, to see how effective its whiteness makes the mire; they revel in the spectacle of a mimic using the most precious attributes of her sex to give the high lights in a picture that is otherwise all shadow.

This applies to the "Art" of Yvette Guilbert. Of course she would deny it. None of her songs, in her belief, is calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of innocence. Quite true. With her by-play and accent they are calculated to strike a more brazen surface. The cheek of innocence is not often turned to her in Paris. She sings there for a public that has made her possible. Singer and

public invite one's scorn, but more unedifying than either is the fatuous enthusiasm with which London has become infected. Exhibiting a provinciality that is almost comic in the face of their complacency and pride, the English accept with alacrity anything and everything that comes from Paris, so long as it is introduced with the vague and magic syllable of Art. One can forgive the silly youths who know no better. When serious minded men and women lose their heads over Yvette Guilbert they become contemptible.

THE FOUNTAINS OF CHURCH MUSIC.

THE recent concert of the Musical Art Society, with its program largely composed of music by the early composers for the Church, was an entertainment which carried with it a serious and valuable lesson. Whether it is possible in these days of carelessness and superficiality to induce people to note the significance of the lesson may, indeed, be questioned; but there the lesson was, and its meaning was very clear. The performance of two settings of the "Hodie Christus natus est" by Palestrina and Nanini, and of Vittoria's "O magnum mysterium," was sufficient to convince any thoughtful hearer that the whole tendency of church music in recent years has been bad. It has been in the direction of sensuous effect at the sacrifice of pure religious feeling and of intellectual nobility.

The position in which church music stood at the death of Palestrina was the highest which it has ever attained; and this assertion can be made without any disparagement of the overwhelming genius of Bach. It is true that he opened up a new field and adapted to the requirements of the Protestant Church the musical treasures left to the Church of Rome by his predecessors; and it is equally true that by his employment of the chorale he succeeded in imparting to church music a character which it had not had before, and which, indeed, would have been out of keeping with the spiritual faith of the Roman Church.

But all this is merely a matter of characterization. It does not in any way affect the value of the music *per se*. It does not make Bach's music better than that of Palestrina. It is a fact which cannot easily be disputed that the devotional feeling of the best music of the Roman Catholic Church at the end of the sixteenth century was as high, as pure and as clear in expression as that of the Protestant Church of Germany in the first half of the eighteenth. It is equally true that the great bulk of the church music produced to-day is either dry and dusty with the decay of contrapuntal knowledge, or it is gaudy, flaunting and worldly, like a painted woman in the temple.

There must be a reason for this. Although the world is pretty thoroughly steeped in wickedness, there are plenty of pious men and women. There are church composers to-day whose chances for harps and crowns in the next world are as good as those of any of the children of the Sistine Chapel; but they will earn their eternal reward by reason of personal piety, not by their contributions to the praise of the Almighty. There are many good men writing church music, but no good composers.

The reason is the decay of skill in polyphonic writing. The musical essence of the choir loft is polyphony. It seems as if the art of counterpoint had come into the world especially for the use of the Church. It is the daughter of the Church, and her precious blood is in its veins. The history of modern music explains all this clearly. From the day of Hucbald, the groping Benedictine, who bound consecutive fourths and fifths in the slavish parallelism of the first ecclesiastical harmonics, to that of Orlando di Lasso, who wrote for sixteen separate voices with the ease of a child prattling its mother tongue, the whole thought and devotion of the musical world bent themselves upon the development of churchly polyphony.

The culmination of pure mechanical skill was reached during the supremacy of Johannes Ockeghem in the middle of the fifteenth century. Ockeghem explored all the resources of canonic writing. There was no form of strict imitation in which he did not excel, and as a master he exercised a wider and more important influence than any other teacher who has ever lived. Yet his music itself was dry, because it aimed at nothing beyond a revelation of technical skill. But his pupil, Josquin des Prés, coming into the realm of music when the formal material was ready to his hand, showed how the flesh and blood of pure and noble beauty could be superimposed upon the complex skeleton of ecclesiastical polyphony.

"Amavit Jodocus," says Glareanus, "ex una voce plures deducere, quod post eum multi æmulati sunt, sed ante eum Joannes Ockenheim ea in exercitatione claruerat."

But it was not simply in the exercise of deducing many parts from one that Josquin excelled; it was in making all beautiful. "Others have to do as the notes will let them," said Martin Luther; "Josquin makes them do as he pleases." After Josquin came Adrian Willaert, father of the double chorus in antiphonal form; Jean Mouton; Gombert, the poet of the madrigal; Claude Goudimel, the master of Palestrina, and Cyprian di Rore, the pioneer of the chromatic style.

These men widened and deepened the mastery of polyphonic writing, which at that time comprised the whole of musical skill. Hence when Lasso and Palestrina entered into the kingdom of music they found a magnificent realm ready for them. They found a polyphony which embraced every form that has since held the attention of the world, except the North German fugue, which was a subsequent result of Bach's transfer of the Roman vocal counterpoint to instrumental writing.

Inevitably Lasso and Palestrina made magnificent church music. They were men of genius, and the material at hand was church polyphony. But how is it to-day? Let us grant, to avoid argument, that there is no such genius as the mighty Palestrina in music to-day. But how is it that our best church music sounds so thin, so superficial, so pitifully fleshly when compared with that of the minor contemporaries and immediate successors of the "Prince of the Church"?

It is to be accounted for simply on the ground that our church composers permit themselves to be seduced by the sensuous beauties of our secular music. The only way to write great church music is the way of the great sixteenth century masters of that style. And the only road to the conquest of their style is the one they traveled—complete, profound, exhaustive mastery of vocal polyphony. A master of church style must live with canonic writing. He must have counterpoint at his fingers' ends. It must be as easy for him to write for two double quartets in real parts as it is for a symphonist to score for grand orchestra. The models are extant. They must be studied reverently, lovingly. When some composer of real gifts can so steep his soul in the musical atmosphere of Lasso and Palestrina as to become a habitual stylist of their epoch, we shall have genuinely great modern church music—and not till then.

AS TO FINGERING.

IT has been said by an English exchange with regard to piano playing that exercise was necessary, rather than exercises. Still, method and carefulness in the fingering employed for technical practice plays an important part in the pianist's education. A little pamphlet, by A. G. Becker, has recently been issued, and this deals with a "new method of fingering extended arpeggios." The writer advocates the fingering of arpeggios by using the thumb after the little finger. Thus, in common chords the fingering would be 1, 2, 3, 4, instead of 1, 2, 3, 1, and chords of the seventh, 1, 2, 4, 5, instead of 1, 2, 3, 4. It is stated that by this means a better tone is produced, that there is a reduction in the number of the changes of the position of the hand, and, lastly, that the little finger gains strength by its more frequent employment.

It may be said generally that the difficulty of turning the thumb under the fingers varies directly as the distance of that finger from the thumb. It is more difficult to turn the thumb under the third finger than under the second. So it is still more difficult in an extended arpeggio to use the thumb after the little finger. The author objects to the usual system on the ground that it involves a strained position of the hand, as, for instance, in the dominant seventh on G, where the fingering is 1, 2, 3, 4, 1.

The author does not make any assurance as to legato playing. The difficulty of binding the successive notes together must become increased on this new system, and it is not well to secure uniformity of fingering or increased speed if by so doing the legato playing suffers. With careful practice on the old system it is possible to play ordinary arpeggios with a true legato touch, the second or third finger retaining its hold on the key until the next note is played by the thumb.

When the thumb follows the little finger in an ex-

tended arpeggio, the binding of the two notes together is much more difficult. Again, with regard to the chords of the dominant seventh the advantage of the new system is not clear. In the first place it may be said that when the notes of a chord can be played by the hand simultaneously, there should be no difficulty in playing them successively.

An average hand can play the chord of the seventh in its original position with the octave of the root, five notes in all. A hand large enough to play this should be able to play the extended arpeggio of the chord, and after careful practice to secure as perfect a legato between the third finger and thumb as between the thumb and first finger. The fingering advocated by Mr. A. G. Becker may have advantages where the phrasing admits of a break in the legato, but we cannot accept it as a useful fingering for ordinary purposes.

A MUSICAL TWILIGHT.

IT must be apparent to all thoughtful observers that the present is not an epoch of great productiveness in music. Most of the giants have departed, and they seem to have carried Freya off with them. A greenish twilight has settled down upon those who would figure as the gods of music, and in its ghastly light they appear pale and haggard. One can almost hear the voice of some great, gruesome, critical Loge saying:

Trübt mich ein Nebel?
Neckt mich ein Traum?
Wie bang und bleich
verblüht ihr so bald!
Euch erlischt der Wangen Licht;
Der Blick eures Auges verblüht!

Who are the gods of music to-day?

Brahms, Dvorák and Verdi are really the most eminent composers of our time, and they stand alone in their special lines of work. Verdi has probably spoken his last word. It is true that rumors have floated about to the effect that he was at work upon a new opera on the subject of Ugolino. But it has been said that these rumors are false—that Verdi himself has denied them. "The papers are wrong," said the splendid old man; "it is finished, all is ended. The hour for rest has struck; I await the last knell."

Brahms has also in all probability done his best work, though his mind is still a treasure house and he will doubtless gladden us all with more gems like the clarinet quintet. Dvorák has indeed renewed his youth like the eagle by drinking copious draughts of the inspiration of a young and vigorous country. He has been incited to the composition of works whose notable beauty is not denied, no matter what may be said about the nationalism of their contents.

But, in the main, what is music doing in the great productive centres of Europe? Where is there to-day a young, vigorous, blooming talent that brings forth natural, beautiful flowers of melody? Who sings as the birds sing? Who lisps in numbers because the numbers come?

Is not the great bulk of the work now produced full of unhealthy convolutions? Is it not mostly made up of attempts to engraft upon healthy forms unnatural colors? In short, is it not a sort of green-carnation period in music?

In an article entitled "Form for Form's Sake" we discussed one aspect of the tendency of music at the present time. In that article we spoke of the endeavor of a certain class of composers to break away from the classic sonata form in the vain hope that their feeble ideas would have a more vigorous aspect if presented in some other garb. This endeavor to get away from the old forms is only a part of a general tendency. If an idea demands a new form, if it cannot find adequate utterance in the old one, then a new form let it have. Similarly, if an idea demands a new orchestral coloring, seek for it; but for art's sake let us not applaud orchestral din which is made simply for its own sake.

Yet is not this a striking characteristic of a large part of the music of our time? One man collects an orchestra of all known orchestral instruments, adds to it a brass band and a grand organ, throws in a gong, a snare drum, a xylophone and a set of bells. For this army he writes a serpentine contortion in seven connected movements built on two themes, each broken off short in the middle, and calls it "Tolstoi, a symphonic commentary." Whereupon the people are dumfounded—as well they may be—and the critics write erudite essays upon the discovery of a new genius.

Another man gathers all the lewd and distorting passions of humanity into a libretto of 25 pages, fill-

ing his book with lust, rapine, dishonor, jealousy, revenge, murder and grave robbery. A composer sets it to music which never has time to stop and be cantabile, but is just one hour's convulsion of sforzando snorts, followed by gasps in the lower register of the tuba and rebellious grumbings of the incontinent tympani. Several persons with more or less voice and a first-class football training wrestle for an hour with the music and with each other, catch as catch can, and at the end of the allotted period—although the inevitable intermezzo has called "time" at the end of the first half and given them a chance to get their second wind—they all fall exhausted upon the stage. And the auditorium rings with shouts of "Bravo," perspiration runs down every one's back, and the next day the critics cry, as Schumann did when he read Chopin's variations on "La Ci Darem," "Hats off, gentlemen; a genius!"

What has become of the clear beauty, the splendid repose, the all-conquering chastity of musical art?

And what is new in all these so-called novelties? Have any of the orchestral colorists yet equaled the gigantic instrumental cataclysm of Hector Berlioz, which with unconscious irony he selected for a setting of the "Dies Irae" in a requiem mass? And what have the inventors of the kinetoscope opera done that Verdi has not already done on broader and more dignified lines?

What is the cause of all this hullabaloo in musical art? The composers of to-day have turned their backs on the prophets; that is the trouble. They have put their Bach and their Mozart on the shelf. They do not feed their souls at the eternal fountains of musical youth. They do not daily eat of the apples of Freya. To return again to the words of Loge, who was a scamp, to be sure, but a very wise scoundrel in his day and generation:

Jetzt fand ich's: hört was euch fehlt!
Von Freia's Frucht
genosset ihr heute noch nicht:
die gold'nen Äpfel
in ihrem Garten
sie machten euch tüchtig und jung
am't ihr sie jeden Tag.
Des Garten Pflegerin
ist nun verpöndet;
an den Ästen darbt
und dorrt das Obst:
bald fällt es faul herab.

But alas! Who can write like the old masters? Who can bear the test of having his ideas stripped of the glamour of these meretricious modern disguises and placed like the statue of a naked Venus upon a simple pedestal to be worshipped of men?

Well, there are a few—but so few! And it is for these few that we predict permanent success. Already the gloom of oblivion begins to settle upon the convulsive productions of the young lions of Italy, as they have been called. And yet Germany, which was the land of "Fidelio" and of "Der Freischütz," is raving to-day about Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel." Suppose that some day the composer ceases laughing in his sleeve and confesses! Verily, it is likely that he will say: "Dear brethren, I am the satirist of a degenerate time. Lo! I have Wagnerized for you the tale of a gingerbread palace, and ye have eaten of the gingerbread; so that ye are become as men inebriate and know not good from evil."

For surely this "Hansel und Gretel," with its massive orchestral convolutions, built upon themes that would grace the games of children, is a magnificent reductio ad absurdum of the present tendency of musical art. "Apêrs moi, le déluge," says Humperdinck. But perchance he will prove to be the Noah of this flood, and by showing composers the true nature of their own folly will land them upon a new Ararat, whence they shall go forth to make a better and purer world of art.

PRICES TOO HIGH

MUSICAL managers are complaining that artists' prices are too high; that they do not conform to the laws that regulate supply and demand in such cases. What Henry Wolfsohn calls "Paderewskism in Art" prevails just now in the musical world. Paderewski's success had the effect of appreciably raising the tariff among European artists. Those who received 100 francs a performance asked five times as much. As a matter of record, musical managers in this country must take great risks. Deposits are asked by visiting artists, who expect to make a Paderewskian hit and go home rich. The musical manager is rejoiced if he is not out of pocket at the end of the season. Piano houses know to their sorrow what it is to carry the burden of an artist for a season.

The truth of the matter is that prices are too high. Admission to concerts is too high, for musical taste

is not confined to the rich, and all because artists rate their services too highly. At a time when pianists, violinists and singers were rarer than they are nowadays, high prices, ridiculously high prices, were demanded and acceded to. But good musicians are no longer a rarity. They are in abundance, and while genius is God-given and all that sort of thing, yet there is a limit to everything, especially where filthy lucre is concerned. The artist has turned business man at this century end and can chaffer like a shop-keeper. The brunt of it all really falls on the music lover, who pays double prices for everything.

These high prices are the ruin of art in America. Every pianist who visits thinks that he can duplicate Paderewski's astounding success. So breath catching salaries are demanded, and if the manager is unwise in his generation he finds himself sadly out in pocket at the end of the season. No sane person supposes that the managers of Thomson, Ysaye, Stavenhagen or Gerardy will make much money out of these artists this season. If you are told so take the statement with an unusually large grain of salt. At the present rate of salaries there is no money in musical artists. Lower the tariff.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION.

JACOB BRADFORD, Mus. D. Oxon., is the latest gentleman who enters the list against the unfortunate English music critic. London during the past year has been aroused to a pitch far above concert, as regards the music critic. Sir George Grove, Sir Walter Parratt, Dr. Villiers Stanford and others have been holding forth and protesting on the subject. The English music critic, it appears, is an ignoramus, and if he happens to be a Bernard Shaw, who fails to burn incense to Händel or Mendelssohn, then woe betide the man. He is thoroughly sifted and analyzed and the remains put away on a top shelf, labeled "Presumptuous Anarchist. See Wagner."

Mr. Bradford had an article in the "Westminster Review" called "Musical Criticism and Critics." He goes for the tribe very thoroughly, although he spares the late Messrs. Chorley and Davison—the idols of the Philistines. Dr. Bradford does not believe in anonymous musical criticism, and insists that to have weight every article should be signed. This is a rank fallacy and is utterly opposed to the principal tenet of modern journalism. Impersonality is a power, a privilege, and it is seldom abused, especially in music criticism. Of course a disgruntled composer—one of the sort that believes conspiracies are continually being hatched against him—declares against impersonal journalism, but experience proves that it is always the best, the fairest.

We might tell Mr. Bradford that we place no trust in musical degrees, that even the handle to his name, though conferred by Oxford, proves nothing, but we will not because he would not believe us. Musical doctors have no sense of humor, else they would discard the ridiculous title. By their works ye shall know them. Dr. Bradford makes this suggestion, which while not novel may prove a little startling. It is nothing more, nothing less than an examination for musical critics. This is what the Mus. D. Oxon. writes:

That the critic is not infallible must be readily admitted, and he would be a brave man who could point out the model critic. There are, however, certain excrescences that should be removed, such as bias, jealousy, spite, blind prejudice, partiality and the like. Really, the post of a brave and honest critic is a difficult one.

There is a rage for examinations in the present day; why not, therefore, institute one for the professional musical critic? Especially should this be the aim of the coming generation, with lofty aspirations to wield the pen of a monarch, sitting in judgment upon his elevated throne! "Registration" might also, perhaps, step in one day to advantage.

The public critic should be in a position to present credentials that would give weight to his words. As it is he is a self constituted authority, arrogating to himself the right of praising or condemning his fellow creature as the spirit moves or outward influence dictates, all the while preserving his secret being; and this unknown quantity and its work are accepted by the million as being for the public good! And the newspapers are content to place musical matters in the hands of such, who, shielding themselves behind the editorial "we," let fly their arrows, often wounding the unknown, while generally lauding the already praised.

It is amusing to note how "critics" invariably speak of themselves as the "poor, persecuted lot," yet they hold tenaciously to their own constructed office, notwithstanding, and by no means do they give up their work as a bad job, a remedy easily accessible to them. The public is the true critic after all; but if we are to have a section set apart to perform the function and to record their work in print, they must be properly equipped for their unpleasant (?) duty.

We see nothing ridiculous about this test. Every music critic should be a good, practical musician, a fairly proficient performer on one instrument (jews-harps excluded) and with a complete knowledge of musical history and the theory of music. The American College of Musicians might with propriety estab-

lish a special examination for music critics. Dr. Bradford, Mus. Doc. aforesaid, then lays down the following rules, regulations, suggestions, &c., which he honestly thinks should go into effect. Here they are; read, critics, and tremble:

"It ought not to be an impossibility to form an unprejudiced jury of musicians, who could be banded together to give opinions upon musical works, and of the efforts of executive artists upon which the public could rely; but for the present it would seem that a realization of such a dream lies in the far off future."

"The much needed reform would seem to suggest somewhat of the following requirements:

"1. The name of the writer of a critical notice to be appended (to give weight and authority).

"2. Reasonable time to elapse before the appearance of remarks upon the production of an important musical work (to guard against hastily formed opinions).

"3. Opinions to be given after a perusal of the score of a work, and not solely after auricular effects (the latter not being always under the best conditions), and on no account should attempt be made to criticise an author's instrumentation from an arranged accompaniment for the piano (without access to the full score, the critic had better remain quiet).

"4. The formation of a council of critics, from whom a consensus of opinion would be obtainable (men of standing and of acknowledged reputation, whose judgment could be relied upon)."

This is sweetly entertaining and of course eminently practical. Managing editors on daily newspapers care so much whether the music critic is a musician or not. Ten chances to one if he can write up a variety show fairly well he will be assigned to "do" a symphony concert. We are confident, however, that there are no American music critics who would not be willing to submit to a formal examination. Perhaps more practical musical knowledge might be discovered than is expected. Besides, why are professional musicians such bad music critics, Mr. Bradford?

MUSICAL TERMS IN MEDICINE.

MUSIC criticism has borrowed or pressed into service the nomenclature of several arts and a few sciences. Now medicine wishes to use musical terms in physical diagnosis, and Dr. J. H. Tyndale, of Lincoln, Neb., makes a strong plea for their employment in a recent number of the New York "Medical Journal." Dr. Tyndale says:

From time to time spasmodic efforts are made to improve the nomenclature of physical diagnosis as applied to lungs and heart. The time honored terms employed by Laennec and Skoda—both of whom have been dead some time—and handed down to our generation are a fit subject for hilarity among musicians. In attempting to outline a nomenclature in conformity with established musical laws, it is not done with any intention of complicating matters, but, on the contrary, to simplify them and clear off old rubbish. With me the necessity of such a change is not a matter of self-persuasion, but of firm conviction.

Many of the sounds heard in auscultation and made manifest by percussion lie within the musical scale. But tones, sounds of any kind, are linked to music, whether they lie above or below the ordinary musical scale, so long as they are audible—appreciable by a normal human ear.

At another time it will be my endeavor to demonstrate that several of the methods now in vogue in examining the lungs and pleurae are relics of barbarism. This is true of palpitation, both as applied to respiration and the voice. Musical tones are not considered with the fingers, but with the ear. To employ such so-called "auxiliary methods" is an evidence of ignorance or timidity, or more frequently both combined. In this paper I shall confine myself to the terms employed in auscultation of the respiratory organs.

Dr. Tyndale then proceeds to show the faulty application of musical terms and proposes a remedy which appeals to common sense. He continues:

From a musical standpoint we have simply to deal with tonality, pitch, rhythm and tempo. The first two represent the musical sound itself. The last two represent the method of execution of this tone; the enunciation as applied to voices and instruments. In other words, tone and its pitch are the factors standing for the sound produced by a voice or instrument; rhythm and tempo represent the technical part—the mechanical execution of the music produced.

Then he dives into the technics of his art and the application of his suggestion. It is rather curious and certainly interesting reading. In speaking of pitch in bronchial tones he remarks that "silence is the highest kind of pitch." This sounds startling. Of course he refers to diseased conditions of the lungs and bronchial passages. Carried to a further degree, our medical brethren, we may hear of diagnosis of the sonata form in diphtheria and the application of the sarabande as a test in appendicitis.

The correlation of art and science seems to be an assured thing. How rejoiced that arch-realist and follower of Claude Bernard, Emile Zola, will be to hear that music, the most divine, the most useless of the arts, has become a valuable adjunct to science!

FROM CINCINNATI.

"OUR MUSICAL POSSIBILITIES."

WE shall add a few words of comment on an editorial with the above caption that has just appeared in the Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette" reading as follows:

A city or a nation becomes great because of the enterprise, brains and push of her people. Of course the surroundings and location are great influences in determining the measure of the success.

"To the seeker after first causes, the history of our musical life and progress affords an interesting field. The influences which made them were at work long before they were recognized, and even long before they produced events which showed any affinity to present results."

The New England element was a large factor in the early days of our city, and the singing school (an adjunct of New England churches) was a necessity for the entertainment of its young people.

In the early thirties no city had more experienced teachers in the singing school than our city, and the ability of Dr. Lowell Mason as a teacher and musician was known throughout the country by the publishing of "Mason's Sacred Harp." At this early day, having these excellent musical teachers, the managers of our public schools added music as a special study, and thus the basis of our musical culture was early engrafted into the young people of our city.

Between 1840 and 1850 Cincinnati had a large German emigration of an excellent quality of citizen. The influence of the German born citizen and his love of music and festivals added another large factor to our musical progress. Our German citizens brought with them their love of music; the traditions that have lived in their nature through centuries of national growth were not shaken by a change of their surroundings. They carry their country and their country's songs with them, and finding congenial companionship they love, the institutions of the Fatherland are established, and soon we have in our midst the German singing society to vie with the singing school in our musical atmosphere.

Our progress was so rapid that in 1849 a German festival was announced, and was the first distinct musical success in a large way undertaken in our city. The musical instruction was enlarged and improved in our public schools, and so each year there were added to our citizenship those who had an excellent rudimentary knowledge of music, which has been the sound basis of all of our musical culture and enthusiasm.

Our German citizens continued their "Saengerfests" with increased interest and success every few years, and in 1867 the climax of the German movement was reached. The "Saengerfest" of that year was a monster affair. It aroused even astonishing enthusiasm; it built a great hall; it prompted the thought of a festival with an English speaking choir; it called the attention of the country to our superior musical societies and a critical musical public, willing to liberally support our festivals.

The German singing society was early recognized by native born Americans as superior to the traditional New England singing school in its musical aims and advantages, and soon we find imitations of the German by the establishment of mixed choirs of Americans, culminating in our "Harmonic Society," which was the nucleus and basis of the first Musical Festival of 1873. This festival at once placed Cincinnati in the front rank, not only of American cities, but of any city in the world, in musical culture, and our ability to produce artistic musical results.

Our festivals of 1873, 1875, 1878, and up to that of 1882, were all undoubtedly distinct musical successes. Soon our festivals were imitated in other cities, notably in New York and Chicago, because a large portion of our musical forces necessary for their production were not under our immediate control, and our prestige was used by the conductor of our festivals for his own financial advantage in giving other cities his experience gained here.

The product of our first festival was our great Music Hall; next, the establishment of the College of Music of Cincinnati, and the bringing together of a body of musicians that gave us the nucleus of home orchestra and a musical atmosphere, and the awakening of an advanced public spirit and pride, and the advertisement of our city throughout the country as the home of artistic instinct and culture; and, last, the founding and endowment of our Art Museum was the direct result of this awakened public sentiment and pride in our city and its future as an art centre.

We have allowed our public spirit to slumber, and during the last few years have attempted nothing that would call us into prominence, and are beginning to be a city of "has-beens" rather than a leader. Of late we need not deny that our festivals have lacked musical importance or significance. Any small town may and does announce festivals with our soloists, orchestra and leader, and if we in the future desire to maintain ourselves in the forefront we must be up and doing, and carry out original ideas and announce undertakings worthy of our past.

First and foremost we must have a permanent orchestra, creating in our city a body of trained musicians who will add prestige to our various musical institutions by their ability as instructors. For the support of an orchestra we must have additional employment for its members other than for orchestral concerts, so that the cost of its maintenance may be divided. Cities abroad, smaller than Cincinnati, have regular seasons of opera; why cannot we? We have at hand a large body of chorus singers eager and willing, no doubt, to give their services to an opera festival as willingly as to a musical festival. With a chorus of fresh voices of our own, with a permanent orchestra, with a conductor whose interests centre in our own musical achievements, we lack only soloists to complete our operatic forces. These can be secured, the best the world affords, and then we may announce musical efforts that would once more call attention to advanced artistic results.

We lack a proper home for our musical enterprises. Mr. Springer, in founding Music Hall, intended it for just such purposes. Have we not the public sentiment, the enthusiasm, the grasp of the situation, to see the necessity for a reconstruction of Music Hall so that it may be used for our permanent orchestra, our Apollo and Orpheus clubs, our opera festivals, and giving better accommodations for all kinds of public gatherings and occasions? Therefore our musical future, as in the past, lies largely in making our great Music Hall the possible home for all of our musical enterprises, and adapting it to present conditions and to our immediate wants.

There is a large element in Cincinnati which agrees with the sentiment expressed in this editorial against Theodore Thomas; but, after all, who was there that could have made those now historic festivals successful but Theodore Thomas? If he is a dead issue, something belonging to Cincinnati's past, drop him

and look forward toward younger and more enthusiastic men.

The nucleus of a proper musical propaganda for Cincinnati or any other city is a permanent orchestra—an orchestra made permanent by the very fact that it can find means of subsistence through constantly recurring events, as, for instance, the New York Metropolitan Opera Orchestra is maintained; or made permanent by the philanthropy of an art lover such as is Mr. Higginson, to whom the existence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is due.

We may as well be candid, and predict that any orchestra gotten up by a committee of ladies of good intention will not flourish; it cannot exist under such auspices. Try it and you will find thousands of dollars going out never to be regained. It must be a single headed force that regulates such an institution.

The College, the Hall, the Organ, the Chorus and many musicians may all be there, yet without this permanent orchestra and a permanent conductor of repute, in whom the unlimited control is vested, Cincinnati cannot take rank with New York, Boston or Chicago as a musical centre, just as little as Boston or Chicago can rank with New York, unless they have permanent opera.

The trouble with all of us is provincialism. We all think we are the finest. We have been in a city like, say, Rochester, and the musicians there would tell us that Mr. Glottis, their tenor, was the finest in the country, and Miss Eboni was the finest pianist, and they believed it; and in Batavia, a town the size of which compares to Rochester as Rochester does to New York, the very same conditions prevail—exactly the same. Every place, including New York, is fearfully and wonderfully stuck on itself. We have met musical people in Cincinnati who told us that their local musicians if organized into an orchestra would make the finest in the United States, and they believed it too. A new, strange, young, intellectual orchestral body with an advanced musician to lead it would be a salvation for Cincinnati.

RACONTEUR

IT was no less an authority than Maurice Maeterlinck who wrote that "a work by Ibsen always had a thousand wings, by one of which we may always take it and examine it at leisure." This is particularly true in the case of "The Master Builder," which was unquestionably produced under the influence of Maeterlinck. Ibsen, who is as individual a writer as Europe can now boast, is nevertheless sensitive to the intellectual drift of the time. The curious denotement in Maeterlinck's work—work that is singularly limited in range of mortality and its sinister accompaniments—was sure to affect Ibsen's sensitive temperament. So in "The Master Builder" we find an odd commingling of dialogue; action there is none, and waking and dreaming thoughts are expressed in an apparently inextricable jangle. It is the drama of the sonnambulist soul, and very hard reading at times it is, although after Robert Browning's "Paracelsus," all things seem clear and facile.

Ibsen's last play, "Little Eyolf," has been talked of much before it appeared. The story of the book was given in a garbled form to the public, to the author's natural indignation. "Rita Allmers" was assumed to be the title, because a character bears that name; and the superstition of the evil eye was confidently declared to be the windmill against which the Scandinavian Don Quixote would tilt. But a reading of "Little Eyolf" quickly dissipates all such notions. There is the working out of several soul problems in the play; it is truly a psychologic drama, but there is movement and clarity, the characterization is vivid, and the story rather a pathetic one; in a word, there is less Ibsenism than one expects from the distinguished dramatist.

The translation is by William Archer. It seems honest to bluntness, and as I don't know Norwegian I can't say how deficient it may be in original flavor. It certainly is without any particular pretension to grace or literary style. That prince of Philistines and mouthpiece of middle-class mediocrity, Clement Scott, the English critic, condemns, but in half hearted fashion, "Little Eyolf," and of course dis-

covers an analogy between the malignant Rat-Wife and the Pied Piper of Hamelin. This is something that would be patent to any unimaginative yokel, and yet it is a superficial suggestion after all.

To dip below the surface of Ibsen's lines is never a grateful task, especially if the dramatic idea is first taken into consideration. Psychology must play second fiddle in any estimate of "Little Eyolf" as a play pure and simple. Yet even Mr. Scott will acknowledge that language is symbolism, although with Ibsen the single word is never as important as it is with Maeterlinck. So we find little of that dripping repetition, that haunting reiteration which the Belgian writer surely borrowed from Edgar Allan Poe. The ellipsis in Ibsen is cunningly contrived, he subtly foreshadows coming events, but never by the beautiful Word, for he is no Pater, nor has his dialogue the interior rhythms of Robert Louis Stevenson. He is prose personified, and it is the prose of the average everyday man and woman—not of the "Precious" masters.

"Little Eyolf" is a moving drama of household life. It does not sparkle with the gem-like brilliancy of Hedda Gabler, nor is it so swiftly dramatic, nor has it the sombre power of "Ghosts," nor yet the intimacy of "Dolls House;" yet it is profoundly pathetic, and the means employed by Ibsen to produce his greatest effects are simple in the extreme.

The story is this: Alfred Allmers has married a girl with "gold and green forests"; Rita is her name. They have one child, Eyolf, a sweet little boy, but lame from a fall off a table. The sister of Allmers is named Asta. She has the true savor of the Ibsen woman. She visits the Allmers at their country home. Alfred has just come back from an excursion of six weeks in the mountains, a lonely self imposed tour. He is a delicate young man of lofty ideals, not as yet realized in his work. There is something incomplete about him. He reminds one a trifle of Hedda Gabler's husband, but while he is about as talented he is not quite so dense. He has a life work, a volume to be written, which he calls "Human Responsibility." But he is a dreamer and has done little with it. He is wrapped up in his boy and dedicates his life to him. In little Eyolf shall blossom all the painful buds of his own impotent ambitions. Alfred Allmers has the vision, but not the voice. He is a type.

But his wife, a full blooded, impetuous woman, feels that she is being denied her rights through this absorbing passion of the father for his son. Her nature hungers for more than child love. She loves her husband fiercely and fails to understand his coolness. Then what Ibsen calls a Rat-Wife appears. The Rat-Wife is only a woman with a dog that goes about catching and killing rats. Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, she plays upon a little pipe and the rats follow her to the water and are drowned. "Just because they want not to—because they're so deadly afraid of the water—that's why they've got to plunge into it," says this horrid old beldame of the naughty perverse rodents. She has lured other game—human game—in her early days, and little Eyolf is transfixed by her glittering eye, as Coleridge hath it. I am not good at digging up symbolical roots, but it seems to me (and probably I am wrong) that Ibsen is treating the very modern theme of Auto-Suggestion, for presently the boy Eyolf, hypnotized presumably by the Rat-Wife, follows her into the water and is drowned.

This ending is powerful. The act is vital and searching in its analysis of character. With a few powerful strokes we get Rita, Asta, Alfred, the Rat-Wife and the poor lame chap with his hankering after military glory. The story, with the exception of one important detail, is practically ended. Rather bald, you say, but wait a bit. Ibsen, as much as we may differ with his central doctrine of the drama, is a past master in development. He reminds me of Brahms, the composer. Give either Ibsen or Brahms a mere kernel for a theme, their powers of development are so great that presently we see before us the full grown tree, whose leaves may not be grateful to the taste, but are ever tremulous with life, informed with meanings. Ibsen is not a melodist; neither is Brahms. Neither man pipes dulcet, languishing tunes, but they are profound harmonists. To the

full do they know of the ground swells of passion and pain and their interlacings in life.

So we get a wonderful picture in the second act of "Little Eyolf." Picture, did I say? rather an etching, the etching needle being used by the remorseless hand of a master. There is nothing but unrelieved black and white, and the shadows are heavily massed and sinister. Ibsen is a realist, but not a realist like Zola. He is a realist of the soul, a poet turned psychologist. The drama of two naked souls fighting to understand one another is the spectacle presented in this second act. It is marvelous in its knowledge of certain aspects of human nature, and remember, not abnormal human nature. The one touch of abnormality comes later. The contention between Alfred and Rita, husband and wife, in this act goes to the very springs of their souls. We learn that Rita is jealous of her little boy—the dead, drowned boy, whose open, upturned and staring eyes haunt her. Alfred upbraids her for her neglect of the child, and declares that he would be alive to-day if it were not for her carelessness. Being lame he was not taught to swim like other lads, and the lameness was caused by a fall from a table. Rita had left him asleep on the table, safe as she thought, and then the accident occurred. The husband protests in a low voice that he too forgot "you, you, you, and lured me to you—I forgot the child—in your arms."

The pair accuse each other; they lay bare their very thoughts. Alfred has really never loved Rita. Her gold and green forests and her beauty led him to marry her. His craze for the boy further removed him from his wife, and his intellectual life was not conducive to perfect sympathy. He wished his lad to be a prodigy. He meant him to do in the world all the father had not. The scene is a poignant one. The mother, very human woman of considerable temperament, is almost broken hearted at the double loss. The child's death was a blow, but her husband's coldness drives her frantic. The child, young as he was, slightly repelled her. She felt barred from the wealth of love that flourished between father and child. She resented it. She resented the child's love for Asta, for Asta proves to be a very formidable factor in the play. She is jealous of everything, yet I find Rita a very lovable, womanly character.

I fancy that the Allmers were not altogether pleasant people to live with. The brother Alfred is just a bit of a prig, self conscious like most people with a self imposed mission in life, and doubtless possessing in full measure the scholar's peevishness. The sister Asta is a woman with an awful secret. She can give her suitor Borgheim no hopes. She loves her brother's child to distraction, and she knows of her mother's dishonor. I shall not dwell on her character. I confess I have far from mastered it. To Rita she is not altogether sympathetic. She takes from her Eyolf's love, the love he should have bestowed on his mother, and she is evidently held in high intellectual favor by her husband. Naturally Rita, who has lifted both the Allmers up with her wealth, feels all this. She confesses it, too, to her husband. He has become morbid, unmanned, hysterical since the accident. All his hopes are dashed to earth and shattered. He conceives a horrible fear for his wife. The interview is a prolonged one and intensely painful. It is written with supreme art and conveys volumes in half uttered sentences. There are no really long speeches, the dialogue being crisp, and if the action is not rapid, yet three lives' histories are told with consummate art and unabated vigor.

Asta has then a scene with her brother. She tells him that she is not his sister; her mother was not all she should have been to his father. This comes like a shock to us, and it introduces at once the true uncanny Ibsen elements. Brother and sister face each other, and their parting at the end of the act is another of those strangely affecting and effective climaxses Ibsen knows so well. There is never shown a hint of warmer feelings between the two than their supposed relationship warrants. Eyolf, Eyolf! it is always the spirit of the child that directs the doings of this strange, yet ordinary group of human beings.

Allmers later suggests suicide to his wife, and the awful contingency is discussed. I feared for a recurrence of "Rosmersholm," but need not have. The tone of "Little Eyolf" is distinctively optimistic. Hope is preached on every page. The resolution is a trifle conventional. Alfred and Rita clasp hands and

take up their life work as it lies before them in the squalid village that belongs to them. Asta goes away with Borgheim, leaving a flavor of the unreal, the mystic behind her. She is a true Ibsen girl. Little Eyolf is the lodestar of the Allmers ever after. I will not pretend to explicate Ibsen's allegory, if indeed there be any. The play seems on its surface to be a powerful preaching against dilettantism. Writing a book about "Human Responsibility" is all well enough, but out in the thick of the fight is a man's place. Assume the responsibilities of humanity. Don't talk about them. The relations of parents to children are fully exploited, and the lesson read is that parents owe much to each other, quite as much as to their children.

Ibsen has girded at the conventionalities of the marriage relation in other plays. Here he shows the selfishness of a parent's love. Rita and Alfred confess that they never truly understood Eyolf, for they never knew each other. It is a profound character study this play, and if it has no dramatic value in the theatrical sense, that concerns Ibsen little. He is writing for another theatre—the theatre of the twentieth century. He has, like Maeterlinck, abjured the drama of poison, mystery, conflict, violence, aye, even the drama of heroism. He is a sorcerer who reveals to us the commonplace of life in other symbols. We are surrounded by mystery. Life at its lowest term is a profound mystery. Science may tabulate, but the poet draws aside the veil. I may aptly quote from Maeterlinck: "Whereas most of our life is passed far from blood, cries and swords, and the tears of men have become silent, invisible and almost spiritual."

The first night the changes were made in the book of "Prince Ananias" Stage Manager "Jerry" Sykes sat at the back of the house with the prompt book, following the lines. In front of him sat Composer Victor Herbert, and with him was his stately wife, who was formerly the well-known operatic singer, Therese Foerster, the creator of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" in this country. Sykes' attention was attracted by Mrs. Herbert's shoulders, which twitched and shook as if she was laboring with an attack of Jersey chills. At first he thought she was sick, then he fancied that her feelings were too much for her, and that she was weeping at Victor's brilliant orchestration, and then—well, he was beginning to be quite perplexed. Suddenly he espied directly ahead of the Herberts a round, smooth, brightly shining object. The light danced on it so that Mr. Sykes' eyes were quite dazzled. A hand suddenly reached up to the shining object and it became dark at once, like a snuffed candle. It turned about, and he noticed that it was a woman with wig. She glared at Mrs. Herbert, who was by this time trying to swallow her handkerchief to stop her spasms of laughter. Then the strange woman fanned herself vigorously and presently clutched at her wig, and off it came, and once more her bare skull focused all the light and eyes in the house. Jerry gave up himself. He rushed back laughing, until his emaciated sides shook. He ran into Barnabee, who looked at him and gasped.

"What have I said; they're roaring down in front; have I 'faked' a line?"

"No," said Sykes, "but I'd like to get that skull to play opposite George Frothingham. We would turn people away every night of the year."

And down in front Mrs. Herbert sat and laughed—just laughed.

Mr. Irving is reported to have said to an Ibsenite in Manchester:

"No, I cannot say that I am an admirer of Ibsen plays. I have not seen many, but those I have seen have not impressed me. I don't care for morbid, melancholy, problem plays, in which the hospital looms so largely. Ibsen I do not care for; Shakespeare is quite good enough for me."

Now Mr. Irving should say nothing about hospital plays. He has had his greatest success with "The Bells," and if that is not a madhouse nightmare, I would like to know what is.

Yvette Guilbert, says a Boston exchange, is the same unique Yvette. The Empire has captured her for a short period, and she is drawing London. Her new song, "La Soulade," is, as she says, her greatest. "It is quite human. It has such—it has the— the intensité." Poor Yvette! She can't talk much

English, but she can sing French. "The Soulade" is the story of a woman who is always drunk, and this is the way the great chantante sums it up:

"It is the pity of her, the miserable, that I express; when she goes out, the people follow her, and point her and shout her. Once a little boy follow her and take a stone and throw her. And in the song I make the noise like the *foule*, the crowd that follow her. It is a great dramatic effect. Verdi has speak much of that song. Sarcey, of Paris, he has said that it is something *du grand art* that I have done."

Victor Herbert is distressed. I met him the other day, and his Milesian countenance was craped solemn—as George Meredith might remark. Even the glint was tarnished on his brogue, and he drank milk and seltzer in a very absent, far away manner. After remarking to him "Erin go bragh" and "Machullah is trump," he seemed to brighten up, and then told me that he had met with a misfortune. Of course I was all ears and sympathy. He was in a Forty-second street car the other day, and the car was crowded. The conductor was of the "push a little forward" variety, and Mr. Herbert just pushed, but refrained from shoving. But his neighbors did not. He was persistently shoved back, but it is a good broad back of the Dublin jaunting car description, and the composer stood it patiently. Besides he was thinking out a duet for tambourine and tenor trombone, and was almost oblivious to this life. Then the car suddenly emptied, and Victor sat down. Whether it was that he needed his pocketbook or that he missed its bulk in his pistol pocket I do not know, but he awoke to the fact that he had been robbed. He is inconsolable, for while the money loss was light the artistic loss is immense. He had jotted down a five act comic opera, orchestration and all, and it is gone. Herbert writes very small, I should add, otherwise he couldn't carry the score of an opera in a pocketbook. He must write with a microscope.

He is now nervously on the lookout for any production of comic opera, as he is convinced that he was robbed by a band of composer-conspirators—men who have no original musical ideas. I asked him if any one car in America was big enough to hold them all. He didn't know, but he is on the watch, so pilferers of musical MSS. beware!

The fiftieth performance of "Prince Ananias" occurs next Saturday night, and on that date the engagement of the Bostonians terminates at the Broadway Theatre.

I see that the "Trilby" discussion has broken out again in theatrical circles. Virginia Harned has been spoken of, and my learned confrere in an evening contemporary suggests in grimly humorous fashion that Helen Barry might suit, with Oscar Hammerstein as "Svengali." I can set at rest all such disputes. The other night I met Pere Paul Potter in church, and he became confidential in that sacerdotal style of his, and then there under seal of strictest—no, I won't perjure myself; he told me not to tell anybody—he told me that Maggie Cline would essay the part, for her proportions are heroic; and then she can sing. This ought to settle all the gossip. I can fancy Marguerite trilling "Au Clair de la Lune" and never separating those Trilby feet of hers. Monsieur Potter, you have made a happy choice.

Kyrle Bellew may play "Svengali" if Mrs. Potter will let him go.

Apropos of "Trilby," I hear that Catulle Mendes is to pay us a visit soon to lecture on Wagner's music dramas. What in the world he is thinking of I am sure I don't know. Have we not Brother Krehbiel to tell us all about the "Fafner" motive, and all the vermicular motives of the "Ring" and other works of Richard the Swollen Head? And Mr. Krehbiel tells his tale in sound, sensible English. Mendes only speaks French, and perhaps he may become the fad, which Paul Bourget did not. For one thing, he has written the most immoral contes in the French language, Jean Richepin not excepted. Then, too, he is most interesting, a fluent speaker and a magnetic man. He has been called the "Portuguese Christ," because of his resemblance to the Ary Schaffer heads of the Redeemer, and because of the Portuguese-Jewish strain of blood in his veins. He married

Judith Gautier, the daughter of Theophile Gautier, and he did not marry the well-known composer, Augusta Holmés. But the result was the same in both cases. Neither woman speaks to this desperate boulevardier and author of that unspeakable book, "Mephistofela."

"What's up now?" inquired the Saunterer of the Boston "Budget" as the Chrononotonthologos came in, helped the door spring to fulfill its duty, pranced around on our tapestry carpet as though he owned it, and commenced to talk about dams and gods until we mistrusted that he was going to establish a water power system on Olympus.

He was evidently disturbed about some feature of the plan, for he was sizzling hot; so much so that the glass of cool Pommery which we passed him began to boil before he could toss it off. We handed him a cake of ice to hold, and then drew from him his story. As the details were painful, we will spare him by relating it ourselves.

In the first place C. has speculatomania of the virulent pattern. He buys any and everything that is cheap, and usually sells it some time or other at a profit. Success sometimes makes men careless, and in C.'s case it was no exception.

It seems that he had attended a public sale of sheet music and secured a lot of military marches. Unlike himself, he had neglected to investigate thoroughly the package which was handed him before the sale was completed. The consequence was that he found himself with about 100 of that specimen of march known as a dirge.

There was no market for dirges in Boston, and he was at his wits' end as to where he could dispose of them. With a tear for our contemporary, we expressed our sympathy in well-chosen words and another glass of Pommery. Then he went out.

The Saunterer has just received a note from Chrononotonthologos, dated at Philadelphia. It reads: "Dear Sir—I have just sold my marches to a well-known music dealer, and they are going like hot cakes for quicksteps."

A curious and interesting libel suit is, says the Berlin correspondent of the London "Daily News," pending against two newspapers, one at Rome and the other at Bonn. A Catholic priest at Fribourg, in Switzerland, lately refused to allow a lady to participate in Holy Communion. The offended lady brought an action against him for damaging her reputation, and demanded £400 as compensation. The Swiss court, however, rejected her claim. The above mentioned papers, in reporting the case, denounced the lady as a grand mistress of a ladies' lodge, and added that this lodge had accepted the Satan worship imported from America and the "Devil's Mass" instituted by Grand Master Holbrook, at which the Host used has been stolen from a church, and is perforated by dagger thrusts, or is black and dedicated to Lucifer.

Zurich.—Wagner's "Siegfried" has had a successfully arranged representation at Zurich, Switzerland. The musical director, Kempter, and Lederer in the title rôles, contributed largely to the success of the opera, which was heard there for the first time.

Friend Fritz.—Signor Mascagni has written a new air for Madame Sembrich as "Susel" in "L'Amico Fritz," and it will first be introduced at a performance next May in Paris. Madame Sembrich's engagement for Covent Garden, London, next year is at present limited to eight representations, from June 20 to July 25, and before that she will take part in Signor Sonzogno's French season.



CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, 236 Wabash Avenue, January 5, 1895.

THERE are many enterprises under way for the advancement of musical art in this city and some of them will certainly develop an influence for good which can scarcely be overestimated. There is a project on foot for the building of a colossal home for music on the North side which has no equal in the world. The plans are already made and there is every prospect that the idea will be carried to completion. This has no connection with the proposed school of music of which I spoke a few weeks since, but is in something of the same order, but on a much larger scale. It contemplates among other features a concert hall to seat 12,000 persons.

The school of music referred to is still in statu quo, although strenuous efforts are still being made to bring it to completion. The only stumbling block in the way just now is the difficulty of convincing capitalists that there is need for such an institution. There are but two ways in which to succeed in the undertaking. The first is to secure an endowment fund sufficient for the maintenance of such an institution, and the other is to induce the formation of a stock company as an investment. The first plan is decidedly the best, as it would be the formation of a music school which would be able to do anything and everything in the interest of the art of music without thought as to income from the school itself. I for one sincerely hope that this plan may succeed, for there is no limit to the usefulness of such an institution.

It is, however, extremely difficult of accomplishment, as the amount of money needed for such an endowment is necessarily a large one, and it is difficult to find people who are sufficiently interested in art to donate the money for an endowment fund. The second plan is almost as difficult. Capitalists who have money to invest must be first convinced that the enterprise for which subscriptions are solicited gives reasonable promise of yielding an income sufficient to pay a certain interest upon the capital stock, and the prospects of this result, at least for the first few years, is not encouraging.

At the Auditorium yesterday afternoon the Chicago Orchestra gave a "request" program. The first number was Brahms' "Academic Festival" overture. This work is full of merit and shows thorough musical scholarship. The second number was Bach's F minor sonata, arranged for orchestra by Theodore Thomas. The third was Chopin's A flat polonaise, op. 53, also orchestrated by Mr. Thomas. The opening phrase of the polonaise proper is made effective by the knowledge of the resources of the modern orchestra possessed by the great director, but the opinion formed from the first hearing of the work by the orchestra is not changed by the second performance. It is essentially a piano composition and cannot be effectively presented by a great orchestra. The last selection was Tchaikowsky's magnificent fifth symphony. This great work is full of beauty both of thematic treatment and melodic form, enhanced by admirably contrasted rhythmic effects. The great genius of the lamented composer shines



First American Tour

Frieda Simonson



Juanito Manen.

Direction: LEON MARGULIES; C. L. GRAFF, Business Manager, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK.

brilliantly in every phrase. Theodore Thomas demonstrated his greatness as an orchestral conductor by his superb reading of this work.

Thursday afternoon Miss Eliza Aurelius gave a song recital before the Jannotta Vocal Club. The program was:

"Twilight".....Thomé
Piano Romance Poétique.....E. Liebling
Miss Augusta G. Austin.
Mignon, "Polonaise".....Thomas
Miss Eliza Aurelius.
Song, "O that we two were Maying".....Gounod
Miss Ida Belle Freeman.
Piano, Tarantella, "Venezia e Napoli".....Liszt
Miss Augusta G. Austin.
Songs—
"Nightingale's Trill".....Ganz
"The Violet".....Hood
"I am thine forever".....Schlesinger
Miss Eliza Aurelius.
"The Swing".....Eleanor Smith
"Autumn".....
"Fairy Bread".....
Miss Ida Belle Freeman.
Duet, "Till we meet again".....Bailey
Misses Aurelius and Freeman.

Miss Aurelius has a brilliant soprano voice and her vocalization is even and always distinct; she sings artistically and with excellent expression. She demonstrated her executive ability in the "Mignon" polonaise and showed fine musical feeling in the group of songs. Miss Austin, who is an advanced pupil of Emil Liebling, has excellent command of the piano. She was enthusiastically received by the audience, and deserves commendation for her fine playing. She made an excellent impression by her artistic performance of Liszt's tarantella.

Marie Edwards, not yet seven years of age, gave a concert at Central Music Hall Wednesday night. This child has unmistakable musical talent. Her playing is not equal to that of some other little ones who have played herein public before, but she has the gift of absolute pitch and can tell instantly and accurately the names of any tone, chord or discord struck upon the piano. She also wrote upon a blackboard a melody as it was played upon the violin. Dr. Ziegfeld, president of the Chicago Musical College, conducted the examination of the little girl in these exercises and expressed himself as surprised at the accuracy with which she answered all questions. The friends of this child are making a great mistake, however, in bringing her before the public as an infant prodigy. This is the surest way to spoil her and prevent the development of her talent. Her proper place is in the play room and the study. If she is kept from the concert stage until she is fitted by study to properly play the piano she will undoubtedly be heard from as a great artist, but it must necessarily take years for the accomplishment of this result. There have been many infant prodigies in the musical world, but so far as I can remember at this moment, Mozart is the only one who really fulfilled the promise of his childhood.

Mrs. Emma Porter Meakinson and Miss Marie L. Cobb gave a fine program at the musicale given by Mrs. Frederick Haskell Monday night.

Hans Balatka, the veteran musical director of the West, will be given an honorary festival on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary as a conductor and teacher of music in this country. The committee, of which Emil Hoechster is chairman, is making arrangements to give Mr. Balatka a fine testimonial.

WALTON PERKINS,

Townsend H. Fellows.—Townsend H. Fellows, the baritone associated with Will E. Taylor's quartet, at the Rev. Madison Peters' Church, on the Boulevard, is also the baritone at the Temple Beth-Elohim, in Brooklyn.

The Bulow Monument.—A monument to Hans von Bülow is proposed by a long list of admirers, beginning with Helmholtz, dead since his name was put on the list, and ending with Brahms. It is to be placed in Hamburg, the "city where the closing years" of Bülow's life were spent. American subscribers can send their contributions to Baroness Romaine von Overbeck, 1325 Massachusetts avenue, Washington, D. C.

Played it on Bleuer.—Ludwig Bleuer, violinist of the Detroit Philharmonic Club, has been sadly imposed upon by a young fellow named Gustave de Muranyi, who was introduced to the violinist shortly after the latter's arrival in this country last August, and who claimed to be an artist and a countryman of Bleuer. The artist claimed to be in hard luck, and Bleuer not only helped him financially, but commissioned him to paint a portrait. He also loaned the artist a number of accessories to be used in painting the portrait. Mr. Bleuer left Detroit on a tour with the club, and when he returned the artist had disappeared, after first collecting \$35, which he claimed was due on the portrait, from the gentleman with whom Bleuer resides. The portrait, which had not even the dignity of a caricature, Muranyi left with his landlady as security for a \$50 board bill.—Exchange.



BOSTON, Mass., January 6, 1895.

"WESTWARD HO," a comic opera in three acts, libretto by Mr. R. D. Ware and music by Mr. Benj. E. Woolf, was produced for the first time December 31 at the Boston Museum. There was a very large audience, friendly at the start and enthusiastic at the close.

Mr. Ware tells a story of life a few years from now in the town of Maverick, Wyo. Young women from the East have usurped all the political duties of men. Women are elected to office—national, State and local. The bar has been closed, so far as alcohol is concerned, but tea is served by the former barkeeper. The women, except when they dance, wear an "emancipated" dress, a compromise costume. Oaths, gambling and invitations to drink are taboo. Yet the women are not without guile, and on election day trains bearing voters of the opposition are side-tracked.

Now there is in this sweet little village a softened and combed desperado, named "Hair-Trigger Hal," who, years before, ran away from his English home and the impending peerage. He has a daughter "Violet," who, just elected sheriff, is loved by a rising young cowboy, who has a tenor voice and a stock of miscellaneous information about the beef market. Nor does she spurn his suit until the appearance of a hee-haw traveling Englishman, "Sir Lionel Ravenswood," with the traditional luggage, the traditional whiskers, and the traditional "Doncheknow" disturbs her. After a scene in which the cowboys guy the noble stranger, he tells his rank, and Violet looks on him favorably. Rage of cowboy, although the audience had just applauded madly a song in which he told of the joys of cowboy life, with the assistance of a friendly chorus. "Hair-Trigger Hal" sees that "Sir Lionel" is his younger brother, but makes no sign. "Sir Lionel" invites everybody to a ball. He likes the neighborhood and is glad that he came over to hunt up a piece of property belonging to the estate.

Act II.—Ball. Cowboy tenor still sulks. "Sir Lionel" discovers his long lost brother by the heraldic decoration of the latter's shirt-tag, which was fully in evidence in the fury of the dance. No disclosure on either side. Girls go home. The popular but disheartened "Sir Lionel" cuts the cowboy out. The boy then pours out his woes to "Colorado Sam," a reformed gambler. The latter puts up this job: "Sir Lionel" must be enticed into a game of poker; there will be fleeing; the victim will be provided with a railroad ticket to Fargo, and there his money will be restored to him, with a threatening letter.

Act III.—In the old bar-room again. Girls chatter stupidly. Enter "Colorado Sam," who gives them good advice in answer to questions. This number is the most catchy of the operetta. Then "Sir Lionel," known now to himself as the younger brother, seeks dissipation. There is the game at cards. The inhabitants surprise the players. "Viola" the sheriff makes two arrests. "Hair-Trigger Hal" introduces "Sir Lionel" to "Viola" as her uncle. The cowboy embraces "Viola." "Hair-Trigger Hal" embraces the Prosecuting Attorney, who had lines of alleged humor to repeat in the first act, and did not appear in the second. Curtain.

Now, as you at once see, here is a good idea full of suggestion and humorous possibilities; but the book shows the inexperienced hand, and the lines are too many, and they are dull. It is true that the lyrics move easily and accommodate themselves to music; but the humor throughout is mild, the kind that enlivens a parish sociable when the young ladies and gentlemen furnish an original entertainment. Mr. Ware invents some excellent stage people, and then he does not know what to do with them. However, I am told that improvements have been made in the text since the first performance.

It is a much pleasanter task to speak of Mr. Woolf's music, which is melodious and well made throughout. The overture is carefully worked out on the traditional model as used by Auber and Adam; it is not the helter-skelter sounding of instruments that calls attention to the fact that the curtain will shortly rise. Touches of national airs hint at the fact that the subject of the operetta is American, but they are placed ingeniously and do not idly distract. The first act is the longest, and perhaps musically the best, although there are charming things in the second and third, as the duet of soprano and tenor in canon, the scene of the game of cards, the male choruses,

and above all the beautiful, finely orchestrated intermezzo, which will undoubtedly make its way as a concert number. Among the most noticeable numbers in the first act are: "Why, Pink is the Only Thing, of Course," "You May Talk if You Can," and the spirited, descriptive song and chorus, "The Herds are Rushing O'er the Plain." The entrance of "Sir Lionel" is effective, as is the song that follows, and the finale is a piece of work that would do credit to any writer of opéra comique. It is diversified, the instruments accentuate the text, there is delightful detail and at the same time there is the steady movement toward a climax, which is neither anticipated nor frittered away. Mr. Woolf may well be proud of this finale and the intermezzo.

As for the sentimental songs, they are not cheap and sugary appeals; they are love ditties that are not exaggerated until they seem too swollen for operetta. The instrumentation is discreet and effective. The bassoon is used with full appreciation of its humorous nature, and the brass is not employed to divert the hearer from any poverty of ideas. The audience that called out the composer again and again paid him the just tribute of thankfulness for the pleasure given it by his music. For in this operetta is no attempt to catch the attention by cheap or vulgar musical device. "Westward Ho" is the work of a sincere musician.

The performance was smooth. Mr. Woolf conducted the overture and Mr. J. J. Braham led the operetta with personal authority and musical intelligence. Miss Fanny Johnston as "Violet" delighted the eye. She has improved as a singer and there is no reason why she should not be a beloved figure on the operetta stage. Mr. George F. Marion as "Colorado Sam" gave a forcible sketch of a half reformed, good natured tough. Mr. Ryley was an Englishman of the familiar Ryley stamp. Miss Annie Lewis was vivacious as an ex-typewriter girl. Others in the cast were Miss Annie Sutherland, Miss Rissi, Miss Biffen, Messrs. Clinton Elder and Harry Davenport.

Considerable stress was laid by the friends of the librettist on the fact that "Westward Ho" is distinctively American. But we have seen American operettas before. Within a few years appeared "Puritania," "The Knickerbockers," "The Maid of Plymouth," "Priscilla," that blood-curdling Indian operetta sung by the Bostonians (I never can spell its title). Surely there is no claim that this is the first American operetta.

Now I am ready to acknowledge that a defined locality and fixed time are indispensable to the deserved success of an operetta. I confess I am interested in those eastern lands discovered by French librettists, where there are strange laws, stranger customs, and a singularly flexible code of private morality. So, too, I like to travel in operetta to France and Italy and Germany, and am only disturbed seriously when the low comedian insists on introducing poker and baseball into a civilization of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Nor do I wish logical conclusions unless they are the end of absurd or grotesque premises, according to the Gilbertian formula. Nor is the fact that an operetta is "clean" or "refined" ever a sufficient compensation for dullness.

Lillian Russell opened a two weeks' engagement in "The Grand Duchess" at the Tremont Theatre December 31. She was supported by Miss Annie Myers, Messrs. Wilke, Bell, Mostyn and Howard. The piece was mounted gorgeously, I am told, but the keynote of the performance was anything but Offenbachian.

The Kneisel Quartet gave a concert in Union Hall December 31. The program was as follows: Beethoven's A minor quartet, op. 132; a novelty, a sonata for cello and piano, op. 1, composed by Pfizner, of Frankfurt, and played by Messrs. Schroeder and Arthur Whiting, and a quartet in G major by Haydn. I regret to say that I cannot find anywhere an adequate account of the sonata. The reviewers were at the production of "Westward Ho."

Pleasing concerts were given last week by the Dartmouth College Glee Club and Mr. Clayton Johns. The latter was assisted by Miss Franklin, Miss Little and Mr. Gebhard.

The program of the Eleventh Symphony concert, given the 5th, was as follows:

Symphony in D major (K. 504).....Mozart
Divertimento in A minor, for violin and orchestra.....C. M. Loeffler
Preamble.
Eclogue.
Carnaval des morts.

(Ms.) First time.

Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit".....Grieg
Overture, "Carnaval".....Dvorak
(First time.)

Mr. Loeffler's composition is one of genuine interest. The first movement opens immediately with the solo violin in loose figuration, a sort of perpetuum mobile against a

MISS ANNETTA HULLAH,

PUPIL OF LESCHETIZKY,
Takes pupils at her residence,
14 Palace Gardens Mansions, Notting Hill Gate, W.,
London.

pedal, and this apparently rambling figure is in character the nub of the movement, although there are melodic episodes of tender, melancholy or sturdy nature. There is an example of peculiar instrumentation in episode *molto tranquillo*, where the harp and a few violas flow in unison against the song of the solo violin while a horn sustains.

No violins are used in the eclogue. There are three flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons, English horn, two horns, two trumpets, harp, kettledrums, and the usual strings with the exception noted. This movement is delightful in melody and in color. There is, for instance, a remarkable effect, due chiefly to the use of stopped trumpets. Against these effective, often strange combinations of color the solo violin stands out in bold relief.

The finale is a series of variations on the plainsong "Dies irae, dies illa." The theme is declaimed *moderato* and then treated somewhat after the fashion of a *passacaglia*. The second verse of the plainsong is used later. The cadenza is rather a series of modulatory passages than a formal cadenza.

Mr. Loeffler played with accuracy, and the peculiar brilliancy and purity that are peculiar to him. The solo part swarms with difficulties, but he played it with an air of provoking ease. He was applauded most enthusiastically.

Mr. Loeffler is a decadent. He believes in tonal impressions rather than in thematic development. How fastidious he is in his search after the proper, the one, the felicitous word! Do you know Jean Moréas? Or "L'Imitation de Notre-Dame la Lune," by Jules Laforgue? When I hear music by Mr. Loeffler I think of such decadents.

Let me explain more fully, or more obscurely. There is a strange story, entitled "The Sixth Marriage of Blue Beard," and the man that dreamed it is Henri de Régnier. You must know that Blue Beard left a widow, Héliade, whom he loved dearly: the Shepherdess, who came to meet the wedding procession, clothed in naught but her loveliness, for she was poor and had no robe worthy her lord. Naked she was wedded to him, and she was sacred to him because he had slain his other wives on account of their robes. Each robe was in a room reserved for it in the great castle. Each room was odorous with a particular perfume. The furniture was in harmony with robe and perfume. And Blue Beard would spend hours going from room to room, stroking his long beard with its tinges of silver. The solitary Lover went still further in his melancholy pleasure:—

"Far-off and fitting music came sighing through the wall. About the white robe (O tender Emmène, it was thine!) crept the slowness of the languishing viol; near the blue (which was thine, O naïve Poncette!) the hautboy sang; by the side of thine, melancholy Blismode, a lute sighed because robe was mauve and eyes were always lowered; a fife laughed, and oh how shrill! to remind that thou wert an enigma, in thy green and choral robe. Tharsile! but the instruments sounded together when the master visited the robe of Alède, a strange robe, which always seemed to clothe a phantom; then the music whispered low because Blue Beard had loved this Alède with a mighty love. She was the twin of Sister Anne; you would have taken one for the other, and he yearned for a new wife who would resemble the two, because they are six in number, these shades that wander at night about the olden ruin, and it is the last one only who is clothed."

It was Mr. Loeffler who should have arranged this music for Blue Beard. For he has the delicate sentiment, the curiosity of the hunter after nuances, the love of the macabre, the cool fire that consumes and is more deadly than fierce, panting flame.

Mr. Loeffler is more than an experimenter in color. He is a man of refined and fantastic imagination. He has set some of Verlaine's verses to music: voice, piano and viola obligato. And the viola is the one instrument that would sympathize with Verlaine.

Do you wish me to tell you about the variations on the "Dies irae"? You must hear them for yourself. Would it be of benefit if you knew that the theme was first handled thus and in the next place so! If you are adamant in the matter of form you will undoubtedly exclaim, "Very clever and superbly played." And if that is all you say you never will understand Mr. Loeffler, for to him there is no absolute proof that 2x2=4.

Nor did the juxtaposition of Mozart and Loeffler injure either. In keeping, too, were the air and the saraband from Grieg's suite. Then, with crash and fury and bursting of blood vessels, the music of Dvorák dismissed the audience that was fired with her bacchantic fury before she told them the full purport of the tender andantino, which is as though lovers sighed and whispered in a dimly lighted *cul-de-sac*, while the Carnival torrent swept impetuously through the neighboring thoroughfare. PHILIP HALE.

Boston Musical Notes.

There are many teachers here who have taught celebrities, but Mr. Gedeone Olivieri appears to have had the largest number of them, the majority of the singers of the present opera company, as well as some who were heard last year, having studied with him in Paris at one time or

another—both the de Reszkés, Melba, Calvé, Lassalle, Nordica and Emma Eames making an imposing and valuable list, of which any teacher might be proud. Mr. Olivieri's studio is pleasantly located just opposite the Public Garden, with plenty of air and light, as well as a fine view to make it attractive. But one of the greatest attractions are the photographs which decorate one side of the large room. They are all of pupils. The one of Jean de Reszké is inscribed "To my friend" and thanks Mr. Olivieri for his wise teaching; from Edouard de Reszké, "To my friend and master," while the others bear autographs of the singer with various sentiments of friendship and affection. The picture of Calvé is superb, a large photograph with all the accessories of dress to make a most artistic picture, quite unlike any that were shown last year during her stay in this country.

It is interesting to hear these celebrated people spoken of so familiarly; to hear that the de Reszkés are friends as well as pupils; that after her first lesson from this teacher Emma Eames said: "Mr. Olivieri, now I see before me a new horizon; now I understand what singing means; that Calvé studied 'Carmen' with him, and that Nordica, who had gone from Paris to London, where she was singing in concerts, yet felt the need of more lessons and would telegraph from London arranging to return to Paris for one or two days' study whenever possible. It almost seems as if the list of celebrities was so long it could not be added to in this country, but Mr. Olivieri says that he has two pupils now who will make great names and reputations in the future.

Mr. Clayton Johns' concert on Wednesday afternoon was like a reception or private musical, where everybody seemed to know everybody else, so that before the singing began and during the intervals the noise of loud conversation was heard all through the hall. The audience was principally ladies, who appeared to be acquainted with the artists and took a personal interest in the success of the affair. There was a sprinkling of men, musicians for the most part, who helped with the applause, which was friendly and discriminating. The songs that appeared to be the favorites were "The End of the Day," which Miss Gertrude Franklin had to repeat; "Peu de Chose," which the audience almost asked Miss Lena Little to sing a third time; "Heroes" and "The Miller's Quest." The words of the last group of songs, six in number, were by Oliver Herford, five of them being from "Artful Anticks." Mr. Johns has the sole right to set the words of this book to music.

Mrs. Elene B. Eaton will give two recitals January 28 and February 4, at Chickering Hall, when she will sing a number of songs by resident composers. She will also sing the brilliant "Polacca" from "I Puritani," and "Elizabeth's Greeting" from "Tannhäuser," which will give an idea of the varied character of her work. Mrs. Eaton was to have sung this season at the Royal Albert Hall, London, under Sir Joseph Barnby, opening with "Israel in Egypt," but the contract was canceled owing to engagements in this country.

January 2 the president of the Händel and Haydn Society, Mr. J. Parker Browne, gave a charming performance of "The Messiah" for the benefit of the Malden Hospital in the large auditorium of the First Baptist Church of that place, just completed. The best solo talent was secured and 100 of the best voices in the society were selected for the chorus. Mr. B. J. Lang presided at the organ and Mr. Carl Zerrhan conducted the large orchestra. It is said that the most notable successes of the concert were the splendid rendering of the "Hallelujah Chorus" and the fine singing of Mr. Arthur Beresford.

Miss Faith Morse, who was recently heard in concert, was for six years a pupil of Mme. de Angelis, of this city, and afterwards studied four years with Mme. Artot, in Paris. Last year she sang at the Crystal Palace, London, returning to this country in July. Her selections for her first appearance here were the "Waltz" from Mireille; "Perles d'Or," by Thomé, and Chopin's "Mazurka," arranged by Madame Viardot. Miss Morse will probably be heard soon in New York.

Mr. Joseph Gregory is the fortunate owner of the bronze medal given by the Royal Academy of Music, London. The medal was awarded by Signor Garzia, as the prize for oratorio singing, of which Mr. Gregory made a special study with W. H. Cummings and Fred. Walker, vicar choral of St. Paul's Cathedral.

There will be no Symphony rehearsal or concert this week.

The Mystery Minstrels, a large company of young ladies and pickaninnies, will give an entertainment in Horticultural Hall Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th.

The following is the program of Mr. Carl Faelten's recital in Bumstead Hall, Friday afternoon, the 11th, at 8 o'clock: Bach, chromatic fantasia, andantino, D major, from short preludes; gavot, D minor, from English suites; prelude and fugue, A minor; Beethoven, "Pathetic" sonata, rondo, G major, op. 51, No. 2; Brahms, scherzo, E flat minor, op. 4; intermezzo, B flat minor, op. 119, No. 2; variations and fugue on a theme by Händel, B flat major, op. 24. The second recital will be given the 21st.

Mr. Eugene Ysaie, assisted by Miss Theodora Pfafflin,

soprano, and Mr. Aimé Lachaume, will give a concert in Music Hall Saturday afternoon, the 12th, at 2:30. He will play with Mr. Lachaume a sonata for violin and piano by César Franck, and these pieces: "Fantasia Appassionata," Vieuxtemps, sonata in D minor, Bach, and three pieces of his own, "Scene au Ceriveau," mazurka, No. 3, and "Saltarelle Carnavalesque." Miss Pfafflin will sing songs by Schubert, Rubinstein, Mozart, Tchaikowsky and Saint-Saëns.

The program of Mr. Arthur Whiting's first chamber concert in Bumstead Hall the 15th at 8 o'clock will include Brahms' variations and fugue on a theme by Händel; songs with viola, C. M. Loeffler; bagatellen, Whiting; songs by Mascagni and Miss Lang; suite for violin and piano, H. W. Parker. Miss Little and Mr. T. Adamowski will assist. The second recital will be on Tuesday evening, February 12.

The program of the next Symphony concert, the 18th, will be made up wholly of selections from the operas of Wagner.

Miss Suza Doane, a pianist, assisted by Mr. Schroeder, 'cellist, will make her first appearance here in Steinert Hall the 15th.

The Third Symphony Concert.

THE third concert of the New York Symphony Society occurred last Saturday night in Carnegie Hall, the afternoon concert being given the day previous. The occasion was a unique one, for the conductor of the society, Mr. Walter Damrosch, appeared in the rôle of a composer and enjoyed a night of triumph. The program was:

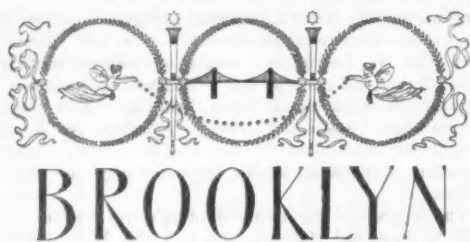
Symphony III. in E flat.....	Mozart
"The Scarlet Letter".....	Walter Damrosch
Opera in three acts. The dramatic poem by George Parsons	
Lathrop. (New; first time.) The First Act entire.	
"Scene in the Forest," from Act II.	
Hester.....	Lillian Nordica.
(By kind permission of Messrs. Abbey & Grau.)	
Arthur.....	Wm. H. Rieger.
Chillingworth.....	Giuseppe Campanari.
(By kind permission of Messrs. Abbey & Grau.)	
Wilson.....	Ericson F. Bushnell.
Governor.....	Conrad Behrens.
Brackett.....	James F. Thomson.
Puritans.....	The Oratorio Society Chorus of 400.

The lovely Mozart symphony, with its purling passages, unforced melody, suave, graceful themes, made an admirable contrast for Mr. Damrosch's rather strenuous music-making and high-keyed, intensely modern coloring. There was much enthusiasm displayed after the performance of the first act. Mr. Damrosch made a brief speech, in which he confessed that a concert room was hardly the proper place for operatic excerpts, but it was the best the American composer could do under the present condition of affairs. Taking his speech as a text, we might add that it is obviously unfair to criticise a dramatic work in the concert room. The first impression of "The Scarlet Letter," however, was a favorable one. Mr. Damrosch we always recognized as a skilled musician, but that he had such mastery as a composer is a surprise, we confess. He handles the materials of his art on the purely technical side with uncommon ease and taste. His scoring, turgid and overlaid as it is at times, reveals the color instinct.

There is over-elaboration, too much striving for effect and an absence of simplicity in this first act which are, after all, youthful sins. The Wagnerian orchestral language is almost exclusively employed. Sonority and richness are aimed at, and often gained, at the expense of variety of nuance and delicacy. The choral writing is very bold and massive. Indeed, with its very patent defects, Mr. Damrosch's music has a flavor of maturity and a freedom of style which are very encouraging signs for his future. The story has little of Hawthorne in it. Indeed, it would be difficult to transfer to a libretto the wonderful atmosphere of the New England romance, and of a surety Mr. Lathrop has not attempted to do so. His book is not even dramatic. But the score is. A certain want of individual profile in Mr. Damrosch's themes is also a drawback to this act.

The two numbers from the second act are much more satisfying. "Hester's" song is a broad, deeply felt cantilena, which Nordica sang very well. The madrigal is winsome and very effective. We would enjoy hearing the work in its entirety and on the boards of an opera house. But as a maiden effort there is no denying the marked impression made by Mr. Damrosch's music. The performance was not without faults, but it was a fervid one throughout. Mr. Damrosch has every reason to congratulate himself on the reception accorded his first opera by public and press alike.

The next concert of the Symphony Society takes place February 2. Jean Gerardy will be the solo performer, and is announced to play Saint-Saëns' concerto for violoncello. A new overture by Mackenzie, Beethoven's second symphony, and a Berlioz number will make up the program. What has become of the Brahms symphony announced at the beginning of the season? Rubinstein's death altered its position on the program of the second concert, but we hope Mr. Damrosch will not permanently shelve it.



BROOKLYN, January 7, 1895.

THE holidays brought something of a lull in musical affairs, but there are better prospects just ahead. The opera comes back to us this week—"Trovatore," if you please, with Tamagno and the Drog—and our next hearing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be on Friday afternoon and Saturday night, when we shall know how Mr. Paur reads the seventh symphony, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the prelude to "The Deluge" and Mr. Dvorák's new "Carnival"; and Miss Aus der Ohe, with her raven—no, I am not sure about the color of those braids that hang down her back, for it is so long since she played for us that her hair may have turned, like Patti's—Miss Aus der Ohe will play Schumann's A minor concerto.

It is rare that the Boston Orchestra has apprised us of so much thus far ahead. When Mr. Thomas was conducting the Philharmonic concerts here we had the whole season's work printed in advance—all but the solos—but when Nikisch and Paur succeeded him the bills sometimes did not arrive until a day or two before the performance. Much complaint was made about that sort of thing, and the result is that this season we have practically a bill for the series. It used to be argued that the public would go to the concerts just the same whether it knew what was to be played or not. Many among the public would, no doubt, but there are a good many people who would not. Few men, for instance, would think of going to a theatre if they did not know what they were going to see there. It makes a difference to them whether it is to be Johnny Thompson or Henry Irving, and it makes a difference whether Mr. Irving is to play "Becket" or "The Lyons Mail." There are patrons of concerts—and I think Brooklyn has a considerable share of them—who take their music seriously, and go there as much to study as to be tickled. If they know far enough in advance what is to be played and sung they will run through their scores and read up their Krebhiel and Henderson notices so as to know which emotions to thrill with. If they read the bill for the first time after getting to their seats this is obviously impossible. I know one teacher in this city who has his pupils go through the principal numbers to be played at each of the great concerts, and they enjoy the music the better and more intelligently for that preparation.

And it is a good thing about Mr. Seidl and his managers that they do not keep their programs under bushels. We know pretty well in advance what they are to do, and that was one reason why the house at the Seidl Society concert on Friday night was one of the largest of the season, and one of the most enthusiastic. It seemed to me that Mr. Seidl redeemed himself as a Beethoven reader that night. In my shadowy roost in the gallery, where I like to go on account of the peanut memories of old days, I followed the second symphony closely and discovered Mr. Seidl in only one transgression, if it is one—a ritardando that I confess did, for me, heighten the effect of the passage. But there was a lot of ginger in his work. He was as much on his mettle at that concert as he was indifferent or allowed his players to be at the preceding one. The symphony had suavity and charm no less than animation, and I have never heard its purely joyous character more efficiently asserted.

"Phosphorescence" from Nicodé's symphonic ode to the sea was new to us, over here in the country. The phenomenon that it paints is one that I am so fond of and have watched so many, many hours from decks of all sorts of things in various waters, that it interested me. When I heard that such a piece had been written I thought within myself, "It is impossible to paint phosphorescence as one sees it in mid-ocean, and more impossible to suggest it in music; but if I had to suggest it I would strike a muffled cymbal so that its tone would quiver softly up through a shifting theme for muted strings." And when I heard it there was the cymbal, hit with a stick, and over this ghostly luminous tone the violins were playing in crinkling waves. I had thought of my patent some months after Mr. Nicodé had appropriated it, as usual. As a piece of writing it is fanciful in the extreme, yet I know of nothing in the range of music that has so much ocean in it. Strauss' "Death and Glorification" was new as a Brooklyn number, though it had been played at the concerts at Brighton Beach. What a prodigiously solemn thing it is, to be sure! And would it not have been as well if the glorification had taken the form of a triumphal march or choral instead of so close a suggestion of the glorification from "Parsifal"?

The soloist was Mr. Eugene Ysaye. He found Brooklyn air inspiring. He has not played better since he landed. When he gave Saint-Saëns' "Rondo Capriccioso" for a recall you could see the little blue sparks flying off from the

tips of his bow and fingers. Honest! Yet it is not to make sparks that Mr. Ysaye is an artist. It is to make music, and he does it. He played, in addition to the rondo, the B minor concerto of the same author, and Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasy; then he went and sat in a box and beamed oleagiously. Like all that Saint-Saëns has written, the concerto is dramatic. The opening allegro, with the solo violin relieved against the shuddering background, is even melodramatic, in the popular sense, for of course if it is musically dramatic it is melodramatic. The solo suggests the regulation heroine sniveling around in her black dress, wailing her poverty in a paper snow storm with her fingers covered with diamonds. Ah, but there is good music in it, too, and it is impossible not to admire the naïveté of expression in it, for without that the Saint whose other name is Saëns would be something other than a Frenchman. Of all the French who write music he seems to me the manliest.

Ysaye's performance of the "Faust" fantasy was wonderfully like that of the author of it, and it had the advantage of being played with orchestral accompaniment, while Wieniawski himself was about as well content to do it with a piano. There used to be something half amusing as well as half touching in the appearance of that great, onion-shaped body with the round, fat head and dangling locks and unkempt whiskers—I am talking about Wieniawski now, you know—bending over the violin in so loving a fashion; the soul of a trouvère crying at its wrong fleshly environment, and whispering those lovely phrases from the tenderest of the operas. Ysaye is prettier to look at than Wieniawski, but he plays that piece like him and puts even more sentiment into it. His sentiment is sound, too, and deep. I believe he is to see us again ere long. The next of the Seidl concerts will occur on February 5.

And while I am dwelling upon orchestras I should not neglect to record the fact that Warden Hayes' pets are rehearsing in the Penitentiary. The rehearsal on New Year, when every wearer of stripes seemed to be armed with a cornet or a drum, or some such dangerous implement, led people who lived half a mile or so from the scene of the disturbance to suppose that Crow Hill was being shaken by an earthquake, or that the prison was simultaneously smitten by stomach ache. It is easy to make fun of such things, but is it so sure that the art which can soothe a savage, rend a rock or split a cabbage, will be inevitably unavailing to touch the springs of feeling from which may flow impulses to a higher life? I for one would stake more on music than on tracts. So many convicts who go in for tracts do it to get favors, and they become sneaks. But who ever heard of music making a sneak of a man—unless he was a walking delegate of the union?

Big Fred Innes will make no more music over here for the Thirtieth Regiment, and his rival, Mr. Contorno, is dancing with delight, on general principles, I am told. But Mr. Contorno may get the place. Mr. Innes is bumptious and has not made friends where it would have been politic to do so. Some people, like the musical critic of the "Tribune," have found fault with him, too, because in his public concerts he has played pieces like "A Trip to the Midway Plaisance," where the members of his band are represented as engaging in prayer before braving the terrors of the Cairo street. When the tourists had sung their prayer and experienced a storm on the lake they put their instruments down and whistled a few bars. And this the "Tribune" thought was not high art.

Prof. T. V. Short holds on to his Thirty-second Regiment Band, in spite of the fact that there is no longer a Thirty-second Regiment to furnish work for it. He puts in his time composing cornet solos and things when he is not helping somebody to march or dance. He is to play at Prospect Hall on Wednesday night for a local battery, and will play some of his solos then for the first time. The Mayor and others have made a partial promise to go and hear them.

There was a good deal of music of one kind and another—somewhat too much of the other—in town to welcome in the new year. We have no chimes like Trinity, but we have a few bells on Christ Church, Bedford avenue, and those were rung as the old year took its flight, while Mr. Thomas Lawrie, of St. Anne's, let himself out on the chimes of that edifice. After the tolling of midnight he broke into a passion of national song and made his best success with "The Relief of Lucknow" in which you could detect "The Campbells are Coming" and other Scotch airs without a microscope.

Mr. John Hyatt Brewer's new song of local patriotism, for which he received the prize, the song of the anti-consolidationists, who don't want to belong to the greater New York, was published in the "Eagle" on Saturday, and in a few days the boys will be whistling it, and it will be sung at meetings held for the purpose of denouncing you wicked people on the wrong side of the East River. Mr. Brewer has not caught quite the vim of the "War Song of the Husites" or the fire of the "Marseillaise," but he has written a dignified setting to the words that were given, and if he is to write the songs for our little nation, the lawyers at Albany will doubtless feel the need of greater moral support. Perhaps they will get it by appointing some one of Mr. Brewer's rivals to the place of composer in ordinary to

the State legislature, and will pass bills to the sound of slow music in the galleries. Mr. Brewer, by the by, is to give a concert with his Hoadley Society, at the Criterion Theatre, on Thursday night.

Stavenhagen-Gerardy Recital.

A PIANO and violoncello recital was given by Bernhard Stavenhagen and Jean Gerardy at Madison Square Concert Hall last Friday afternoon. The attendance was excellent and the program interesting:

Sonata for piano and violoncello.....	E. Grieg
M. Bernhard Stavenhagen, Master Jean Gerardy.	
Variations on a theme by J. S. Bach.....	Liszt
Three piano pieces, op. 5.....	Stavenhagen
Capriccio. Intermezzo. Menuetto Scherzando.	
(First performance in America.)	
M. Bernhard Stavenhagen.	
Sonata.....	Boccherini
Master Jean Gerardy.	
Two Studies.....	Henselt
"Repos d'amour."	
"Si oiseau j'étais."	
Two legends.....	Liszt
"La prédication aux oiseaux."	
"St. Francois marchant sur les flots."	
M. Bernhard Stavenhagen.	
Elegie (dedicated to Jean Gerardy).....	Th. Radoux
Gavot.....	Popper
Master Jean Gerardy.	

The pianist was at his best in the Liszt numbers. The variations were well played. Mr. Stavenhagen's three little pieces are clever and musical. They were reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago. The capriccio (A flat) and the intermezzo (D flat) show the influence of Brahms, the latter particularly. The menuetto is a bright piece of writing in the antique style. Henselt's "Bird study" was very neatly delivered, the wrist work being admirable. Little fault can be found with Mr. Stavenhagen's mechanism. Forencore he gave the "Liebestod" from "Tristan." Gerardy was not in a particularly musical mood. Grieg's pretty sonata in A minor was carelessly played by both artists. The Boccherini number and the inevitable Gounod's "Ave Maria" were, however, charmingly interpreted by the talented young man.

Mr. Fleck Is Mistaken.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I was much pleased and at the same time amused with the account you gave of the last Harlem Philharmonic concert and rehearsal. The second movement opens with the subject which you will find on our program for wood wind, and is then taken up by the French horn as a solo supported by the strings. It was just at this point the peas came into play. As you will readily see the passage is one of great difficulty for the horn, even in the hands of the greatest player, and unfortunately our man failed in the rehearsal and concert. What amused me, however, and surprised me also, was that anyone connected with THE MUSICAL COURIER could fail in distinguishing the difference between a French horn and a trombone. I feel very sorry for the scandalous exhibition of ignorance, and it undoubtedly must have been a church singer who was so unfortunate. While we may be all wrong up this way, it seems to me unfair that you should send such people when Harlem has so many men who not only know the instruments when they hear them, but are at the same time able writers for the same. May I submit such names as Van der Stucken, Huss, Bartlett, Biedeman and others? May I also call your attention to the difference between your notice and the criticism in the "Tribune"? Cordially yours,

51 East 132d street.

HENRY THOMAS FLECK.

THE critic of THE MUSICAL COURIER assigned to the concert of the Harlem Philharmonic Society said nothing about a French horn for the simple reason that he was writing about a trombone. The "Sun," in criticizing the affair next day, among other things said this: "The selections were ambitious, and included C. F. Koch's symphony, 'Am Nord See,' a very enjoyable composition, particularly in the third part, and it was in this part of the symphony, with its pleasant scherzo movement, that the orchestra accomplished the best result. The brasses were not delicately handled, and the eccentricities of the trombonist at one point almost precipitated a collapse."

THE MUSICAL COURIER criticism reads thus:

It would be pleasant to record that the orchestra scored honors, but truth compels us to state that even where the reading was good and the instruments kept in tune the harsh and obstreperous brasses were strident enough to split the ears of the whole of Harlem's groundlings. It was without doubt the most whole hearted brass blowing heard here in a long time. The acoustics of the house are painfully good for this section of Mr. Fleck's orchestra, which recalls nothing so much as the bugle rally for the chase of the wild boar in the forest, or the German Emperor's favorite valveless trumpets, which a couple of seasons ago threatened the Madison Square Garden roof. The reeds still further lapsed from grace, and there was a horrible penny whistle sound occasionally from the flutes, but on the whole the strings were fair.

The trombonist in one solo episode "chortled," as Lewis Carroll would say, but slack! there was no "joy" about it. It was the verge of an absurd catastrophe, and happened at both concerts. And surely some peas must have got down into a few other of the reeds. There were sundry cracks and bubble blowing sounds of an awful nature—but we won't say any more. The worst rocks were struck in the "Nord See" symphony, which has for the subject of its second movement a tranquil, flowing melody of much beauty.

A trombone was referred to, Mr. Fleck, not a French horn.



WEDNESDAY'S performance of "Otello" at the Metropolitan was one of the smoothest Verdi's opera has had since its production this season. All the artists were in good form, and Signor Mancinelli conducted with an equable division of attention between the singers and the band, an end the Italian leader does not invariably keep in view. The representation was carried forward by Signor Tamagno, M. Maurel, Mme. Eames and Signora Mantelli, than whom a better equipped quartet could scarcely be found.

Mme. Eames stood forth a little more prominently than usual, for she was not only in admirable voice but in a sympathetic mood, and uncommonly animated and energetic. As for Signor Tamagno and M. Maurel, their work was precisely the same as in the past; that is to say, quite admirable. It is gratifying to note that the proportions of the audience exerted no influence whatever upon the performers. The house was by no means full, but the earnestness and animation with which "Otello" was interpreted could not have been greater had the Metropolitan been crowded with the most coveted of foreign auditors: those designated by the general title of Royalties.

The second representation of "Gli Ugonotti," Thursday—a special function—was not so numerously attended, either, as some sanguine people may have expected. All things change as the world grows older, and it would appear as if the days when what managers term, an aggregation of imposing stage names, could be depended upon to attract a throng were gone forevermore. If the septet of vocalists concerned in "Gli Ugonotti" cannot crowd the Metropolitan two or three nights in a season, the era of "ideal casts" is indeed *vorbei*. Those that attended either of the performances of "Gli Ugonotti" will probably have garnered the last memory of the sort, and while in years to come something of the kind may be attempted once more, the present outlook makes it appear unlikely that any similar array of artistic notabilities will ever be brought together again.

As in the week previous MM. J. and E. de Reszké, M. Maurel, M. Plançon and Mmes. Melba, Nordica and Scalchi were the singers, and Signor Bevnigani conducted the proceedings. Mme. Melba's facile, brilliant and technically flawless singing as the "Queen" was the incident of the evening that aroused most enthusiasm; Mme. Scalchi's two numbers were sung with authority and fluency, and Mme. Nordica went through the duett in Act IV. with sincerity and force. The male associates of the prima donnas were all up in their respective tasks, but they did not brighten the picture as vividly as did the artists of the gentler sex. Once again let us note, without going into superfluous detail—as to the efficiency of the singers in their respective rôles there can be no question, while there is no disguising the fact, that the very best work done by each and all in "Gli Ugonotti" is not on a plane with the artists' happiest efforts in other operas—that while it was well worth attending a rendering of Meyerbeer's achievement so as to form an idea of the extraordinary proportions of the company actually in our midst, there are achievements in the repertoire in which the vocalists, individually and collectively, are far more illuminative.

Friday evening's performance must go upon record as one of the least attractive and impressive functions of the season. "Cavalleria Rusticana" has been sung so frequently by artists of the foremost rank that anything short of an extraordinary exposition must nowadays disappoint an audience, and "I Pagliacci," although done last winter with Mme. Melba and Signor Di Lucia (the tenor finding in "Canio" the one rôle in which he revealed the qualities that explained the reputation he enjoys in Europe) never created anything approaching the excitement the work is understood to have caused abroad.

On Friday the two operas failed to arouse enthusiasm, and the rendering of Leoncavallo's presumably typical achievement was literally depressing. Signor Ancona was the only artist in the cast that, figuratively, fought his way out of the ruins and came forth into daylight. Signor Ancona sang the prologue with a fine volume of tone, great breadth and sufficient dramatic accent, and its repetition was really desirable. As "Canio" Signor Russitano was hopelessly bad, as any one might have known he would be, for the music of the rôle is by no means grateful enough to enable a lovely voice to make amends for a

performer's lack of feeling and imperfect technic in respect of acting. Mlle. de Lussan was quite as inefficient as was Signor Russitano; a more colorless and unfragrant "Nedda"—the songstress, too, imparted to the personage a suspicion of coarseness that we should gladly have missed—we do not recall.

Things went somewhat better with "Cavalleria Rusticana," for in Mascagni's opera Signor Tamagno was "Turridu." The virility of this tenor and his ringing voice infused vitality into a good part of the representation, and when he was heard the proceedings never dragged. Signor Tamagno sang the "Scillienne," the duet with "Alfo" and the final measures with "Lucia" exceedingly well, and his portrayal was characterized by a rough earnestness that accorded with one's ideal of the personage depicted. Mlle. Mira Heller contributed an intelligent delineation of "Santuzza" and once more disclosed the possession of a voice that only needs judicious culture to become valuable. She did not, however, rise above the plane of conventionalism at any stage of the story that unfolds itself to Mascagni's measures. Signor Bevnigani conducted both operas, and the two intermezzi were so eloquently played that both were redemanded.

The second hearing of "Elaine," Saturday afternoon, revealed no characteristics of M. Bemberg's opera that had not been discerned on its first presentation. The lack of originality that disclosed itself on the work's production could not well become more apparent on closer acquaintance, but its flimsiness, so to say, was clearer, as familiarity with the garb of the thoughts led one to look through them to the attenuated frame within. We still were impressed, withal, by the composer's dexterity as a writer for the modern orchestra, and are inclined the more sincerely to deplore the penury of ideas underlying his technical cleverness and "savoir faire." If ever M. Bemberg is inspired with any message worth delivering he will surely not be deficient in ability to clothe it in the "right form."

And what a rare chance, too, has good fortune given him in the matter of making known "Elaine" to the world! Such performances as have occurred at Covent Garden and at the Metropolitan Opera House would have dignified the veriest dross, and endowed anything "viable"—to use an untranslatable French term—with vitality. Saturday, as before, M. Jean de Reszké was "Lancelot," M. Edouard de Reszké "The Friar," M. Plançon "Astolat," Mme. Melba "Elaine" and Signora Mantelli "Guinevere."

With such interpreters one might be content to bear with even less inspired measures and less smooth harmonies than M. Bemberg's, and the fact remains that not only was the audience in attendance a very large one, but that its attention never flagged, and that it was liberal of applause. No one bore away very illuminative memories of M. Bemberg's score, but who that beheld the picturesque representation of "Lancelot," and sat under the spell of the tenor's varied, earnest and persuasive delivery, or lent an ear to the pure and brilliant tone of the soprano's matchless voice, fretted for the time being over the vacuousness of the composer's measures? Signor Mancinelli conducted.

For the Saturday evening performance at "popular prices" "Carmen" was the opera, with Mlle. de Lussan as "Carmen," Miss Lucille Hill as "Micaëla," Signor Russitano as "José" and Signor Ancona as "Escamillo." There was no reason to expect that a representation furnished for \$2.50 per stall should be equal to one rated at \$5, and from this standpoint the latest exposition of "Carmen" can have caused no disappointment. Mlle. de Lussan's "Carmen," indeed, was the same article offered at the higher figure, so that the spectator that benefited by the reduced tariff had considerably the best of it.

On Saturday Mlle. de Lussan was quite as satisfactory as on the evening of her emergence, although her small and unemotional voice, and her utter want of magnetism prompted once more a feeling of regret that the prima donna should have left on the other side of the ocean the extraordinary gifts and attainments that are understood to have stirred to the depths the Queen, the royal family and the profoundly musical British public, so highly eulogized by the late Anton Rubinstein.

Miss Lucille Hill sang "Micaëla's" music intelligently and correctly, but the singer's voice is hard and her style equally ligneous. Signor Russitano was sufficiently animated as "José," whom he depicted as a sort of "rageur" individual—we know of no word in the vernacular that will quite express the schoolboy irascibility that pervaded the tenor's portrayal of the character. Signor Russitano's voice, of course, sounded well, and he used his organ with his wonted surety. Signor Ancona was a conventional but efficient "Escamillo," and the remaining rôles were in the hands of their familiar interpreters. Signor Bevnigani conducted.

Monday's performance of "Faust" calls for no special comment. It was carried forward by Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszké, Mme. Melba, Mme. Scalchi and Signor Campanari, the artist last mentioned taking Signor Ancona's place and sustaining the rôle of "Valentin" with efficiency. Gounod's opera still draws, and, as the same composer's "Romeo et Juliette," is also to be cited as one of the elements of the repertoire that can be depended upon with the sterling singers concerned in its representa-

tion to attract at least an average audience. A review of the season will probably show that Gounod has held the boards more persistently than any of his contemporaries or predecessors. On Monday Signor Mancinelli conducted.

The announcements are as follows: This evening, "Lohengrin," with M. Jean de Reszké, M. Plançon, M. Maurel—his first appearance as "Telramond"—and Mmes. Nordica and Mantelli; Friday evening, "Don Giovanni," with the same cast as last week; Saturday afternoon, "Gli Ugonotti," with last week's cast, except in respect of "De Nevers," in which rôle Signor Ancona will appear instead of M. Maurel; Saturday evening, "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Signor Tamagno as "Turridu," will be performed. It has not yet been determined what opera shall be given Monday; but on Wednesday Massenet's "Manon" is to be brought out, and Miss Sybil Sanderson will make her New York début, with the invaluable co-operation of M. Jean de Reszké as the "Chevalier Des Grieux."

"Falstaff" is in rehearsal, but the opera is a troublesome one to bring forth in regard to the "business" of the stage, and an imperfect performance would ruin its chances of success. A revival of "Lakmé," with M. Jean de Reszké and Mme. Melba, is among the possibilities, and there is a likelihood that Signor Tamagno will be heard in "L'Africaine" before the season ends.

Liszt's Princess.

PARIS, December 28.

WHILE press and public alike have been railing against Germany in connection with the Captain Dreyfus scandal to an extent that has called forth a greater degree of resentment on the part of the Berlin Government than has been expressed at any time since the war, the wife of the German Chancellor, Princess Clovis Hohenlohe, has been quietly living here in the Rue de l'Université, unknown to the general public. She has been staying with her stepmother, the aged Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein, who is some six or seven years older than Queen Victoria, and almost as many times a great-grandmother as that august lady. The Chancellor's wife was only five years old when her father married the beautiful Leonille Bariatski, and the latter has by her always been considered as a mother. The old Princess is one of those numerous Russian aristocrats who spend their entire existence abroad, and I do not think that she has ever set foot in Russia since she forfeited her place as maid of honor to the consort of Czar Nicholas, some sixty years ago, by becoming a convert to Catholicism.

Her marriage to the widowed Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein cannot be regarded as having been an altogether happy union, as she soon left him, and they lived apart, the Princess retaining the charge, however, of his children by his first wife, including Princess Clovis Hohenlohe. Princess Chigi Albani, Count Altenkirchen and that Prince Louis Sayn-Wittgenstein who died at Rome and whose bourgeois born widow, now married to Baron Hans Reischach, spent so many years in sensational litigation with her husband's relatives endeavoring to obtain recognition of her rights to his title and to the inheritance of his fortune, instead of being treated merely as a morganatic spouse.

Passionately devoted to music, Princess Leonille soon became the chief of that cohort of blue blooded ladies who constituted themselves into a sort of court of the great composer, Liszt, first of all at Weimar and subsequently at Rome. It was thoroughly understood that as soon as her husband departed for another world she would become Liszt's wife, and when in 1865 the Prince died she at once announced her readiness to become Mme. Liszt. Unfortunately the composer had made a similar promise of marriage to the Comtesse d'Agout, who had even far greater claims upon him than the Princess, since not only had she secured a divorce from the Count in order to marry the composer, but was also the mother of two of his children, one of whom became the wife of the great French statesman, Emile Olivier, Prime Minister of Napoleon III. At the outbreak of the war, while the other is now the widow of Richard Wagner, the composer of "Lohengrin" and of the "Nibelungen."

Countess d'Agout, by the bye, was quite celebrated as an author, her pen name being "Daniel Stern;" and it was by her, too, that Mme. Adam, the proprietress and editress of "La Nouvelle Revue," was brought up. Liszt thus found himself on the horns of a dilemma, and in his despair appealed for advice to his great friend and patron, Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe, brother of the present Chancellor. The Cardinal, being only too glad to find a means of preventing a mesalliance on the part of a lady so closely related to his house, suggested that Liszt should enter holy orders as the only means to extricate himself from the difficulty. The Comtesse d'Agout never forgave the composer for following the advice of the prelate, but Princess Wittgenstein did, and actually went so far as to establish her residence permanently at Rome, so as to be able to offer him a home and a centre where she might assemble his friends.

Her salon in the Eternal City soon became one of the most famous in Europe, statesmen, diplomats, royal visi-

tors and church dignitaries gathering almost every night throughout the season to discuss politics, art, literature and gossip, which was every now and again interrupted in order to listen to Liszt's performances on the piano. Like Mezzofanti, she is a perfect Babel of tongues, and while sipping her Russian tea and puffing away at a large Havana cigar, which she has always been in the habit of smoking, she would chatter away with ease in Polish, German, Russian, French, English, Italian or Spanish.

Conversant with theology and metaphysics, she was wont in those days to transmit many of her casuistical disquisitions and dogmatical pamphlets to Pope Pius, who in return would send her bouquets from the gardens of the Vatican to mark his satisfaction at her religious zeal. It is doubtful, however, whether he ever took the trouble to read any of her writings, and it is certain that he never recommended them as text books to the students of the various theological colleges at Rome.

When Liszt died it was found that he had appointed the Princess executrix of his will, and since then she has divided her existence between her villa at Ouchy, near Lausanne, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and her mansion in the Rue de l'Université here, where she is lying so seriously ill as to have necessitated the presence of her step daughter, Princess Hohenlohe. She lives surrounded by relics and souvenirs of that illustrious composer who may be said to have constituted the romance of her entire life, and it is believed that she has in her possession many unpublished scores of his, which will probably be placed within reach of the general public when she dies.

She has been an invalid for several years, being almost entirely bed-ridden, and among her idiosyncrasies is her horror of the light of day, her windows always remaining closely shuttered and the blinds drawn until darkness sets in. Another once famous beauty who manifests a similar aversion to daylight is the Comtesse de Castiglione, who played so important a rôle during the reign of Napoleon III., and who remains on record as the most perfect type of feminine loveliness of the present century.—"Tribune."

Mr. Huss' Piano Concerto in Boston.

TO return now to Mr. Huss and his concerto. The latter, which is still in manuscript, had its first public performance at the public rehearsal yesterday afternoon. Then, and at the preparatory rehearsals, Mr. Huss himself heard the orchestral part for the first time. This fact, coupled with the impression made by to-night's performance, is calculated more than anything else to disclose to a student of musical affairs the great good that an organization firmly founded like the Boston Symphony can do. It is a splendid educator for young composers; for, in music, only hearing is believing. Mr. Huss is a young man, and though he is exceedingly industrious, a tireless worker and scrupulously conscientious in all he does, he is still in the midst of his storm and stress period. Having so superb a thing as an orchestra at his command, he forgot the obligation of discretion which that circumstance placed upon him. He has greatly lessened the effectiveness of his composition by overwhelming the solo instrument in the mass of orchestral tone.

It is no longer possible to say that it is wrong, even in a concerto, to make the piano an integral part of the band, but it must not be asked to yield up all its rights of predominance. Mr. Huss' concerto did not seem to-night to be written for the piano with orchestral accompaniment, but for orchestra with piano obligato. To some extent it was evident enough that this effect was due to the fact that Mr. Huss' playing of the solo part was not sufficiently assertive. To play the last movement as well as it ought to be played to bring out all its contents would require the steel fingers of a Liszt, and these Mr. Huss does not possess. A nearer approach to the proper relationship between the solo and orchestral parts, so far as the writing is concerned, was maintained in the second movement, which is orchestrated most charmingly, and for which I had been led to expect a most delightful effect, greater indeed than proved to be the case, because of a want of fullness and richness in the piano performance. The movement is the most fluent and ingeniously conceived one of the three of which the concerto is composed, and its spirit can be guessed from the paraphrase of its themes for piano solo, which is printed on the nineteenth page of this issue of the "Tribune." It is not altogether easy to describe the impression made by the concerto. Each movement was respectfully applauded by the audience, and at the close of the whole work the musicians on the platform and in the audience led in a hearty recall of the composer-pianist. It was evident, too, that Mr. Paur took a genuine interest in the concerto, for he conducted it with great care and devotion, and had plainly spared no pains in the preparatory rehearsals, though he might have subdued his band more.

It may, therefore, be said that so far as these things are an indication, Mr. Huss satisfied his hearers. But it must also be said that the new concerto is more interesting than it is charming, and better calculated to hold the attention of those who are able to discern its workmanship than to give simple pleasure to amateurs merely. Mr. Huss has a great deal of learning and he has applied much of it in constructing this concerto, but with it all he did not quite succeed in preventing the piece from sounding fragmentary—this, I fear, because the melodies, with all the elaboration to which they were subjected, did not seem to be developed logically or of necessity, but rather from a desire to show what might be made out of them. The concerto has many beautiful and effective movements, both in thought and expression, but as a whole it lacks the effects of climax and contrast. It was the middle number in a scheme of three, the concert opening with Tschakowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, which was new in Boston, and ending with Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."—H. E. K., in New York "Tribune."

Take Mr. Huss in the present instance. He comes forward with a concerto such as no one but a Brahms or a Tschakowsky has any reasonable right even to attempt writing. In its length, in its imposing largeness of plan and proximity of treatment, it aims at the very greatest things. Take the first movement: there is a first theme with two subsidiaries, a second theme with its subsidiary, and a double headed conclusion theme; in a word, all that any composer can allow himself in a symphonic movement on the very largest scale. Now look through—we will not say a sonata or concerto, but any largest symphony by Beethoven or Brahms, find one in which there is such a plethora of thematic ma-

terial, and see if the composer has in a single instance permitted himself to work out all this material in his second part! We have not made the experiment ourselves, but we are none the less pretty sure that such an instance cannot be found. Yet this is just what Mr. Huss has done. The labor he has undertaken is positively Herculean—such as hardly a great composer has attempted. What possible tenth part of a chance of success was there? And the other movements, if not planned on quite as gigantic a scale as the first, aim all too evidently in the same direction.

When Beethoven had written the first movement of his violin concerto—a movement which nothing but the composer's all-conquering genius saves from being a monstrosity—he followed it up with one of the shortest slow movements and one of the lightest finales on record. Mr. Huss goes on as if his first movement had been the merest trifle. There is no need of mincing matters; Mr. Huss' concerto is too big a thing for any but the most consummate and experienced genius to have carried through strongly and effectively. There is much good in it; there is even considerable skill shown at times in the development and working out—now and then one comes upon a phrase of real geniality. But the strength of arm and length of breath requisite to carry through such a labor without the interest flagging and without incoherencies and lapses of all sorts appearing on every hand is not his. Barring Brahms we know of no man living to-day who could have carried through such a work! And note also that the tendency of young composers to attempt such enormous tasks is no inducement to either concert givers or audiences to look smilingly upon them. Let Mr. Huss write something a quarter as long and he will have double the chance of playing it twice as often.—Boston "Transcript."

The concerto by Mr. Huss is a thoroughly well written work, but the orchestra is more prominent in it than is the solo instrument. In fact, in the first movement, the piano appears to be very much of a superfluity, and it adds nothing to the meaning of the concerto, and not infrequently has the effect of intrusiveness. The movement is very long, and for all that it says of importance there is no reason why it should not end in the middle or be prolonged to double its length. There is overmuch of arpeggiating that means nothing, and one of its themes is a fragment of Bizet that has lingered in the composer's memory and strayed into the work. The orchestration is too heavy through the whole work, and overwhelms the solo instrument at almost every turn. The slow movement is a succession of clever and often pretty modulations, leading to nowhere in particular except into the flower garden of Gounod and the conservatory of Wagner.

It is in the finale alone that the piano is made to assert itself vigorously in a solo aspect; but what it is all about is not easy to discern on a first hearing. The fault of the work, too heavy instrumentation, is most prominent in this movement. Mr. Huss played the first and second movements with clearness and brilliancy, manifesting the possession of a well trained technic, but in the more exacting finale he appeared scarcely equal to the task he had set himself. To sum up in a few words, the work is eminently well and intelligently made music, evidencing a thorough knowledge of the resources of modern musical art and admirable musicianship. It is never commonplace and never sinks to mere virtuosity; but it is too long for what it has to say, is wondrous in effect, and now and then a little tiresome. Mr. Huss was heartily received, warmly applauded and recalled after his playing of his concerto.—Boston "Herald."

A Reception to Scharwenka.

ON Monday evening last Steinway Hall presented the gayest scene of fête known within the old walls in years. It was the forty-fifth birthday of Xaver Scharwenka, pianist, composer and revered "Herr Professor" of a large class of enthusiastic piano students. These same students prepared a musical surprise for him, and under the direction of Miss Hella Seydell an exclusive Scharwenka program was prepared and given as follows:

Trio, op. 1, piano, violin and 'cello, first and second movements.....	Miss Seydell, Señor Albertini and Mr. Hegner.
Aria, "Mataswintha".....	Mme. Zippora Monteith.
Thema and Variationen.....	Miss Fannie E. Levy.
Andante Religioso, 'cello and piano.....	Mr. Anton Hegner.
Spanish Serenade.....Xaver Scharwenka
Songs—	Master Arthur Hochmann.
"Es muss ein Wunderbares sein".....	
"Sonnenlicht, Sonnenschein".....	
.....	Mme. Monteith.
Serenade, violin and piano (MS.).....	
.....	Señor Albertini.
By request.....	
.....	Prof. Xaver Scharwenka.

Herr Scharwenka had but brief notice of what was in store for him. A bevy of musical young men and maidens escorted him to the concert room, making a pretty picture in their gay evening dress, and down in front, surrounded by his beaming class, the professor sat beaming himself to listen to a program of his own works given in thoroughly artistic manner by a qualified corps of artists.

The principal surprise of the program was the performance of the MS. "Serenade" for violin and piano, which Scharwenka wrote in Europe this past summer, but which he had not yet heard played. Mr. Lavine, his manager, managed to get a few proofs struck off without warning him. Señor Albertini and Miss Seydell rehearsed privately, and result—an admirable performance of a charming new work and a delightful surprise for the composer.

There were flowers and garlands and souvenir satin programs for distribution among the artists, and at the close of the performance a huge laurel wreath was handed the professor, tied with long loops of crimson. On one end was printed in gold letters: "With best wishes to our Professor from his pupils," and beneath this in pencil were written the names of most of the class present, among which were:

Selma Asiel, Fannie E. Levy, Adele W. Smith, Lavinia

French, Louise Romaré, Arthur Hochmann, Jessie L. Gardner, Helen Collins, Nellie Knapp, Cora B. Allen, Bianca Noa, M. Crane and Augusta Nienstedt. The list continued to an elaborate length, but in the enthusiasm and excitement of penciling signatures at the last moment became indistinct to the outsider. But "the dear Herr Professor" knew all about it.

The trio with its ever fresh and lovely first movement was played by the three artists in a way to make Scharwenka feel musically glad. He was, too. Anton Hegner gave the "Andante Religioso" with a delightful breadth and dignity, and Señor Albertini played the new "Serenade" with spirited grace and finish. Miss Hella Seydell is known of old as a sympathetic Scharwenka student, who plays his compositions all con amore. She played musically well, and Mme. Zippora Monteith, who sang the "Mataswintha" aria, earned abundant applause and after the last two songs got a big congratulatory handshake from the professor.

The little boy Hochmann is remarkable. His clearness and delicate finesse brought down the house, and of course the Professor felt justly proud of his prodigy pupil, as also of Miss Fannie E. Levy, who played the theme and variations with excellent clearness and force.

After the concert the entire class, with a number of prominent musicians who were present, returned with Herr Scharwenka to his house, where Mme. Scharwenka had a delightful supper and held a reception. It was a wholly genial and memorable occasion, and charmingly typical of the affection and respect in which Xaver Scharwenka is held by his own pupils and the musical world of New York in general.

Musical Items.

Mme. Albani Sang for Charity.—BERLIN, January 7.—Mme. Albani gave a concert this afternoon for the benefit of the British and American Home for Governesses. Ambassador Runyon and Mrs. Runyon, Sir Edward Malet and his family and many members of the Anglo-American colony were present.

The Philharmonic Society.—The Philharmonic Society's third public rehearsal and third concert occur on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week in the Metropolitan Opera House. César Thomson is to be the soloist and is to play Goldmark's violin concerto in A minor. The orchestra, under Anton Seidl's direction, is to play Dvorák's "Overture 'Trilogy'" and Haff's "Lenore Symphony."

Johann Strauss to Rudolph Aronson.—Rudolph Aronson is just in receipt of a letter from Johann Strauss, wherein the famous waltz king thanks Mr. Aronson for the dedication to him of his "Strauss Jubilee Waltz." Following is an extract from the letter:

"Herzlichsten Dank für die Widmung Ihres reizenden Strauss Jubilee Walzer. JOHANN STRAUSS."

Mapleson in Paris.—Col. Henry Mapleson informs THE MUSICAL COURIER that he has opened an international musical and dramatic agency at 11 Rue Sainte Anne, Paris. He will be pleased to meet artists and attend to their wants in Paris, or anywhere, for that matter.

Socialism in Berlin.—The socialistic committee of the sixth district of Berlin has struck off the member list a certain Sch, who is an organ grinder. His crime is that he has in his repertory the airs of "I am a Prussian" and "The Watch on the Rhine."

Sousa's Band Route.—Sousa's Band will give concerts in the following places during this month: January 10, Paterson, N. J.; 20, Washington, D. C.; 21, Norfolk, Va.; 22, Richmond, Va., matinée and evening; 23, Baltimore, matinée and evening; 24, Hagerstown, Md., matinée; 24, Chambersburg, Pa., evening; 25, Harrisburg, Pa., matinée and evening; 26, Philadelphia, matinée and evening; 27, New York city.

Mr. Thomas R. Deverall, Suicide.—Thomas R. Deverall, once a well-known bandmaster and musician in Brooklyn, committed suicide in his room at No. 627 Fulton street last evening by turning on the gas. He was over sixty years of age, and had been dissipated in recent years.

Notice was recently served upon him that he was the defendant in a suit to recover \$9,360, which was paid to him for the music which he furnished in connection with the parade in the Columbian celebration and dedication of the Memorial Arch in 1892.

When the arrangements were made for the parade, Deverall was engaged to furnish the bands for the military and Grand Army of the Republic divisions, and the school boys who paraded. He put in bills amounting to \$18,500, which were paid. When the investigation was made it was found that these bills were extortionate.

In the proceedings for reauditing them Deverall was called as a witness before the mayor, controller and auditor. Little was learned from him, as he protested that an attempt was made to impose upon him. The dead musician had been bandmaster for the Ninth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Forty-seventh regiments, and had led orchestras for years. His life was insured for \$14,000.



OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Canada, December 28, 1894.

DECEMBER 11 the Ottawa Amateur Orchestral Society and Schumann Vocal Club gave their first performance in Harmony Hall. Professor Koehler's pupils in violin gave an interesting evening in Grant's Concert Hall, and December 19 Mr. Watkin Mills made his initial bow to an Ottawa audience in the Grand Opera House. Mr. Mills was assisted by Miss Guerra da Fontoura and Mr. Blandford. Of the singing of Mr. Mills it is impossible to speak too highly. His first solo, "Honor and Arms," prepared his audience for a revelation in singing, and "Why do the nations" capped the climax of expectation. Such a full, round, mellow voice, such vocalization, such exquisite treatment has not been hitherto experienced in our good city. Mr. Mills was vociferously redemanded again and again. His support was good. Of Mr. Koehler's violin pupils much can be said in praise. Their ensemble playing was very good indeed, the attack firm and decided, the general rendition well up to the mark. Miss Ethelyn Bailey, one of Mr. Koehler's leading pupils, reflected great credit on herself and her instructor. Her playing was clean and crisp. Miss Bailey played "Fantasie Poétique" and "Danse Hongroise," both compositions of Mr. Koehler, with good judgment, verve and most intelligently, as also a fantasia from "Der Freischütz," by Moeser. Madame Arcand, soprano, and some leading amateurs assisted. Madame Arcand created very deservedly an excellent impression and was well received.

As to the Orchestral Society event it was simply impossible to obtain admission, the hall was so crowded, and tickets could not be had. I am reliably informed, however, that the vocal society did very well, and that the orchestra conducted itself with great credit to its leader, Mr. F. M. S. Jenkins. The program was moderately difficult, and received good treatment.

Mr. Otto Dupernel, violinist, gave a concert November 28, which was well attended and listened to with interest. Mr. Dupernel played very nicely, and was assisted by some clever German amateur talent.

H. G. D.

SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., December 25, 1894.

NOW that the mental and physical strain attendant upon the preparation of a somewhat elaborate Christmas program is over, your correspondent will again assume the task of reporting the musical doings of this town.

Christmas music was fully up to the average. At Park Presbyterian Church, where Mr. Geo. A. Roff is the director, and your correspondent the organist, the regular quartet was assisted by a chorus and Mr. Emil Winkler, cellist.

The vocal numbers were by Shelley, Neidlinger, Schaecker and others. Mr. Winkler played numbers by Gabriel Marie and Golttermann. The organ numbers were by Grison, Lemmens, Salome, and the third organ sonata by Alex. Guilman.

The first concert given by the Beethoven Trio, of this city, Mr. Geo. A. Parker, pianist; Mr. Conrad L. Becker, violinist, and Mr. Emil Winkler, cellist, was given in the Woman's Union Hall, December 10. The tickets, limited to 300 and sold by subscription, were all taken, and many came who could not be accommodated for lack of room. It was a success and received well merited applause. Mr. Parker was in splendid form, and his playing was a genuine surprise to all. The other participants did creditably, and there is no doubt that the remaining concerts in the series, to be given January 28 and March 11, will show a marked improvement in the work of all. Miss Lund was in excellent voice. Following is the program:

Trio in C minor, op. 1, No. 3.....Beethoven
Song, "Die Lorelei".....Liszt
Concerto for cello, in B minor.....Golttermann
Songs—

"Der Verwundete".....Grieg
"Auf der Reise zur Heimath".....Grieg

Trio in F major, op. 15.....Rubinstein

The Symphony Orchestra's first concert for the season was given in Wieting Opera House, December 17. While the work of the orchestra was hardly up to that of former concerts by this society, it was good and deserved a crowded house. The interest of the evening centred upon the work of Mr. Bernhardt Brewer, a young violinist, a pupil of Franz Kneisel, of Boston, who has recently moved to this city. Mr. Brewer has abundant technique and genuine musical enthusiasm in his work, and has demonstrated on several occasions, both in private and in public, that he is a welcome addition to local musical circles. The vocalists at the concert were Mrs. Alta Pease Crouse and Mr. Geo. A. Roff. They are local artists of established reputation. Mr. Albert Kuenzlin, as usual, conducted the orchestra, and Mr. Paul F. Thourer was the accompanist.

The Lotus Club Concert Company, consisting of Mr. Arthur Eltinge, pianist; Mr. William Morrell, violinist; Miss Emily Alvord, elocutionist, and Mr. Franklyn Wallace tenor, gave a concert in Wieting Opera House last Thursday night. They travel under the auspices of the Guildemeester & Kroeger Piano Company.

Friday evening in Plymouth Church the Marsh Choral Society joined with the Oswego Choral Union in a miscellaneous concert, ending with Barnby's "Rebekah." The solo work was done by

Mrs. J. H. Harwood, Mr. Clarence Dillenbeck and Mr. Franklyn Wallace. Mr. Louis Phillips presided at the piano, and Mr. Davis supplied the organ parts. Mr. Grove L. Marsh directed, and it was an all around good concert. During the first part of the program Miss Ethel Crafts played a violin solo and also an obligato for a song by our popular contralto, Mrs. G. W. Loop. Miss Crafts is a pupil of Franz Kneisel, resides in Boston, and is a charming artist.

HENRY W. DAVIS.

DENVER.

DECEMBER 20, 1894.

I WROTE my last letter just before Mr. Everett H. Steele's piano recital, November 27, and though it is late in coming I am glad to give him the praise he so justly earned. Last February Mr. Steele went to Rome and studied diligently with Sgambati. In these few months he has gained marvelously in a certain warmth of tone and freedom of execution. In fact, Sgambati seems to have given him the "backbone" necessary to play well in public.

The program was attractive—some little pieces of P. E. Bach, arranged and modernized by MacDowell. Of the Sgambati numbers, a gavot proved the most interesting. Miss Mary Church, an amateur but most capable violinist, played an andante cantabile and Serenata Napolitana, also by Sgambati.

That we hear so little of Sgambati, especially as a pianist, is probably due to his own indifference. Italy is his world, and Rome his "hub." When he makes a foreign engagement he breaks it if possible under Sgambati's direction.

Among other things, the pupil must play any one of the preludes and fugues from the well tempered clavier and the Clementi studies, to be selected by the judges at the time of examination. What would the Leipsigers say to that?

Mr. Steele was highly disgusted that Sgambati had never heard of MacDowell.

On December 4 occurred the first concert of the Tuesday Musical Club. There was much excellent solo work, but the attraction was the chorus under Mrs. Baker's direction. The selections were delightful, especially "The Fisher," by Horatio Parker. The solo part was taken by Miss Jean Brooks, who possesses a fine dramatic soprano. We shall look forward with pleasure to the next concert.

Mr. Edwin Hoff has voluntarily retired from the Romandi Sunday night concerts, as his voice requires absolute rest.

Mrs. Sobrino and Mr. Howard sing on alternate Sundays. The orchestra is much improved, and the programs are more complimentary to the good taste of the audiences.

Mr. Henry Houseley has composed a cantata, "The Childhood of Christ," which will shortly be sung at St. John's Cathedral.

The Tavery Opera Company has come and gone. There are many reasons why unalloyed enjoyment was impossible while listening to their performances. But when we remember the great expense of such a company and the comparatively small price for seats we feel that much credit is due Mr. Pratt for giving us "half a loaf" when a whole one is impossible this side of the Mississippi. Therefore we hope Mme. Tavery and company will call again.

Miss Lucile Du Pré, the young violinist, who left New York two years ago to study with Marsick in Paris, has settled for the present in Denver. Marsick was to have brought her out at the Cologne concerts, but her health failed after a year's study. She was introduced to us at a private musicale given by Miss Jeanette Hall. She pleased a very musical company, which means that she was a success.

The Princeton Glee Club made music on December 24 and 25. Not being a good judge of college songs, banjos or mandolins, I am unable to say how they performed.

Mr. and Mrs. Sobrino, Mrs. Smislaert, Mr. Paul Stoeving and Mr. Frederic Howard have announced recitals for January. Have you seen the "Rocky Mountain News" for Christmas Day? It was published by the Woman's Club and we are very proud of it.

CORDELIA D. SMISLAERT.

SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., December 30, 1894.

VERY earnest efforts are being made to place the Symphony Society on a more substantial basis. The society has struggled nobly against adversity. What is needed is that the lovers of music who are in good financial circumstances shall go down into their pockets and contribute liberally to place it upon a firm footing both artistically and financially. One generous individual has since the society's last concert sent a check for a handsome sum. Could twenty more be induced to follow suit Director Kuenzlin would carry out his cherished ambitions, and give a series of concerts which would compare favorably with similar ones in other towns.

Mr. Kuenzlin now has a scheme for a grand orchestral and choral concert. The most important work to be given will be Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with chorus of 100 voices and orchestra.

Dr. George A. Parker returned yesterday from New York, whither he has been to attend a meeting of the program committee of the State Music Teachers' Association. Dr. Parker, who is the originator of the Beethoven Trio Club, which gave such a delightful concert a few weeks ago, is a practical, level-headed, common sense musician. All that he does has a wholesome flavor, and as an organist and teacher of the organ he has few superiors. I sincerely believe that with so practical and intelligent a teacher, and such a magnificent new three manual organ for pupils' use, Crouse College offers opportunities for the study of the organ and its literature that are unexcelled.

Many changes in local choirs occur this week. The chorus at Plymouth Church will be replaced by a quartet, with Miss Uni Lund, soprano; Miss Alice Oliver, contralto; Mr. Joseph Bogette, tenor; Mr. Carl Downing, bass. Mr. Wallace will go to the First Presbyterian Church; Mr. James to the Fourth Presbyterian. Miss Grace McKinstry and Mrs. Harriet Mullar Smith, with Mr. Everard Calthrop, will be the new members in the quar-

ter at the First Baptist. Your correspondent is the new organist in the Temple of Concord, the leading Jewish church.

Mr. Wulf Fries, the veteran cellist, of Boston, has been entertaining numerous admirers here during the past week.

Leopold Godowsky will give a recital at the Bastable Theatre a week from to-morrow night. Also, Adele Aus der Ohe will appear under the auspices of the Morning Musical Club at the Woman's Union Hall February 1.

HENRY W. DAVIS.

CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, January 2, 1895.

THE lull in the musical life—evident during the holidays—is past. A multitude of recitals is to be given shortly.

The Fortnightly Club expects ere long to bring to Cleveland Adele Aus der Ohe and the Thomas Orchestra. This club fills an important part in our musical life.

It may please you to learn of the success of your correspondent, and hence I subjoin a clipping taken from a prominent Cleveland weekly: "Prof. Johannes Wolfram, Ph. D., was significantly honored last Friday evening. Mrs. John Huntington, one of the leading ladies of Cleveland, tendered him a reception at her palatial home, 847 Prospect street. About 150 invited guests were present. Dr. Wolfram, being solicited, spoke at length upon the Troubadours, Minnesingers and Meistersingers in their relation to Wagner's music dramas. He illustrated his lecture, playing brilliantly excerpts from the Wagnerian works—especially those translated by Franz Liszt. Professor Olney lauded Dr. Wolfram and welcomed him to Cleveland, speaking of the evening as an ideal one. Dr. Thwing, president of the Adelbert College, spoke in a similar vein. The Cleveland dailies gave considerable space to a résumé of the event. The many friends of Dr. Wolfram will be glad to learn that his merits are finding enthusiastic recognition."

Messrs. Wilson G. Smith and N. Coe Stewart, who represented the Cleveland profession at Delaware, Ohio, during the State Music Teachers' Convention, have returned home. Mr. Blakeslee, director of the Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, was elected president. The best choice that could have been made! Scarcely 100 persons, and these only in part active members, were in attendance.

Mr. George Lennon, the vocal instructor, has taken unto himself a wife, viz., a Miss Klostermeyer, said to be beautiful and accomplished.

VON ESCHENBACH.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, January 7, 1895.

THE past week has been principally remarkable for the announcement of the many good things in store for musical Philadelphia in the near future. THE MUSICAL COURIER's enumeration of the many advantages possessed by our great city has created a profound impression. Modest Philadelphia wakes up as it were and finds herself famous. The correspondent's dream is prophetic. The revelation has begun. But we will live true to our reputation in one other respect. There will be no hurry and scurry of false sentiment to end in disaster, but the progress will be steady and sure. The lessons of the past will be heeded. Every loss that has been suffered in the past will be regarded as just so much capital invested.

This development, however, will not constitute a field wherein the mere desire for personal and selfish notoriety will be rewarded.

Many of the noblest schemes in music fail by reason of personal "cantankerousness" over unimportant details.

Peace will be the Quaker watchword in the creation of a greater musical Philadelphia. With this caution the musical world is invited to help us.

The most important event of the week was the second appearance of Bernhard Stavenhagen and Master Jean Gerardy. I give the program in full:

Fantasie, op. 17.....Schumann
Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen.

Suite, Andante, Serenade, Tarantelle.....Herbert
Master Jean Gerardy.

Sonata No. 3.....Beethoven
Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen, Master Jean Gerardy.

Chant, "Polonaise".....Chopin-Liszt
Etudes—

"La Chasse".....Paganini-Liszt
"La Campanella".....Paganini-Liszt

Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen.

Andante.....Th. Radoux
Gavot.....En Re
Master Jean Gerardy.

The piano was not a "Stradivarius."

The Chestnut Street Opera House was chosen for this recital, and the audience was a good one, and I think everyone present felt regret at the announcement that this was the last opportunity we would have to hear these two great artists. The smaller auditorium was a factor in the increased satisfaction derived at this concert over the recital given at the Academy two weeks ago.

The piano may have been the same one or it may have been another. The deficiency was not as pronounced in respect to sound, but here the remedy ceased. The fantasie of Schumann, op. 17, is probably one of the most exacting compositions extant upon the instrument chosen for its interpretation. Mr. Stavenhagen did all those things a pianist is expected to do to

portray the "fantasy," the passion, the fire, the dreamy transitions and the little reveries, but the splendid athleticism produced only the crash of forced tones, the caressing touch only, the tones of uncertain timidity. His crescendo could be seen but not heard. The odor of the flowers suspected, but their color not perceived. To select this piece was to put his piano maker to a crucial test.

The balance of the afternoon, however, was of unexpected delight. Stavenhagen plays superbly in Philadelphia. Whatever he may accomplish or fail to accomplish elsewhere, his performance has had but one limitation here, and that beyond his control. The whole program, as I have said, was charmingly given, but there was one movement that was so notably fine as to cause that ecstatic feeling of satisfaction never evoked except by the magnetism of perfection and genius combined—I mean the first movement of the Beethoven sonata for piano and violin-cello. In comparison with this movement the rest of the sonata—yes, the balance of the afternoon—was only of ordinary importance. It may be that Stavenhagen supplied the music and the Gerardy boy the magnetism, but such a performance it was as will long dwell in the memory of that audience. Beethoven nearly always reached the supreme heights of his genius in his first movements, and this is conspicuously the case in this sonata. The players had a great chance, and they made the most of it. The temptation was strong in the minds of many musicians there to redemand that movement. The players used their notes.

Which leads me to reflect: The mentality necessary to remember one's music is of the most exacting nature. Stavenhagen's memory is fine, but he often seems to be simply "reciting." Can it be that the effort to remember robs his playing of the spontaneity which would pass for genius and magnetism. Although deeply prejudiced in favor of this pianist he reached heights in his playing of this sonata that I had deemed almost impossible for him.

I wish pianists would not be afraid to use their music often. The false idea that to be great one must memorize everything done in public robs concert-goers and amateurs of the pleasure and profit of hearing many masterpieces.

The fine old teachers have the same fine old list of pieces with which to feed and polish off their pupils. And the public has listened to that fine old list until the berceuse of Chopin and the "Moonlight Sonata" are about as welcome as "Sweet Marie" and "Silvery Waves."

Out of four piano recitals here this winter by three pianists, the thirty-two variations, C minor, Beethoven, stand at the head of three programs, which is why I remark.

Mr. Carl Gaertner, the violinist, who stands in the front rank of those musicians who have given this city its fine foundation in musical education, gave the second of his series of violin recitals in the lecture room of the School of Industrial Art last Thursday evening. Mr. Gaertner is a technician of fine power and a musician of scholarly interpretation, with a fire and feeling all his own. The program might have been termed historical, including as it did the famous sonata of Tartini, "La Trille du Diable," and a sonata by Pietro Nardini. The date of Mr. Gaertner's third recital will be January 31. Mr. Hamilton J. Orr was the pianist, and Miss Julie Blautholz sang with great acceptability the aria "Religieuse of Stradella."

Miss Kate Hull Bundy, the young pianist, who is a pupil of Mr. Constantin Sternberg, and who has received her musical education in Philadelphia, will make her debut in grand concert at the Academy of Music on January 23. She will play Rubinstein's D minor concerto, with the assistance of the New York Symphony Orchestra. I venture the prediction that she will acquit herself with great credit and put a gorgeous feather in the cap of Mr. Sternberg. This is an event of great importance—Philadelphia teacher and Philadelphia pupil. A pity it is that Mr. Sternberg had not called upon a Philadelphia orchestra for the accompaniment.

Adele Aus der Ohe will play the Schumann A minor concerto to-night with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The only novelty will be the orchestra's playing of Dvorák's overture, "Carnival."

Miss Aus der Ohe, who stands in favor here like unto that formerly held by Teresa Carreño, will give a recital on Wednesday evening, in aid of the Girls' Recreation Club. The program is worthy of special notice as follows:

Variations, C minor.....Beethoven
French suite, No. 5, G major.....Bach
Allemande, courante, gavot, loure, gigue.
Two Songs Without Words.....Mendelssohn
F major.
"Spinning Song."
Valse, E minor.....Chopin
Andante, spianato and grand polonaise.....
Barcarolle, F minor.....Rubinstein
Etude.....Adele Aus der Ohe
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.....Liszt

The Girls' Recreation Club is a charitable and social organization productive of social, moral and physical advancement of working girls. The recital, which takes place in Association Hall, will have the strong social patronage of the managers and promoters of the club. The patronesses are as follows:

Mrs. B. W. Andrews, Mrs. Matthew Baird, Mrs. Singler Balch, Mrs. James Bateman, Miss Emily Bell, Mrs. James L. Bispham, Mrs. T. Hewson Bradford, Mrs. D. Murray Cheston, Mrs. John Barron Colahan, Mrs. Edward P. Davis, Mrs. William Colwell Downing, Mrs. Horace Fassitt, Mrs. Thomas Dixon Finletter, Mrs. Walter Freeman, Mrs. Walter Jackson Freeman, Mrs. Edmund H. Frishmuth, Jr., Mrs. George Gardom, Mrs. William Purves Gest, Mrs. John McArthur Harris, Mrs. I. Minnis Hays,

Mrs. Herbert M. Howe, Mrs. William H. Jenks, Mrs. G. Frederick Jordan, Mrs. Charles B. Keen, Mrs. John L. Le Conte, Mrs. Joseph Leidy, Mrs. William H. Long, Mrs. John B. Maddock, Mrs. Charles W. McKeehan, Miss McVicar, Mrs. Richard Wain Meira, Mrs. Byron P. Moulton, Mrs. Effingham Perot, Mrs. Frank H. Rosengarten, Mrs. J. Warrington Rulon, Mrs. Sarah E. Russell, Mrs. James W. Sagers, Mrs. William Ellis Scull, Miss Susan G. Shipley, Miss Sweetman, Mrs. William J. Taylor, Mrs. Charles L. Thurlow, Mrs. Peter Van Voorhees, Mrs. Samuel Price Wetherill, Miss Mary K. Wiseman, Miss Ellen G. Wood, Mrs. William Brewster Wood.

The managers of the club are the following: President, Mrs. Walter Jackson Freeman; vice-president, Miss Lida Stokes Adams; secretary, Miss Florence Keen; treasurer, Miss Lucille Andrews, Woodbury, N. J.; Miss Lida Stokes Adams, Miss Lucille Andrews, Miss Bessie G. Bockius, Mrs. Walter Jackson Freeman, Miss J. Anna Gardom, Miss Mary Heiner, Miss Dora Keen, Miss Florence Keen, Miss Janet B. MacAlister, Miss Anna B. Maddock, Miss Annina C. Rondinella.

Next week I fear I shall crowd my columns; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Aus der Ohe recital, two operas, "Il Trovatore" and "Faust," Ysaye violin recital and a number of local concerts of great importance. The point of this mention is that everything will be well patronized.

The "boom" is genuine and has come to stay.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DECEMBER 28, 1894.

AFTER a month or two of the most delicious weather possible this side of Paradise we are now in the midst of a Christmas drizzle. But San Franciscans seem so to enjoy it, by way of a change, that the shopping and amusement going suffer no interruption.

A particularly wet night for Scheel's fifteenth weekly symphony concert did not abate the attendance. On the contrary, the audience was larger than usual.

The program contained Beethoven's eighth symphony; Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne;" Goldmark's overture, "In the Springtime;" a rhapsody by Lalo, and a horn fantasia, composed and played by Mr. Joseph Reiter, entitled "Mephisto," which proved so pleasing and worthy that it was redemanded. The vocal element, which Mr. Scheel occasionally introduces, was provided by Mme. Sylvain Salomon, who sang with orchestral accompaniment an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," and for an encore Bizet's "L'Absence." The lady is lately from the Paris Conservatoire.

Mr. Scheel's series of concerts is nearing its 100th, which will be noted by the first appearance of Scheel as a solo violinist. He will play Mendelssohn's E minor concerto to commemorate the occasion.

The Tivoli is in a most flourishing condition—never more prosperous. It is giving for its holiday attraction a home-made version of "Lalla Rookh," to which Mr. Hirschbach, the new conductor, has written the music. Mr. Hirschbach is considered a decided success in his new position, and is very much liked. He has just arranged with Mr. H. J. Stewart for a reproduction of "His Majesty," which was played there soon after the author gave it with amateurs last year.

Mr. Stewart has written three operas here, only two of which have yet been played. He has just made arrangements to resume his old place as organist of Trinity Church, now occupied by Mr. Louis Sch. Idt, Sr. Mr. Stewart is now at the Unitarian Church, where his late series of organ recitals was very delightful. The church is new and elegant, but the organ is only revamped and its former demerits somewhat extended and intensified, as it were. The authorities failed to remember the Lord's remark about "new wine in old bottles" when they expended a lot of money to put new life into their venerable "kist o' whistles." But Stewart will get all there is out of the old organ, however little he may enjoy the grind.

The Christmas "Examiner" was entirely managed and written by a delegation of ladies, who undertook the task in behalf of a local charity, and cleared many thousand dollars for it.

No article of the whole forty pages was more noticeable or wittier than "The New Opera House: Will It Succeed?" purporting to be a reportorial interview and expression of opinion from several rather prominent gentlemen regarding that topic, in which their foibles are so neatly exposed as to set the whole town laughing.

The endeavor to get Morosco to relinquish his Grand Opera House for a season of the Abbey & Grau Company was a failure, and we are to be deprived of a visit from them. This state of things has led to some talk of a new opera house, which has not yet resulted in anything more pleasing than the charming scit which was the gem of the ladies' edition of the "Examiner."

Mr. J. H. and Madam Rosewald, with Mr. Lisser and Mrs. Leila Ellis, constituting the musical and elocutionary faculty of Mills College, gave a very enjoyable entertainment at the college the other day. I was unable to avail myself of an invitation kindly sent me by Mr. Rosewald, so missed the excellent program they furnished their hearers.

Mr. Fred. Katzenbach, who has been a prominent teacher of music here for years, has just supplied a "long-felt want" in issuing a very complete musical vocabulary or glossary in the form of a desk pad to be fastened to the rack of a piano, where it can be referred to without the slightest inconvenience. I received from him a specimen, and commend his scheme most heartily. It is a good thing, and will help dissipate the cloud of ignorance pervading pupils' minds regarding the intention of all those remarkable foreign words which seem to infest music text.

Miss Kittie Black, a young lady with a beautiful voice, who filled the soprano position at Grace Church for a while, recently gave a concert at Golden Gate Hall, which I am glad to record as having been successful in a pecuniary as well as artistic degree. I have great hopes of Miss Black, though she never had the advantages of study away from home.

Mrs. Lydia Titus Yeamans, who made such a furor during

her engagement at the Orpheum last spring, is repeating her triumph at that house this week.

The "Aladdin, Jr.," spectacle is crowding the Baldwin Theatre, being billed for three weeks. One of its songs commemorative of the "Golden hair which hung down her back" proved a trifle tart for our local taste and was therefore considerably eliminated by Manager Henderson. It seems we are more particular about such things than many less Occidental cities, in which it has been sung with impunity.

Haverly's Minstrels have reopened the long closed Aleazar Theatre and seem to be doing "as well as could be expected," considering the rather aged and obsolete style of musical entertainment they follow.

H. M. BOSWORTH.

TOLEDO.

TOLEDO, December 28, 1894.

ON December 11 the Mathias Orchestra, composed of the very best local talent and directed by the veteran leader whose name it bears, gave the first of a trio of concerts arranged for the season. The slim attendance was a forcible reminder of the truth of the old proverb that a prophet is seldom honored in his own country, and spoke volumes for the indifference of patrons of music to home talent, which is sometimes quite as good as, if not better than, what is secured from other places.

A grand overture from Auber was the initial number of the orchestra, and gave an idea of the program to follow. The performance of the "Adeste Fideles," the Christmas anthem so familiar to church-goers, was full of tender feeling and religious fervor, while the final chords, soft and solemn, floated out like a grand amen. The "Bridal Chorus" of "Lohengrin" was well played, and the stately tones rose and fell with careful modulation.

The string orchestra gave Steck's "Flirtation" in a delightful manner, and surely no composition was ever better suited to its name. Full of sweet notes and playful movements, of dainty caprice and sudden changes, it was full of surprises and as "fitful as a woman's mood." It carried out its suggestive name and touched a responsive chord in every listener. The andante from Beethoven's first symphony was the heaviest and should have been the best number, but owing to a disposition on the part of the wind instruments to assert their rights too strongly the strings were thrown in the shade and the charm was lost.

The vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Anna Newcomb, and while some were pleased with the singer's voice and style, there was much disappointment. Miss Newcomb has a soprano voice of average range, and while some of her test notes were clear and resonant, others were a little uncertain; but that might be attributed to atmospheric influence more than to defect of tone quality, and one is inclined to believe that the singer was not at her best on this occasion.

Every city has its pet organization, and the Apollo Club as a social and musical institution is an important feature here, and the concerts given by them invariably attract and please.

The first concert of their third season was given on the 21st inst., and the National Union Auditorium was the centre of attraction on that evening. The Apollo Club opened the program with Attenhofer's "Evening Song," and gave it with splendid effect. The "Yeoman's Wedding Song" followed, but did not show the club at its best, for this number was quite faulty. "Reveries" and "The Long Day Closes" were sung with careful modulation, and "Thou Art My Dream," with Mr. Willett's baritone solo and the humming chorus by the Apollos, was an attractive number.

Mrs. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop was the soprano. Miss Clary, contralto, was unable to appear, and at the very last moment Harold Jarvis, of Detroit, was secured as a substitute. He gave an aria from "The Prodigal Son," and sang "Shout the Glad Tidings" with splendid effect, while "O That I Had Thy Wings, O Dove," with Mrs. Bishop, was the gem of the evening.

Mrs. Bishop, in conjunction with the entire Apollo Club, gave Mohr's "Ode to the Genius of Music," and closed the program.

One of Mrs. Bishop's prettiest numbers was "Under the Trees," by Arthur Korthner, of this city. The composer was her accompanist, and the audience acknowledged their appreciation of him.

Miss Whiting did good part as accompanist, and Professor Whiting as director was perfectly at home.

The Apollo Club is doing excellent work, but it must be owned that the bass voices are superior to the tenors, and some pruning might be attempted with success.

F. E. WILKINSON.

TORONTO.

TORONTO, Ont., December 28, 1894.

ACCORDING to a well worn aphorism human nature is pretty much the same all the world over, and however much we may preach creeds of broad humanity and lofty ideals, what we practice is too often selfishness. The veneer of pretense is patent to every analytical mind seeking for a motive, and the astonishing thing is that in these days of hard-headed practical thinkers people so often take to such worn-out devices as they do to gull the public.

Next to the creatures who wear a mask of hypocritical piety surely the disciples of music, who prate of the dignity of their art—its beautiful, refining influence lifting one's soul above the sordid cares of life, &c.—but who are everlastingly reaching for dollars and resorting to contemptible tricks for their own advancement, are the most to be despised. I am not attempting to talk from a pedestal of morality, but from one of common sense, and it is the exercise of the latter function in reference to some humbug displayed in this city which moves me somewhat strongly.

A constantly inspired howl is raised in Toronto for the employment of home talent and the barring out of visiting musicians. Now, I don't suppose anyone would wish to see home talent

neglected; indeed, it should be warmly supported and encouraged. But this cry against engaging outside artists is not only the rankest humbug, but positively wrong. If Toronto were a truly great musical centre which could retain as residents artists of the highest rank, even then there could be no reason in the cry, but, as it is, our opportunities for hearing ideal performers are far too infrequent. We have excellent singers and players, but certainly no De Reskés or Ysaies; how, then, could the public become properly appreciative if they cannot hear such artists?

I am quite certain that Toronto's best musicians are not in sympathy with any feeling antagonistic to the engagement of outside talent, but there are others with fish of their own to fry who do not care what means they use to serve their end, and who would willingly confine us to musical mediocrity and abortion—their own efforts. I intend to touch on this matter again, but with more point; occasions for so doing are sure to arise.

Not for many a day have we heard such a delightful concert as that given December 18 at Horticultural Pavilion by Eugene Ysaie, assisted by Miss Theodora Pfafflin, Mr. Harry M. Field and the Beethoven Trio, comprising Messrs. H. M. Field, pianist; Heinrich Klingensfeld, violinist, and Rudolf Ruth, 'cellist.

At this date there is no occasion to speak at length of the great central figure, Ysaie. His praises have been so far and so loudly sung that to add my mite would be monotony. But it was satisfactory to see how splendidly he was appreciated by the large audience.

Miss Pfafflin sang in a manner which proved her worthy of a notable occasion, and I have little doubt her success will win for her other engagements in this city.

Seldom has local talent shown to such advantage as in this concert. Mr. Field, the pianist, was in his best form and played with brilliant success solos by Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt, for each appearance being recalled.

The Beethoven Trio made their first bow on this occasion, and may well be congratulated upon the result. Notwithstanding the overwhelming success of the star of the evening they rose to the occasion and seemed stimulated and inspired to do their best. Their first number, Raff's trio in G, op. 112, was not quite as steady as it might have been, but Gade's "Novelletten" was played most artistically and was deservedly encored. There can be no doubt that Toronto's Beethoven Trio presents the most perfect ensemble playing to be found in Canada. Their energetic manager, Mr. H. M. Hirschberg, will probably find many engagements for the club throughout the season.

If I were to attempt to give accounts of concerts by our educational institutions your columns would be greatly overtaxed. Besides this, such entertainments have necessarily much sameness, and can only be interesting occasionally as indicating standards aimed at; so I seldom break my rule of omitting reference to them. But an exception may appropriately be made in favor of the initial concert given by the Metropolitan College of Music faculty, which took place in the recital hall of the institution December 8. The program originally set was as follows:

Piano, Capriccio Brillante, op. 23.....Mendelssohn
Miss R. A. Welch.
(Orchestral accompaniment, Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, second piano.)
Vocal, "My Redeemer and My Lord" ("Golden Legend").....Dudley Buck
Mrs. Klingensfeld.
Flute, Fantaisie, "Plaisir d'Amour".....Tulou
Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge.
Reading, "Locksley Hall".....Tennyson
Miss Lauretta A. Bowes.
Piano, "Waldesrauchen," Concert Etude No. 1.....Liszt
Miss Katharine Birnie.
Violin, Ballade et Polonaise.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld.
Vocal—
"Love's Magic".....J. Lewis Browne
"Two Dreams".....Mrs. A. B. Jury.
Piano, "Campanella".....Liszt
Miss Minnie E. Topping.
Vocal—
"Vieni la mia Vendetta ("Lucrezia Borgia").....Donizetti
"My Queen".....Brahms
Mr. H. W. Webster.
Trio No. 1.....E. Silas
Mr. J. Lewis Browne (piano), Mr. Klingensfeld (violin), Mr. Paul Hahn (cello).
Miss Henrietta Shippe, accompanist.

Through a misunderstanding as to the date of the concert Miss Bowes was not present, so in substitution, at a fitting place, Mr. J. Lewis Browne, musical director of the college, played a group of his own charming piano compositions in a truly masterly manner.

The opening number by Miss Welch and Mr. Kennedy was a little shaky and uneven through want of sufficient rehearsing, but the performers proved themselves to possess good technical equipment.

Mrs. Klingensfeld is a genuine musician, and phrases and articulates beautifully; but the intolerable heat of the hall affected her considerably, so that she was not heard to the best advantage.

Mr. Arlidge's flute playing was better than good, it was exquisite, and showed him to be a highly finished performer.

Miss Birnie gave a very spirited interpretation of her piano number.

Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld exhibited his skill as a violinist and true musical temperament with fine effect.

Mrs. A. B. Jury I had not heard before, and I was agreeably surprised to find that she has a very superior soprano voice, musical, powerful, true, which she uses admirably.

Miss Topping is one of Toronto's foremost pianists, and in

this concert amply asserted her right to be considered such. Refinement and fire she has in abundance and her technique is very finished.

In Mr. Webster the Metropolitan College has a baritone singer and teacher of wide experience and notable accomplishments. His numbers were very effective.

The College Trio—Messrs. J. Lewis Browne piano; H. Klingensfeld, violin, and Paul Hahn, 'cello—gave a thoroughly musicianly performance, and won immediate recognition for their excellence.

The accompanist for the soloists, Miss Shippe, performed her duties with the utmost credit.

On the 18th inst. the Clef Choral Club, under the direction of Mr. H. W. Webster, made its debut in Association Hall. The fifty-eight members, I am reliably informed, gave a very good account of themselves in F. H. Cowen's cantata, "The Rose Maiden," the soloists being Miss Marie Kimberly, Miss C. Cawsey, Mr. G. S. Forsyth and Mr. R. C. Donald. The first part of the program consisted of:

Organ solo, "March Nuptiale".....F. de la Tombelle
W. H. Hewlett.
Vocal—
"Sperate O Filii" ("Nabucco").....Verdi
Organ obligato, Mr. Hewlett.
"Bedouin Love Song".....Pinsuti
Mr. H. W. Webster.
"Piano solo, "La Campanella".....Liszt
Miss Minnie E. Topping.

At the Christmas concert of the Queen's Own Rifles Mrs. Isidor Klein made her debut. She had but recently returned from pursuing her studies with Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, in New York, and quite fulfilled the great things that were expected of her. In fact, it is doubtful whether a more successful first appearance of a local singer has occurred in recent years. Mrs. Klein's voice is a decidedly dramatic soprano, very pure in quality, and, judging from the artistic spirit displayed at the concert under mention, it is perfectly safe to predict a future for her in the front rank of Canadian vocalists.

EDMOND L. ROBERTS.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, January 1, 1895.

THE curse of barrenness which oftentimes settles

down upon the musical life of Cincinnati seems temporarily to have been taken away. Since the beginning of November there has been a good deal of activity, and we have had many excellent concerts both by our resident artists and by visitors of note. The next four or five months also promise to be more than ordinarily rich. To glance briefly at a few of the more important events, I may begin with the Orpheus Club. There is a distinction which we have always to make here between the German Orpheus Society, a mixed chorus, singing in the German language, and the Orpheus Club, a body of gentlemen only, who sing strictly in English. This latter society made a brilliant debut a year and a half ago, and has kept up and even enhanced its reputation since. The director, Charles Graninger, one of the professors of the College of Music, deserves great credit for the excellence of the concerts. The singing of the club has wonderful virility, and yet it has gained in softness, roundness and refinement. Their shadings are usually judicious, their phrasings intelligent, and their pronunciation as near perfect as any I have ever heard from a body of concerted singers. They do not, of course, come up to the absolute perfection of the New York Liederkrantz and Arion, but they press pretty close upon those societies. At the first concert this year they brought to us the world-renowned violinist, Ysaie, and he created a positive furore in this city. Since that time I have heard César Thomson in his debut at the Auditorium in Chicago, and I am completely lost in wonder and amazement, and all my pot of rainbow-colored adjectives of the laudatory sort seems quite inadequate to the occasion. I am reminded of the clever remarks which I find in last week's issue, apropos of four great pianists in Berlin. How wonderful it is that the same instrument can be played by two men from the same country in a way so different and yet so unspeakably beautiful in each case! When I contemplate the performances of these two great men I am cast into what Carlyle calls "a delirium of admiration." Ysaie played the third concerto of Saint-Saëns in a manner so marvelous that we utterly forgot all about technique and were conscious only of music. This was something like what I have read of Joachim and something like my experience when listening to Rubinstein. As César Thomson is to make his appearance in this city in February in connection with the Apollo Club it will then be my pleasant task to comment upon him.

After the Orpheus concert a delightful dinner party was given in honor of Mr. Ysaie at the house of one of our richest and most intelligent citizens, Mr. A. Howard Hinkle, who has been, and is, and we hope will continue to be active and influential in the most important art matters of our city. There was a company of eighteen gentlemen from the prominent musical circles of the city, including artists, newspaper men and capitalists, and an ideal symposium was enjoyed.

There has been a long series of piano recitals and concerts given by our various schools and artists, which I may briefly summarize as follows: Mr. Kupferschmidt, violinist; Philip Werthner, pianist, and Mr. Mattioli, 'cellist, played an interesting program, of which the most important number was Beethoven's great E flat major trio, op. 97. These gentlemen are among our most highly respected and valued professionals. Mrs. Guckenberger, wife of one of the professors of the College of Music, gave with some of her advanced students a delightful recital a few weeks ago, singing also several numbers herself. She has an excellent method and a good voice, and her pronunciation especially is most admirable.

The first concert of the Apollo Club showed that society in its usual and well-known colors. Its greatest excellence is in exquisite refinement. The depletion which has resulted from the

secession of the Orpheus weakened the male portion of the chorus very lamentably, but the ladies sing admirably, and much of the work done is above faultfinding. The soloist on this occasion was Mr. Max Heinrichs, who perfectly amazed us by the finish and unspeakable perfection of his ballad style. His accompaniments are absolute poems, and his enunciation is, I believe, the finest I have ever heard from any human being. His wife also created a delightful impression.

Mr. George Kroeger, the new pianist at the Cincinnati Conservatory, gave an excellent piano recital on December 10. Unfortunately I had a business engagement in Chicago which prevented me from being present, but from what I know of his talents I am quite sure that his audience enjoyed a treat. Miss Baur's Conservatory now has three fine artist-pianists, Frederic Shailer Evans, Theodore Bohlmann and Mr. George Kroeger.

I mention them in the chronological order of their engagement. Mr. Evans was a pupil of Weidenbach in Leipzig, Mr. Bohlmann of Klindworth and Moszkowski in Berlin, and Mr. Kroeger of Barth in Berlin and of Leschetizky in Vienna; so you see she is extremely cosmopolitan in the selection of her piano professors.

The Sunday afternoon "Pops," under the management of an incorporated society of five members, began early in November and the concerts have been carried on with varying success. The artistic merit is high, though of course it would be foolishness to claim that our organization can be fairly compared with the great orchestras of New York, Boston and Chicago. Cincinnati is a rich city, but for some unaccountable reason is indisposed to spend its money lavishly for the support of home institutions. Let any distinguished visitor come here and he will be amazed at the way the thousands of dollars pour into his coffers; but let the most meritorious local musician advertise a serious concert and he will probably have to give away all his tickets and present a chromo and a box of candy with each one if he expects to secure an audience. The "Pops" have been for the last three or four seasons an exception to this rule, and have drawn enormous audiences, varying from 2,000 to 6,000 people.

The trouble with our local orchestra is now, as it was in the days of Thomas, and has been for twenty-five years (but let us hope will not always remain), that we cannot afford to have a complete outfit of good players. The principal men all round are excellent, and oftentimes have played in Thomas' festival orchestra, but the effect is made muddy and impure by the poor material that has to be filled in. For this of course neither Mr. Brand nor the management is in the least to blame, but the conservative—shall I call it the conservative spirit of the city—there is a shorter word, perhaps a truer one, but I will only print it in parentheses (stingy). When people read that we pour out \$50,000, \$60,000 and at one time \$78,000 for a single series of seven concerts, they think, Merciful heavens! what an Eldorado that Cincinnati is—for the artist! but our public gulps down music wholesale, and then goes to sleep for a year or two to reinstate its digestive powers.

The "Pops" give employment to our local society, and are backed by the generous and liberal minded support of Mr. Tuckfarber, a prominent business man of our city, who is an ardent and disinterested lover of music and of the refining and elevating education which it brings to a community. The director is Mr. Michael Brand, one of the cleverest and most practical musicians in America. Mr. Brand has spent all his life in our city, with the exception of two or three short sojourns in New York and Chicago. He is a typical orchestral musician, and plays almost every instrument, though his favorite is the 'cello, upon which he is a consummate artist, being especially conspicuous for the nobility of his tone. He has read apparently the whole literature of music, and directs with the utmost ease and quietness. In fact, in this respect he resembles Mr. Thomas, and indeed he has always been on the most friendly artistic terms with that famous master. Mr. Brand's programs are admirably well put together, being never frivolous, and yet never heavy. The range is usually from a suite by Delibes, a waltz of Strauss or something from Waldteufel or Millöcker up to a symphony movement of Haydn or Beethoven, and sometimes a selection from Wagner.

Through all the many changes and vicissitudes in musical politics Mr. Brand has held his own, and has kept on the even tenor of his way undisturbed. He is a man with high ideals, but not impractical enthusiasms. He knows our public. Last season he composed a dirge, which was played here and much admired. The last concert under Mr. Brand's direction brought us a notable event, namely the love duet of "Sigmund and Siglinde," from Wagner's "Walküre," sung by Anton Schott and Mrs. Guthrie-Moyer, a new comer in our city. Mr. Schott has been here a number of times before and has always created a strong impression; this time he created a positive furore. Mrs. Guthrie-Moyer absolutely captured our public in one concert. The public and critics alike were charmed with her lovely voice, her exquisite method and her fine artistic personality. It was astonishing to hear the "Venzano Waltz" and the great love duet from Wagner's "Nibelungen" in the same concert by the same singer. You could hardly believe that it was the same voice; and again, we were not reminded of that indisputable doctrine that only the Italians know how to sing. This marvelous purity of tone production, sought out and taught by the best Italians, constitutes the best possible foundation even for the singing of Wagner's music. Mr. Theodore Thomas once said to me, apropos of Campanini, that if we could only get these well trained Italian singers to take an interest in earnest German music we should have the highest results. Mrs. Guthrie-Moyer, by the loveliness of her voice, the finish of her art and the fervor of her interpretation placed herself at once in the very summit of our esteem. She is to appear again next Sunday.

The May Festival Association has just given a series of three concerts—a performance of "The Messiah," a popular matinee and a Symphony concert by the Chicago Orchestra. "The Messiah" was superbly given, the soloists being Mrs. Lawson, of our city; Mrs. Alves, of New York; Mr. Rieger and Mr. Watkin Mills. The chorus was in fine form, and created the conviction of its growth. The most notable feature of the two concerts undoubtedly was the fifth symphony, E minor, by Dr. Dvorák.

The impression which this work made upon me was altogether delightful. It seems to me to be at once music charming to hear and interesting to study. The cleverness with which he took the characteristic humorous mixture of comicality, grotesquerie, pathos and fire to be found in the negro melodies, and out of these materials wrought a serious work, aroused my extreme admiration. As always with Dr. Dvorák's works, I found the tone coloring a constant marvel of delight and beauty. How can he think of so many exquisite and delicious combinations of sound! The largo especially charmed me. Both the concerts, taken as a whole, were fine specimens of music well chosen, well learned and faultlessly played. The orchestra numbers over seventy, and its work was so finished that nothing but the most captious perversity could find fault with it. The audience for "The Messiah" was good, but for the two concerts that were held upon January 1 the attendance was disheartening and not especially creditable to our "great musical centre." More anon.

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

Frida Simonson.

SCATTERED about the floor was a profusion of dolls, toys and other playthings that might naturally appeal to the fancy of a child of eleven years. The scene suggested more the idea of a nursery room than the salon of a little princess of the piano. But in direct contrast to the dolls and the playthings was a grand piano situated in one corner of the apartment. It was the living room, the playroom, the workroom of little Frida Simonson, at the Savoy; the Hanover prodigy who is to make her American debut Tuesday, January 15th. She evinced great pleasure when told that she was to be made the subject of an "interview" in THE MUSICAL COURIER.

"It is kind of you, sir!" she exclaimed to the representative. "I like all of the critics."

"But I am not a critic. I am only going to say some thing about your life, your birthplace, your home. Where were you born?"

"In Hanover, sir. I am in my eleventh year now."

"You must have met many people."

"Oh, yes, sir, a great many great ladies and gentlemen. They were all very kind to me. Mme. Patti was so good to me! You know that I traveled over England with her and Master Jean Gerardy."

"And you toured with Mme. Albani and Melba, too, remember," suggested Frida's mother.

"Oh, yes, mamma, I was going to tell the gentleman about that," was the precocious answer.

"And you like to play in public?" the representative continued.

"Yes, sir, I love the public—and the critics. Please don't forget to say that I love them, too."

"No. And now tell THE MUSICAL COURIER readers, please, the name of your masters."

Mrs. Simonson answered the question.

"Frida's musical talent made itself manifest when she was three years of age, and even then she played some little melodies. In time we sent her to the Klindworth Conservatory, of Berlin, where she was taught by Karl Klindworth. Her next teacher was Prof. Leipholz, and it was in a measure due to him that her musical training was developed to such a degree that we felt justified in permitting her to make her debut in Berlin. Upon that occasion she played Beethoven's C major concerto. She gave great satisfaction and the critics pronounced her playing correct and her conception of the works remarkable. We (her father, sister and I) felt greatly elated, and at the age of seven we allowed Frida to play at Kissingen, the program including Beethoven's C minor concerto."

"And, mamma," put in the little girl, "don't you remember what Mr. Rubinstein said to me when I played for him?"

"What did he say?" asked the representative.

"He told me," Frida returned, "that I was 'bound to be a great artist.'"

"Why?"

"You tell the gentleman why, mamma," the child exclaimed. "The words are too hard and long for me."

"Well," acquiesced Mrs. Simonson, "Rubinstein said that Frida possessed the two prime qualifications—a perfect ear and a great artistic conception."

"Yes, mamma, yes, that's it! And Mr. Rubinstein called me his 'dear,' too."

"No doubt some day you will fall in love with a musician and marry him," suggested the representative.

"Oh, I don't know! I'm almost too young to think about that yet, but he must be a great musician, if I do fall in love with him."

"I suppose that you are very fond of Master Gerardy?"

"He and I are good friends."

"And Master Josef Hofmann?"

"Master Hofmann's father once told me that I played better than Josef—and that's something to be proud of, isn't it?" she asked, with a childish smile.

By this time the clock house was completed. The little architect had gone on making it while she chatted. Now she arranged a tiny tea service outside of the clock house door, sat a row of four or five dolls in the position to take "tea," called each one tenderly by name, bade them adieu, took her place upon the stool of the instrument and philosophically began running through something by Beethoven.

The child was gone. In her place reigned the little princess of the piano.



Boston Symphony Orchestra.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, ninety-five performers, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, will give its third concert at the Metropolitan Opera House next Thursday evening with the assistance of Mme. Nordica and Mr. Anton Schott. The program, consisting entirely of Wagner selections, is as follows:

"Rienzi"—Overture.
"Tannhäuser"—Act II, "Elizabeth's Aria"; Act III, prelude.
"Flying Dutchman"—Overture.
"Lohengrin"—Act II, Balcony Scene; Act III, prelude.
"Meistersinger"—Act III, prelude; Act I, "Walther's Preislied."
"Rheingold"—"Procession of the Gods."
"Die Walküre"—"Spring Song."
"Siegfried"—"Waldweben."
"Götterdämmerung"—"Siegfried's Passage to Brunnhilde's Rock, Morning Dawn and Rhine Journey" (arranged by Hans Richter).

Jeanne Franko's Pupils' Concert.—The pupils of Jeanne Franko, who is, as is well known, a pianist and a violinist, will give a concert on Saturday evening at Steinway Hall. The program will be:

"Kaiser Marsch"—two pianos (eight hands).....Richard Wagner
Misses Oppenheim, Buchsweiler, Franko and
Mme. Jeanne Franko.
Violin Solo—Sarabande.....Bohm
Miss Madeline Sinauer.
Piano Solo—Valse (D flat).....Chopin
Miss Jeanne Oppenheim.
Violin Solo—"Rolling Waves".....G. Hollander
Master A. Hammerschlag.
Piano Solo—Second Mazourka.....B. Godard
Miss Viola Buchsweiler.
Violin Solo—Nocturne.....M. Hauser
Miss Bella Kuttner.
Piano Solo—Concerto (G minor).....Mendelssohn
Andante and molto allegro e vivace.
Miss Ines Oppenheim.
Piano Accompaniment, Mme. Jeanne Franko.
Cavatine.....Raff
Miss Bessie Wiener.
"Hochzeitsmusik"—(Festzug) four hands.....A. Jensen
Miss I. Oppenheim and Miss D. Franko.

Eleventh Peabody Concert.—The Eleventh Peabody concert was given on December 21. The program, which was as follows, was given by Professor and Madame Burmeister:

Variations in E flat minor. Composed for two pianos.....C. Sinding. (1896)
Fantaisie Hongroise. For piano. With accompaniment of a second piano.....F. Liszt. (1811-86)
Opera without words. Op. 80. For orchestra. Transcribed for two pianos by R. Burmeister.....Ager Hamerik. (1843)
In the woods.
Hunter's song.
Chorus of chattering women.
Maiden's romance.
Interrupted serenade.
Love duet.
Rustic waltz.
Bridal song.
Procession to the village church.

Kneisel Quartet Series of Concerts.—The Kneisel Quartet will give on Friday evening the first of a series of three concerts at Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. The program at the first concert will consist of compositions by Dvorák, Cherubini and Beethoven as annexed:

Quartet in F major, op. 96.....Dvorák
Larghetto and Scherzo, from the Quartet in D minor.....Cherubini
Quartet in A minor, op. 132.....Beethoven

Ellen Beach Yaw.—On the occasion of Miss Yaw's recent concert at Tyler, Tex., Governor Hubbard was present and, before the last song, appeared on the stage, paying a beautiful and glowing tribute to Miss Yaw, and said "that he did not doubt but that she would yet relegate Patti to the shades and snatch the laurels from Nilsson's head and wear them her own dear self with becoming grace and dignity."

Alexander Stocking Dead.—Alexander Stocking, a citizen of Worcester, Mass., died on January 4, at the age of seventy-seven. He was the pioneer leader of many quartet choirs and one of the founders of the old Mozart Society, of Worcester, and was thirty years ago well-known as a tenor.

Sousa's Tour.—Sousa's Concert Band has just concluded a tour unprecedented in point of time, travel, musical achievement and endurance. This tour embraced an uninterrupted daily series of concerts of ten months, or over 800 days, in which, including matinees, over 498 concerts were given to audiences numbering nearly 1,000,000 of people. The territory covered stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of California. What is more remarkable during this long time and extended travel, not a member of Sousa's fifty musi-

cians was injured, not a piece of baggage went astray, not a railroad connection was missed, not a single concert failed to be given, and no advertised promise of the management failed of fulfillment. Director Sousa and Manager Blakely vied with each other in making this tour a great success, both musically and financially. And the result, it is needless to say, amply justified their efforts. The new year opens with still greater promise for this peerless organization. Brief tours in January and February will be followed by a series of longer tours, by Manhattan Beach and the St. Louis Exposition engagements, beginning in March and reaching as before up to the winter holidays.

Inez Grenelli.—Inez Grenelli, the charming soprano, has gone South for a fortnight to fill concert engagements in Chattanooga, Tenn., and other cities.

The Mozart Symphony Club.—The Mozart Symphony Club will play this month on the following dates in Western cities:

January 10.....	Norwood, Ohio.
" 11.....	Hillsboro, Ohio.
" 12.....	Leesburgh, Ohio.
" 14.....	Richmond, Ind.
" 15 and 16.....	Lima, Ohio.
" 17 and 18.....	Cleveland, Ohio.
" 19.....	Elmore, Ohio.
" 23.....	Lansing, Mich.
" 24.....	Big Rapids, Mich.
" 25.....	Manistee, Mich.
" 26.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
" 28.....	Wheaton, Ill.
" 29.....	Chicago, Ill.
" 30.....	Yorkville, Ill.
" 31.....	Dixon, Ill.

Minna Wetzel.—Great stress is laid upon the manner in which Miss Minna Wetzel, of Cincinnati, interpreted Schumann at the performances of the O. M. T. A. at Delaware, Ohio, in which she participated. The Cincinnati papers criticize Miss Wetzel most favorably, and from what we know of her she deserves it.

A Caperton Pupil.—Miss Marie Warren, a pupil of Mrs. Ratcliffe Caperton, was recently the soloist at the concert given by the Germantown Music Club. Her beautifully trained voice gained for her an immediate success. The pure quality and pathos of her tone, together with the artistic phrasing and enunciation, promise for her a foremost place among American singers.

Berlin.—The betrothal of Howard Brockway and Miss Boise is announced. Miss Boise is the daughter of a conspicuous member of the American colony here, Mr. O. B. Boise, the composer. Mr. Brockway is a rising young composer.

English Musician Writes.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I WAS greatly interested in your last week's editorial entitled "No Money in Chamber Music." It does, indeed, appear strange that this delightful form of art is not better appreciated in a city so professedly musical as New York. In London things are very different. The Monday and Saturday Popular concerts, which are given every winter at St. James' Hall, in that city, at prices ranging from 25 cents for the cheapest seats to a little under \$2 for the best, are always well attended, and have now, I believe, passed their thirty-fifth season. Such supremely fine artists as Joachim, Clara Schumann, Marie Kreba, Norman-Néruda (Lady Halle) and Patti were associated with the performances for years, and the quartet playing was not excelled, if indeed equalled, in any other city in Europe. I would like to direct the attention of some of the New York critics, who are everlastingly prating about English devotion to Handel and Mendelssohn, to these facts.

We have likewise in London a Bach choir of which Jenny Lind in the last years of her life was proud to be a member, and which has already given some fourteen performances of the great Mass in B minor; while a Bach Festival lasting three days has been arranged for next April at the new Queen's Hall. When are we to hear the B minor Mass in New York?

ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

NEW YORK, December, 1894.

Among the visitors in this city this week is Mr. A. Howard Hinckle, one of the chief musical powers of Cincinnati.

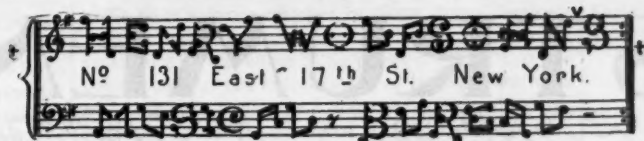
Mrs. Cecilia Niles.—Mrs. Cecilia Niles, the soprano of the English Lutheran Church, New York, and who has often appeared in concerts with much success, has placed herself for further voice training under the guidance of Miss Alice Garrigue.

Sibyl Sanderson Is Here.—Sibyl Sanderson arrived Monday on the Champagne. She is stopping at the St. James.

Miss Fay Will Converse.—Miss Amy Fay will give a piano conversation at Evansville, Ind., on January 24, by invitation of the Musical Club there.

Marie Engel.—Gustav Amberg says that his wife, Marie Engel, has signed a contract as prima donna in Augustus Harris' Italian opera company at Covent Garden, beginning May next.

WOLFSOHN'S MUSICAL BUREAU ITEMS.



BY special arrangement made with THE MUSICAL COURIER, HENRY WOLFSOHN will have each week a page devoted to matters of interest in the musical world appertaining principally to the artists under his direct management, not however excluding others. This is an important move, as by an agreement with a syndicate of the leading papers in the United States, these notices will be copied simultaneously in the Sunday editions of the large newspapers in all parts of the country, as their musical editors will have THE MUSICAL COURIER sent to them every week, calling special attention to the musical items. They will also be mailed weekly to all the Conductors, Musical Societies and Music Festival Committees. This will afford an opportunity to our best artists to gain publicity in the right direction, these notices being circulated through a news medium having a weekly circulation of over 15,000 copies.

Melba is, beyond doubt, the most important prima donna of the Abbey & Grau forces. With each new part she comes before the public she gathers new laurels. Her rendition of the "Queen" in the "Huguenots" was a masterpiece of artistic singing and elicited the wildest enthusiasm of the large audiences. She may justly be considered as taking the foremost rank among the world's great lyric artists.

Josef Hollman will make his first appearance in New York on January 25, when he plays with the Junior Philharmonic Society at the Lenox Lyceum. He will then be heard in a number of private musicales as well as orchestral concerts. Mr. Hollman will remain in this country until April, and will be heard in most of the important cities in this country.

Effie Stewart sang "Santuzza" with the Duff Opera Company last week in Newark, and made an instantaneous hit. She is decidedly an operatic artist, although she was equally as successful in her rendition of "The Messiah" with the Brooklyn Choral Society. No doubt the lady will soon appear in opera again.

G. W. Ferguson has been engaged for a musicale to be given to-morrow by the ladies of the Harlem Philharmonic Society at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. He lately sang in Baltimore in the Sutor Sisters concerts, and will very likely appear with them in a series of concerts to be given by them in a number of Eastern cities.

The **Junior Philharmonic Society** will give their first concert this season January 25 in the Lenox Lyceum. The society is under the patronage of a number of influential ladies, and it is their aim to perform in these concerts a number of the simpler symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schubert, as well as other compositions, which came within the understanding of young people. There will be three concerts given this season, for which the best available soloists will be engaged. At the first Josef Hollman will play. The Junior Philharmonic is under the musical conductorship of Henry T. Fleck.

Julie L. Wyman sang last week in several private musicales in Boston and Cambridge, and was also the soloist of the Buffalo Symphony Society, where she was received with great enthusiasm both at the public rehearsal as well as the evening concert. She will sing in several concerts in New York, and also with Mr. Van der Stucken in his series of symphony concerts in the latter part of this month.

Campanari's popularity among the habitués of the opera is steadily growing and he will soon be heard in some of the more important baritone parts. He was also one of the soloists of the Symphony concerts, singing the leading part of Walter Damrosch's opera, "The Scarlet Letter." He made a marked impression both with his artistic method as well as his fine resonant voice.

Laura Friedmann, one of the leading prima donnas of the Dresden Opera House, arrived in the city lately and will very likely be heard here in the near future. She is at present negotiating to make an extended tour with one of our great orchestral organizations. Miss Friedmann is a fine artist and has quite a prepossessing personality.

Conrad Behrens has been specially engaged to assist in the State concert to be given in the middle of this month in Ottawa. From there he goes to Milwaukee and Rockport, where he will give a number of song recitals. After that he will devote all his time to Mr. Damrosch's season of German opera, being the principal subscription agent of that enterprise.

Adele Aus der Ohe has been engaged by the Philharmonic Society for their fourth concert, February 8 and 9, when she will play the Brahms concerto. After that she will give a number of piano recitals in this city, Boston and Philadelphia, prior to an extended tour through the Western cities.

Ericsson Bushnell just returned from a short trip, having been specially engaged to sing "The Messiah." About the Brooklyn performance the "Eagle" remarked:

Mr. Bushnell was admirable throughout. He has the breadth and dignity of style required for oratorio singing, with a distinction of diction which is as necessary as the purely musical qualities. Mr. Bushnell sang "Why do the heathen rage" with splendid swing, and the Handel rousades were not allowed to interfere with the spirit of wrath which the music can be made to express if the singer has breath enough after the raging. Mr. Bushnell had, and the beautiful quality of his voice is an old story.

Lillian Blauvelt will have even more engagements this month than in December. She sang last week in two recitals, together with Adele Aus der Ohe, in Fall River and New Bedford, and this week she will go to Cincinnati to participate in the Van der Stucken symphony concerts. On her return she will sing "The Messiah" in Marietta, Ohio, and afterward in a private musicale in Chicago, and the Buffalo Vocal Society.

Wm. H. Rieger failed to make connections in going to Washington and could not sing in "The Messiah" in that city. He has been engaged by the Chicago Apollo Society to sing in "Arminius," by Bruch, early in February. On his way going he will give a number of song recitals in several Western cities.

Marcella Lindh, who has been engaged as one of the leading prima donnas of Walter Damrosch's German Opera Company, will also be one of the soloists at the Junior Philharmonic on the 25th of this month, when she will appear in conjunction with Mr. Josef Hollman.

Currie Duke played in the past few weeks in the Brooklyn Apollo, the Bankers' Glee Club, the Springfield Orpheus, and a number of private concerts. She will play this week in Boston and Brookline, and on the 20th of this month make a short tour with the Sousa Band. She has also been engaged by the Brooklyn Art Society.

Charlotte Maconda was eminently successful in a number of concerts she appeared in last month in Albany and Springfield. She has vastly improved and is at present one of our most desirable concert singers. The "Evening News" said:

Last night's Orpheus concert brought to the immense audience an unknown quantity—Miss Charlotte Maconda, whose beautiful fresh voice and magnificent execution have seldom been surpassed. It was a revelation, and no doubt as much of a surprise to the music committee as it was to the members of the society.

Augusta Cottlow's concert in Chicago proved a great success, both with the press and public. Walton Perkins in the Chicago "Times" writes as follows:

Miss Cottlow is a talented young pianist. She has played in public many times in Chicago and has shown with each appearance commendable advancement in her studies. She has true musical instincts and has evidently been guided by a master hand. Her opening number was Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, which she played with Luigi Kunitz. In this great work she showed unusual steadiness and accuracy. * * * Mr. Kunitz also deserves praise for an artistic interpretation of a master work.

Miss Cottlow played a group of solos—Bach's chromatic fantasia and fugue, the andante spinato and polonaise of Chopin, and Moszkowski's tarantelle in G flat. She has made marked advancement since her last public appearance, and with careful study and application will surely become a great pianist, one whom America can certainly claim with honor. See also displayed more than usual proficiency for one of her years in the Schumann quintet, which closed the program. Miss Cottlow is but a young girl, just past her sixteenth birthday, and if she fulfills the promise so far given will make her mark among the great players of her day.

Cesar Thomson has made an immense hit in Chicago with the Thomas Orchestra, and has been re-engaged for four more public concerts and a number of private musicales. He plays this week in the Philharmonic Society, and on the 17th of January he will be the soloist of the American Symphony Orchestra, Sam Franko conductor.

Sofie Scalchi is quite busy this season with private concert work. She has had several offers to return to England in spring, but she has as yet not decided upon her future plans. There is a possibility of her remaining in America until late in June, as she may make a short concert tour to the Pacific Coast.

Eleanor Meridith sang "The Messiah" last month in St. Louis with great success. She will sing on the 17th of this month in Buffalo and very likely early next month in New York, if negotiations at present pending will be completed.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

LAST year was one of great prosperity with West, Nickel & Gross, and their actions were made in remarkable quantities. Well, why not? They are fine actions.

THE finish on a Jewett piano case is like the finish on a \$300 piano. No one seems to understand how the Jewett Piano Company, of Leominster, Mass., accomplishes this.

MR. JOHN E. HALL, the Chicago representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER, has been spending some days in New York city. He will leave here some time this week, stopping at several places en route to Chicago.

IT is the "Needham Piano and Organ Company" now, instead of the "Needham Piano-Organ Company" as formerly. But it is the same concern, making the same kind of pianos, and selling them too—that's the best part of it.

SOME specimens of Carpenter organs that came under our notice recently show that this old Brattleboro concern believes not only in maintaining its place among good organ producers, but is continually striving to perfect its product and give to the trade even better organs.

MR. FREEBORN G. SMITH has been this week tramping over his preserves in Leominster, Mass. His case factory there demanded attention, and he attended to it. Is there anything that the "Fee Gee" does not attend to when it means business? That's how he rose to his present position.

THE Merrill Piano Company believe in having the designs of their panels and cases to compare with the quality of their goods. As we have mentioned before, the Merrill is one of the finest productions of the piano industry, and is a great breadwinner to the dealer who is appreciative of a high grade piano.

THE Steinway piano may, after all, not pass into the hands of Hayden Brothers, Omaha, and Mr. Adolf Meyer, formerly of the Max Meyer & Brother Company, may, after all, not go with Hayden Brothers as manager of the piano department, and this may be the reason why the Steinway piano may, after all, not pass into the hands of Hayden Brothers. This is about as definite an item of information as we have been able to get from the news bureau of Steinway & Sons.

THERE was a rumor prevalent in the Boston trade last week to the effect that the Manufacturers Piano Company, of Chicago, as represented by Mr. Wright, had looked at 134 Boylston street with a view toward opening there. There is nothing whatever in the rumor. The Manufacturers Piano Company, of Chicago, has all it can do in the West with the Weber piano and the Wheelock, too, and as to the Weber in Boston, it will take care of itself, and as soon as the Weber Piano Company gets ready the Weber will be seen and heard as it should be in Boston.

IT looks as if the days of the black and the ebonized piano case were over. Everybody seems to call for either mahogany, walnut or some other fancy wood. These tastes change every few years, and they give considerable trouble to manufacturers.

IT seems as if about 70 per cent. the of pianos and organs made in 1892 were made in 1894. We doubt if we can reach the 1892 normal output this year, but we may reach it in 1896. Some of the smaller houses will make fewer than ever, and some of the larger ones more than ever. This inverse ratio will play havoc with some people, but it is inevitable.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of THE MUSICAL COURIER Company took place at the office of the company, No. 19 Union square, New York, last Wednesday. The public at large has no particular interest in the inner operations and mechanism of a newspaper, yet I deem it propitious to make a slight digression from the usual practice to acquaint those who take an interest in the welfare of this institution with some of the results of that meeting.

The original stockholders who incorporated the company—Messrs. Hall, Huneker, Driggs, Brown, and the undersigned—were present, the remaining stockholder, Mr. Floersheim, residing in Berlin, Germany. These were also the original directors, and were naturally re-elected, when in turn they elected the same officers, viz., M. A. Blumenberg, President; Otto Floersheim, First Vice-President; H. O. Brown, second Vice-President, and S. T. Driggs, Secretary and Treasurer.

All rumors regarding changes were absolutely false and ridiculous, for the original arrangement was understood to continue ad infinitum or longer.

The chief object in preparing this information is in the opportunity it affords the undersigned to explain certain changes that have recently been made in the structure of the paper.

There are at present so many writers engaged in editorial, critical and other important functions on this paper that it would be manifestly ill advised to publish all the names in the standing head. The enlargement of the scope and importance of the paper also necessitated the selection of a responsible head in place of a staff, particularly when that staff was too extensive to publish it weekly in the columns of the paper. All this was, however, merely technical and had no reference to the relations of the various writers to the paper itself.

For instance, as heretofore stated, Mr. Otto Floersheim, who left for Europe nearly three years ago for the purpose of opening a branch office at Berlin, Germany, having made a remarkable success of it, will probably arrange during the present year for a special MUSICAL COURIER enterprise in Germany in 1896. The plans for this are now being discussed between Mr. Floersheim and the home office, and will, of course, be published in due time. It will be the greatest event that has transpired in music journalism in Germany. Mr. Floersheim has intrenched himself thoroughly in the German capital, and no music critic in that city enjoys a superior reputation for profundity, discrimination, judgment based upon

an acute discernment and justice in the treatment of individuals and affairs. His weekly Berlin Branch Budget is read by everybody.

Mr. Harry O. Brown, who is now associated with this institution about seven years, has, after working through all departments on the general plan pursued by all thorough journalists, become the general manager of the paper. All the departments—subscription, mailing, publication, correspondence, advertising, &c., are under his direct supervision, the number of people in his various departments being fully twenty-five. Mr. Brown has become an elemental force in the paper, upon whom devolves the constant and immediate decision of the most delicate questions. During any prolonged absence of the editor-in-chief Mr. Brown always has absolute charge of the paper.

Mr. James G. Huneker has been and now is in charge of the editorial and critical departments. Mr. Huneker joined THE MUSICAL COURIER in 1887 and has become a national power in the musical life of the country. There is no man in the United States today more accurate, more thoroughly versed and more gifted in the expression of musical views, and hence more fitted for duties on a music journal than Mr. Huneker.

The secretary and treasurer of this corporation, the gentleman who handles the funds, receives and pays, who makes the contracts for paper and supplies, who supervises the accounts and who keeps the books, with the aid of several assistants, and who is known to thousands of musicians and members of the trade in this country who visit these offices, Mr. S. T. Driggs, is the original officer elected for this work. As a tribute to his faithfulness I may add that during 1894 he has averaged about 15 hours' work a day, including Sundays and holidays. He handled over a quarter of a million of dollars last year and his accounts balance to a cent.

Mr. John E. Hall, who opened our Chicago office nine years ago and who continues at that point, is deemed of special importance on account of his close association with the important Western trade of which he has become a factor. He is recognized as a man of sterling integrity and honesty of purpose.

The above, together with the undersigned, constitute the original MUSICAL COURIER force, which has grown until it now reaches a number equal to that of any of the large weekly papers of the Continent. It has been a matter of many years of steady plodding, but then, newspapers cannot be built in a day, as little as Rome could. It takes years of hard work, of honest work, for honesty is necessary to secure credit, and credit is just as essential to a great newspaper as capital, and just as essential as it is to a commercial institution.

It is of no special importance to anyone to learn the details of the annual meeting. Routine matters were attended to in addition to the election of officers and the reading of reports. The past year was the most important in the history of the paper, but it was only a stepping stone to still greater journalistic feats. The regular edition has been advanced from 44 to 52 pages, and in addition there will be monthly specials ranging from 84 to 120 and more pages. But what use is there in speaking of these matters in advance? As the various editions appear they will speak for themselves.

MARC A. BLUMENBERG.

ONE PRICE.

THERE is a great weekly paper published in San Francisco called the "Argonaut," which in many of its features has been a model after which we have followed. One of these features has been a periodical explanation of its relations to its subscribers and advertisers, and the general conditions in its business department prevailing during the eras of its growth. We have followed out this plan frequently, and are doing so now in the same candid and outspoken manner that characterizes the utterances of that paper.

In looking over our advertising pages and analyzing the individual cards, we reached the conclusion last year that advertising to the amount of two or three pages in this paper was not only unremunerative, but unfair to many of the firms doing business with us, and we therefore decided that unless those firms who were underpaying us could be induced to pay our regular prices they would necessarily be asked to suspend their cards. We are suffering from the defects of a bad system—or rather the absence of a system—in our early days, by means of which advertisers were enabled to get space at various rates and without the adherence to a fixed price. For years past we have endeavored to rectify this error, which cannot be attributed to this paper but to the inherited character of the music trade press generally. Now and then we did apply successful remedies, but no radical cure could be effected, simply because the paper was not strong enough to insist upon a fixed schedule and take the consequences.

With the beginning of the year 1895 we decided to put the rules into effect, and finding that a loss of \$10,000 to \$12,000 advertising would be of no consequence as compared with the ultimate benefit that would naturally accrue to the paper, we concluded to drop all those advertisements that were carried below the regular rates unless, of course, the houses that for from six to fifteen years have been advertised at these low rates could be induced to pay the new tariff. Some cannot afford to do so; others are unwilling to do so, and we shall therefore lose a number of pages.

We who are advocating a one price system in the piano trade cannot continue the system of the small music press by accepting any price to get a card. We cannot do it in justice to those who are paying a full price, and it cannot be done in justice to the circulation and influence of the paper itself. It constitutes a self-contradiction. To claim a large circulation and to publish cards at the same price paid to the small papers is a farce that punishes itself.

Moreover, the loss of \$10,000 to \$12,000 is of no particular consequence in a paper doing more than that amount of business in a fortnight, and when the loss is arbitrary and emanates from us it certainly signifies a business movement from which we expect to derive a benefit. It is naturally most amazing to the small papers whose annual transactions do not amount to much more than that sum, but it is also an evidence that there is a music paper that has reached that dignity which compels the enforcement of a systematic and methodical business plan.

In being candid we may also as well state that we are forced to drop a number of advertisers who, doing a small trade, find it difficult to pay their bills to us. We give them six months' and twelve months' credit and yet they cannot pay. They must pay their bills to the small papers in advance, or nearly so, or those papers would cease; and we give them credit, and they cannot pay us. They are simply doing business on our capital, and it is unjust and impolitic on our part to advertise them on an equality with the houses that pay us and to whom we grant credit with pleasure, because we know it to be absolutely safe.

Entirely independent of our Bills Receivable we carried over into 1895 over \$50,000 of open accounts due to us, and again are we candid in stating that of this sum not \$1,000 was collected during the first week of the year ending last Saturday night. A number of firms whose advertisements we have dropped now owe us for a year or more. This, as we say, is rank injustice to our large advertisers and is an evidence that a number of the small houses are doomed, for if they cannot pay us how can they pay their other debts? They cannot. Why then advertise them?

It costs a certain number of thousand dollars to print a page of advertisements a year. This sum must be made out of the price of the page, and

those advertisers who pay less than the quoted price and thereby reduce that figure will necessarily be eliminated. It is a mathematical problem, and we are in a position to solve it. We are going to demonstrate that a music trade paper has one price.

We have a large number of firms doing business with us under a special contract, many of them not appearing on our advertising pages at all. These are not affected by the enforcement of the rule we have adopted. We have now a large and constantly growing circulation, and we must insist that those who are to be benefited by it must pay what their neighbor pays.

In this new departure another law will demonstrate itself, and it is this: The music trade is gradually becoming more mercantile and many firms are gravitating toward each other in the vast movement of concentration. Under the law of the survival of the fittest those will endure, will last and will be perpetuated who are best fitted for it, and those also under the same law will gravitate toward the national medium of the music trade, THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Under this law we perceive now that it is futile and useless for some firms to continue to advertise; they have no future, and it is a blow to the prestige of a paper like this, identified with the progressive movements of the day, to advocate the claims of these victims of an unerring tendency. We prefer to let them drift, and we cannot be accused of selfishness, for we sacrifice a temporary pecuniary gain. But then we always have been in the habit of looking at the prospective.

That is the situation now. We must get our one price all the way through from front to back cover. If after 15 years THE MUSICAL COURIER could not endure the loss of \$10,000 to \$12,000 or even more advertising, would there be any future in music journalism for anyone? It would signify that this line of journalism is fitted only for poor men or for unfortunate individuals who are always destined to live in a state of semi-poverty.

Our prices are \$100 an inch a year, single column. In reading column width \$150 a year. Twelve full pages cost \$1,800. One page costs \$200 an issue. Two inches a year, \$200; five inches, \$500. Each inch has the value of any other inch. Certain positions which are favored cost additional sums, and are subject to special arrangement.

And now let us step forward in the glorious path of a legitimate one price system. This will help us in enforcing the same system in the whole music trade.

MR. SEYMOUR H. ROSENBERG, manager of the New York branch of the B. Shoninger Company, of New Haven, left for Europe on Saturday on the Normannia with his family, to be absent about six weeks. Mr. Rosenberg is one of the hardest workers in the trade and deserves the vacation.

At a recent meeting of the piano manufacturers of Boston, of which Mr. George Chickering was appointed chairman, there was a committee of six selected to have a meeting on or before March 1, at a place to be named by Mr. Chickering, for the purpose of organizing and arranging for a dinner to be given at an early date. The committee consists of George Chickering, Edward P. Mason, Handel Pond, John N. Merrill, Colonel Moore and Willard Vose.

MR. THEODORE PFAFFLIN, of the Cincinnati forces of Crawford, Ebersole & Smith, has been extremely ill for over a week, but last Monday was down at his desk. Mr. Pfafflin's illness was occasioned by overwork during Christmas week. His is an organism that is delicately balanced, and strong exertions are liable to produce temporary collapse. We are extremely glad to hear that Mr. Pfafflin's illness was but of short duration.

SOME important changes are being made in the Phelps Harmony Attachment by the inventor—changes which are not yet ready for announcement—that will materially advance the attachment among piano manufacturers who believe in advancement. There has never been a doubt of the value of the Phelps Harmony Attachment from an artistic standpoint, nor has there been a defect discovered in its workings, although it has been on the market for several years. Mr. Phelps is a practical business man and sees things in their true commercial light.

NOTICE.

New subscribers to insure prompt delivery of THE MUSICAL COURIER should remit the amount of their subscription with the order.

100,000

Readers a Week.

THIS paper is now read by 100,000 people every week. It does not appeal to an indiscriminate mass, but to a distinct and special class of readers, comprising on the average an intellectually higher grade of citizens and families than is reached by other publications.

There is not one man or woman in the musical higher life of America who is not a regular reader of this journal; there is not one man or woman interested in matters pertaining to the creation and commercial handling of musical instruments who does not read this paper with similar regularity.

It is admitted to be the most remarkable weekly publication in America and Europe to-day, and in addition to its home office here it has its own offices in Boston, Chicago, London, Berlin, Paris and Leipsic.

The circulation of the paper having increased to an extent far beyond the expectations of its advertisers, the expense of the publication having increased enormously, and the general influence of the paper having made it more valuable, it becomes essential to advance the rates of advertising from January 1. Due notice will be issued to individual advertisers, most of whom will naturally remain in these columns at higher rates, under the universal law of advertising, which makes high priced advertising in a largely circulating paper cheaper than cheap advertising in new, untried or small sheets conducted on speculative prospects and without capital to meet the emergencies and necessities of modern journalism.

Special.

SYRACUSE, January 7, 1895.

The Musical Courier:

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY played here to-night before a fashionable and critical audience of a thousand people and received an ovation. The Gildemeester & Kroeger grand he played made an equally favorable impression. S. A.

Freight on Pianos Raised.

AFTER Christmas, 1894, it will be no saving to ship pianos in carload lots from New York or Chicago to this city. The special rate of \$1.50 per 100 pounds will be abolished on the 25th instant. Thereafter the rate will be \$2.40, whether for a single instrument or for ten of them. The reason assigned is that shippers have been holding back and then freighting mixed cargoes, instead of all from one factory, as was the understanding when the reduction was made.—"Examiner," San Francisco, Cal.

P. M. A. N. Y. and V.

THE officers of the Piano Manufacturers' Association of New York and Vicinity for 1895 were elected yesterday. They are:

Mr. Robt. Proddow, of the Estey Piano Company, president.

Mr. A. H. Fischer, of J. & C. Fischer, vice-president.

Mr. W. F. Decker, of Decker Brothers, second vice-president.

Mr. Sam'l Hazelton, of Hazelton Brothers, treasurer.

Mr. Louis P. Bach, of Kranich & Bach, secretary.

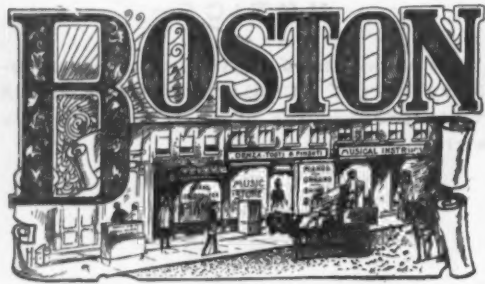
—Hermon Day, formerly salesman with Carlton Strathy, of Buffalo, has resigned his position.

—B. F. Morgan's music store at West Winfield, N. Y., was destroyed by fire January 1. Insurance and amount of loss not obtainable.

—E. A. Francis, formerly in the employ of Lyon, Potter & Co., Chicago, has been engaged as salesman by C. Kurtzmann & Co., Buffalo.

—Thomas Cassidy, an old piano polisher, who was out of work, shot himself through the head yesterday in Mrs. Barbara Meyer's saloon, at 1041 Second avenue, New York, after drinking a glass of whiskey. He will die.

—Curtis & French, of Red Bank, N. J., have purchased the Methodist Church business property on Broad street. The property has a frontage of 42 feet 6 inches on Broad street, and runs back about 150 feet to an alleyway. This alleyway gives a rear entrance to the property. The price paid was \$20,000, and possession is to be given April 1.



BOSTON OFFICE MUSICAL COURIER,
17 BEACON STREET, JANUARY 3, 1895.

As usual at this time of the year, business has been dull, but not as dull as a year ago. Most of the firms take this week for the finishing up of the annual stock taking and getting off trial balances. Everyone seems in good spirits, and everywhere are heard prognostications of good business for the coming year, but all say that January and February are the dullest months of the year. Being prepared for it, they are not disappointed or surprised when it comes.

Briggs Piano Company.

Mr. E. W. Furbush expects to leave town soon on a trip and they are working hard to finish up all the odds and ends of last year's business—rushing things at the factory to catch up with their orders and trying at the same time to accumulate a little stock ahead, but so far the demand seems greatly in excess of the supply.

Mr. F. D. Irish is confined to the house with a slight attack of bronchitis.

Merrill Piano Company.

The trade of the Merrill Piano Company in the past year has been such that they feel justified in doubling their capacity for this year. There are few warerooms in Boston where there are more customers than here. A great many of the best musicians in New England are patrons of the Merrill piano, a fact which is gratifying to the company.

Mason & Hamlin Company.

One of the leading musicians of this city writes to Mason & Hamlin Company: "Your firm could have no better contrast in their favor than was shown in Music Hall Thursday evening (Stavenshagen played on a Knabe) and Saturday (Henry Holden Huss played on a Mason & Hamlin). I heard several favorable comments on the instrument at the Symphony."

The large calendar just sent out by this house is a beautiful specimen of steel engraving, a picture of a farm scene at the top, with the name of the firm on one side and a scroll at the bottom, on which is placed the calendar itself. It is admirable both in design and execution.

Ivers & Pond Piano Company.

The Ivers & Pond Piano Company are putting a new engine in their factory of 200 horse power, which will increase their power fourfold. They have made all their plans to run full time and full force throughout the year. Their December business was the largest for any month during the past two years.

Mr. Brandon has just left on his Western trip.

Mr. Farley starts on a trip next Monday.

New England Piano Company.

The new year opened under very favorable auspices with the New England Piano Company and general business prospects look better than last year. Everyone is full of hope. Many people are inquiring for catalogues and all the agents are stirring and active. These things would indicate a prosperous and profitable year. If trade holds out as it has begun it will be much larger than last year. Their two new styles, M and T, are having a large run on the market. In every case where agents have had them they have re-ordered them, and seem to think they are destined to be "winners."

Mr. Thomas F. Scanlan and Mr. George T. McLaughlin spent Friday in New York.

Emerson Piano Company.

Mr. P. J. Powers has been at home all the week with a bad cold and it will be several days before he will be able to be down town.

Hallet & Davis Company.

Mr. E. N. Kimball left this afternoon for Chicago, expecting to be absent about a week.

The Estey Company.

Business with the Estey Company has been much better since Christmas than it was just before that holiday, and the month of December closed in great shape away ahead of November.

Mr. S. A. Gould has been in Brattleboro for a few days and next week goes to New York on a business trip.

Vose & Sons Piano Company.

Everyone happy and good prospects for 1895.

Mr. Drew has just returned from an Eastern trip.

Oliver Ditson Company.

G. A. Putnam, who has been for nine years with J.

Lothrop, Dover, N. H., has gone with the Oliver Ditson Company.

Charles R. Strong, recently with Chandler W. Smith, has also gone to the Oliver Ditson Company, and both of these gentlemen will travel in New England for this house.

To Form a General Union.

Fully 500 piano makers, employed in Boston and vicinity, met in Wells Memorial Building last night to discuss the contract system.

The several speakers claimed that the contract system reduced their wages and forced them to perform more labor daily than should be required.

It was claimed that the management of the Harvard Piano Company had introduced the system, with disastrous results to wage workers.

Resolutions were adopted denouncing the contract system.

It was decided to form a general union of piano workers, and to invite every man employed in a piano factory in Boston and vicinity to join the organization.

The 500 men who attended the meeting signed their names to the roll, and voted to hold a mass meeting of the trade at an early date.—Boston "Herald," January 5, 1895.

[The contract system was in vogue in Boston long before the Harvard Piano Company was in existence.—EDITOR THE MUSICAL COURIER.]

In Town.

F. G. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Geo. Campbell, Knight, Campbell & Co., Denver, Col.; R. W. Pain, New York; Roger S. Brown, Salem, Mass.; A. B. Stevens, Lowell, Mass.; Col. H. W. Hall, Burlington, Vt.; Henry D. Alden, Bridgewater, Mass.; Mrs. A. M. Miller, Woonsocket, R. I.; Louis Levassor, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Town.

AMONG the members of the trade who visited New York the past week, and among those who called at the offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER, were:

C. H. MacDonald, Chicago, Ill.
A. T. Jones, Chicago, Ill.
John Hall, Chicago, Ill.
Geo. R. Fleming, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. C. Lawrence, Sag Harbor, L. I.
G. A. Smith, Flushing, L. I.
M. Steinert, New Haven, Conn.
A. O. S. Haven, Point Pleasant, N. J.
G. Campbell, Denver, Col.
A. B. Woodford, Philadelphia, Pa.
B. Owen, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. M. Gallup, Hartford, Conn.
C. L. Gorham, Worcester, Mass.
Max Meyer, Omaha, Neb.
F. Conover, Chicago, Ill.
T. F. Scanlan, Boston, Mass.
G. T. McLaughlin, Boston, Mass.

Miscellaneous.

—Anthony M. Steib is suing his wife for absolute divorce.
—Mr. W. E. Hall has resigned from the employ of Hardman, Peck & Co.
—Mr. C. W. Ferry, of Freeport, Ill., was in Chicago a few days last week.

—Mr. "Nat" M. Crosby will be in Northern New York the rest of this week.

—Mr. Geo. R. Fleming, of Philadelphia, was in New York last week and in Boston this.

—Mr. Oliver L. Marsh has purchased a half interest in the business of J. P. Julius, at York, Pa.

—Walter Greth, dealer, at Reading, Pa., has removed into new warerooms at 656 Penn street.

—Mr. Freeborn G. Smith, Jr., has been confined to his house the last few days on account of illness.

—Mr. Cosgray, formerly with the New England Piano Company, New York, is no longer with that house.

—The Boston warerooms of the A. M. McPhail Piano Company have been removed from Tremont street to 530 Harrison avenue.

—Mr. J. A. Norris, representing the Mason & Hamlin Company, has been in Chicago this week, and starts on a trip to the Pacific Coast.

—The C. H. Martin Piano Company, of Sioux City, Ia., which now has quarters in the Gilman Block, soon to be remodeled, will remove to 312 Pierce street.

—Mrs. Lena Smith, of Decatur, Ill., has begun divorce proceedings against her husband, E. C. Smith, who is general agent for the Kimball Piano Company at that point.

—The owners of the Grand Opera House in Jacksonville, Ill., have completed a lease of their building to Tindale, Brown & Co., who take possession January 27, 1895.

—Mr. Geo. C. Cox, of Cox & Crawford, Pittsburg, is in Chicago taking a little look around, and also intends taking a much needed rest after his hard work in Pittsburg.

—Mr. George Metcalf is now the manager of the 537 Fulton street, Brooklyn, store of Freeborn G. Smith. He was formerly with the New England Piano Company, of New York.

—The Hockett Brothers-Puntenney Company have sold their Arcade Music Store to Miller, Athey & Co., of Enon, Ohio. The latter firm took possession January 1, 1895.

—Hoffmier's Music Store, at Waupaca, Wis., which was closed by the sheriff a short time ago, is invoiced at \$7,000. Dr. Joseph McNaughton purchased the stock and will continue the business.

—Chas. W. Leasure, dealer in musical instruments and merchandise, at Faribault, Minn., has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, with Eden N. Leavens, assignee.

—It is reported that a new piano factory is to be started in Easton, Pa., and that the Lawrence organ factory is one of the sites proposed. The Lawrence people are building a new factory.

—Clark & Morris, dealers in books, toys and musical instruments, at Denison, Tex., closed their doors December 26, having made an assignment, with Frank Kote, of Sherman, as assignee. Mr. Clark desires to make any statement as to assets and liabilities.

A Cunning Catalogue.

ARTICLE I.

THE manufacturers of the Cunningham piano, made in Philadelphia, have just issued a new catalogue which is a curiosity, and as such is entirely different from anything we have yet seen in that line. We propose to devote a series of articles to an analysis of the same. It is introduced with the following "Special Notice":

Inasmuch as we have pursued a somewhat different method in this catalogue, which we hereby present to the public, from what has generally been the old and accepted stale method (viz., claim everything and concede nothing), we may be permitted therefore to call special attention to the substance of the reading matter contained therein.

This is followed by a few sturdy references to the Cunningham piano—good, commonsense remarks—and then comes this opening shot:

In Perusing the Catalogues

Of different manufacturing establishments we would find in almost all of them (were we to take their statements as gospel truth) that all distinguished people of social standing and political prominence are using their particular make of instrument. They claim they are the accredited piano makers of the courts of the

CZAR OF RUSSIA,
THE EMPERORS OF
GERMANY,
AUSTRIA,
AND CHINA,
AND OF THE KINGS OF
ITALY,
SPAIN,
AND DENMARK,
QUEEN OF ENGLAND,
SULTAN OF TURKEY AND MOROCCO,
And the MIKADO OF JAPAN.

To His

Royal Highness

The Prince of Wales, who is an excellent judge and fine player (but not on the piano). Others again advance the ridiculous claim that their piano is, and has been in use, at the White House, by the various Presidents of the United States, classed by them as being the American royalty. We, as loyal American citizens, venerate our Chief Magistrates in matters of state policy, and bow to their superior judgment on governmental affairs, but not as American royal indorsers on the question of the merits of a piano, the presence of which in the White House they probably never were aware of.

There is, naturally, an advantage in securing social indorsement for an article, but the fact that a piano was put into the White House is not an evidence that the President of the United States is a good judge of music, any more than the fact that a brand of rye sent there is evidence that the President is a good judge of whisky (ky, not key; key is old style).

The Prince of Wales is a good player of baccarat (we believe that is the name of the innocent little game), but that is no reason why he should always select a first-class piano, nor does it prove that because he selected it it is not first-class.

People do not stop to think; if they did, there would not be so many music papers. There was a salesman once who was selling a stencil piano, the stencil name being that of the firm of dealers with whom he was engaged. He was trying to sell it to two ladies who stood by and listened to the entrancing tones brought forth through the magnetism of his deft digitals. Suddenly he arose, and, referring to their previous conversation, he said: "Talk about name—there is nothing in a name. Suppose I take this name off and put Steinway on the piano? Wouldn't it sound just the same—just the same?" The two women looked at each other and nodded, and he kept on nodding to show how much he indorsed his own opinion, and they took it. They just saved the difference between what they would have paid for a Steinway and what they paid for the stencil. People do not stop to think. Sometimes they do not even stop and sometimes even they do not even.

The Cunningham Company knows just what it is after. It is a fine talking point, and it got its name mixed up in this article with the Steinway. See next article.

—Mr. Chas. H. MacDonald, once president of the Pease Piano Company, who is located at Chicago, will arrive in New York to-day.

—The organ swindler is again abroad in the land. A farmer in the vicinity of Newcastle, Wyo., was swindled lately by one of these traveling agents and will have to pay \$125 for an organ he had no intention of buying. The agent wanted to leave the organ at the farmer's house for an advertisement and agreed to give his daughter instructions for two months to pay for taking care of the instrument and showing it to people who might want to see it and try it. Before leaving the agent had the farmer sign a "receipt" to show the company where the organ had been left. The receipt turned out to be a note, which the farmer will have to pay.

PIANO SALESMAN WANTED—Must be experienced and successful in retail field. A good opening for a "hustler." Address, with references, salary expected, &c., C. Strathy, 92 Pearl street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—A situation by a piano tuner who can also do repairing and polishing; five years' experience. References. Address W. C. Corson, 392 Main street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

OBITUARY.

THE second week of the new year opens with a list of deaths that is appalling in its number and in the prominence of the men who have passed away. With all the promise of a prosperous era open to us a gloom must be cast over the prospect by a record of the deaths recorded below. Most of them have been for many years identified with the music trade, and their loss will be keenly felt in the several fields in which they lived and prospered.

James G. Haynes.

James G. Haynes, brother of John C. Haynes, of the Oliver Ditson Company, of Boston, who died at Aiken, S. C., Saturday, aged 64 years, was a descendant of Deacon Samuel Haynes, a thrifty English farmer, who emigrated to America and settled in Greenland, N. H. (formerly a part of Portsmouth), in 1635. On his mother's side he was of Scotch-Irish descent from the Gilpatrick family, who settled in Biddeford, Me. He was born on Milk street, Boston, received his education in the Boston public schools, and went into the employ, at the age of 13, of Nathaniel Waterman, who 40 years ago was a well-known dealer in house furnishing goods on Cornhill. While with him he learned the trade of tinsmith.

At the age of 21 he engaged in business for himself as a dealer in tinware and stoves. His business steadily increased until at the time of his death he was one of the largest retail dealers in Boston. While serving his apprenticeship he joined the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association and became an active member, serving as one of its presidents. He attended its last annual festival on February 23, 1894. Mr. Haynes was also for many years a member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic's Association, and its president during the years of 1888, 1889 and 1890. He was superintendent of its two triennial fairs of 1887 and 1890. He was also connected with the "Masons and Sons of Temperance," and was of the band of young men who helped sustain Rev. Theodore Parker in his preaching.

At the time of his death, and for many years previous, he was connected with the Unitarian Society, now presided over by Rev. James De Normandie. In 1859 he married Charlotte A., daughter of Benjamin Folger, one of the famous sea captains of Nantucket in the days of its maritime prosperity. Mr. Haynes leaves three daughters and a son.

Walter H. Miller.

MILLER—In Jamaica Plain, January 4, Walter Herbert Miller, son of the late Henry F. Miller and Frances V. Child, 44 years, 11 months. Services Monday, at 1 o'clock P. M., at residence, No. 11 Roanoke avenue. Friends and relatives are invited. Friends are requested not to send flowers. (Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York papers please copy.)

Mr. Walter Herbert Miller, the second son of the late Henry F. Miller, the founder of the Miller & Sons piano business of this city, died on Friday after a long illness resulting in heart failure. He was born in Providence, R. I., January 6, 1850, and came with his family to this city at the age of five years and his entire life has been spent here. His education was acquired in the public schools of Boston and he graduated with high honors and with a Franklin Medal in the class of 1868-9 English High School, the last class taught by the illustrious Thomas Sherwin. He at once entered his father's business, which has ever since occupied his attention, and he has held an official position in the corporation the past ten years.

Although nominally finishing his education at the time of his graduation from school he never subsequently missed any opportunity to add to his cultured and well stored mind. His books always were his companions, when business, family and friendship ties did not claim his time. He was devoted to his home and family, and as an energetic business man he had few equals. The wareroom was closed on Friday afternoon as soon as Mr. Miller died, and on Saturday none of the Miller family was at business; only the clerks.—Boston "Herald."

A meeting was held at the office of O. J. Faxon & Co., Boston, on Monday, January 7, 1895, when the following resolutions were adopted and ordered to be printed in the daily papers of that city.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty to take from us our friend and associate, Mr. Walter H. Miller, the piano manufacturers and dealers of Boston assembled this day unanimously

Resolved, That in bowing submissively to this dispensation of Providence we grieve at the loss we have sustained and that has fallen upon his family and friends.

Resolved, That we appreciate the sad affliction that has fallen upon his family, and offer them the assurance of our deep and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions shall be sent to the afflicted family and to Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Company.

Among those present were George Chickering, C. C. Harvey, J. N. Merrill, Mr. Bassford (Mason & Hamlin), Mr. Woodman (W. Bourne & Son), Mr. Davis (Hallet & Davis), Mr. Norris (Everett), and Mr. Hume (M. Steinert & Sons).

Sebastian Sommer.

Sebastian Sommer died Saturday morning, January 5, at his residence, 144 East Thirty-eighth street. He was at the head of the Sebastian Sommer Piano Company, of which he was also the secretary. He was a son of the late Sebastian Sommer, the founder and for a number of years president of the Sommer Brewing Company. The son succeeded as proprietor of that industry on the death of his father and carried on the enterprise until 1892, when he ventured in the capacity of a manufacturer of pianos.

Sebastian Sommer was born in New York, on the southeast corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street (the site now occupied by Messrs. W. & J. Sloane), October 21, 1841. He received a complete academic education in America and a thorough business training under the tutelage of his father.

The younger Mr. Sommer's musical training was made complete by reason of a schooling in piano and organ playing for 14 years under Mr. Weisheit. About 1869, at the time that the Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity in West Twenty-first street was founded and opened, Mr. Sommer became the organist for that congregation. He was a member of that church, as are his three sisters who survive him.

Ever since his connection with the church (26 years) he has officiated in the capacity of organist. He was held in high esteem by musicians, and the members of the Holy Trinity choir speak in terms of laudation with reference to his competence as an organist and loyalty as a genial friend.

The funeral services over the late Mr. Sommer were held at the residence of the deceased, Tuesday morning, January 8, at 10:30, and his remains were buried in the family plot in Greenwood Cemetery.

Regarding the late Mr. Sommer's connection with the piano manufacturing industry, THE MUSICAL COURIER does not feel called upon for any extended comment.

Henry Y. Simpson.

Dr. Henry Y. Simpson, formerly of the Brown & Simpson Piano Company, of Worcester, Mass., died in that city January 1. Dr. Simpson was born in New Hampton, N. H., in 1843. He came to Worcester when but 13 years of age, and has been identified with public works in that city ever since he finished his medical course at the Harvard Medical School in 1865. During 1888 he entered the Brown & Simpson Company, remaining three years. Dr. Simpson was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Ward 6, Worcester, at the time of his demise.

James H. Robertson.

James H. Robertson, of Peekskill, N. Y., died December 28. While going home from the house of a friend he met with an accident, and help not being near he was frozen to death in the late little blizzard of the above date. Mr. Robertson was born in New York in 1836, and on his growth to manhood became a member of the old firm of Saxe & Robertson.

A "Come On" Caught.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1895.

Editors The Musical Courier:

GENTLEMEN—I write you under the influence of a spell. I feel like a man who, overtaken and drawn down by the undertow of the sea, finally finds himself lying on the sands of the seaside, without having the influence of restoratives poured down his throat. I was drawn into the vortex by the swish of a number of piano manufacturers' advertisements.

Pray permit me to explain. I am not a musician, but my wife is a professional pianist. We recently came from Ireland, and upon arriving in the States we engaged apartments and set about with the view to purchasing an instrument that might prove satisfactory. We consulted numerous newspaper advertisements and found that the prices at which pianos might be bought ranged all the way from \$149 to \$1,000. Naturally my wife was in an economical mood.

"A hundred and forty-nine dollars!" she exclaimed. "How much is that?"

"About £30," I answered.

"Then let us investigate," she replied. "For why pay £200 for a piano, when we can get one for £30?"

So we wended our way to a house where the advertisement informed us that a first-class piano might be procured for \$149.

The salesman informed us that the instrument was provided with a Roth & Englehardt action, Poehlman wire. Capstout regulator, patent repeating rail, ten copper strings in the bass, Dolge best quality or imported Billion felt, Dolge bushings, four veneers on the wrest plank, old Weber scale, &c. Mind you, I know no more about these technicalities than a hen knows about brooding young eagles. But my wife thought that the materials must be good because they were numerous.

Well, we ordered a \$149 piano sent to our apartments. They are comfortably furnished and warmed for winter requirements. There is no intimation of dampness. The temperature of our rooms is even.

But, mind you, we had been in possession of the piano

but a week, when one morning the right foot pedal refused to work. Three keys in the bass refused to budge. The ends of the case began to warp, then spread, and when we awoke the following morning the instrument resembled a box struck by a cyclone. My wife tested the instrument. Half of the wires were dumb.

I remarked to my wife that our \$149 investment had not turned out encouragingly. She admitted it, but asserted that she did not understand why the American manufacturers of pianos would purposely perpetrate a fraud. I reported the "accident" to the firm of whom we had made the purchase. The members of the house winked a knowing wink (aside) to one another and said that undoubtedly the "accident" was due to an insufficient seasoning of the lumber. But, they explained, they would send another piano in its place. We accepted the proposition. Another instrument arrived.

Sad to say, it underwent the same series of "accidents" that had befallen the other piano.

We sent the piano back, demanded that our investment be returned, and under the terms of an alleged "guarantee" recovered our money, after threatening a suit.

And yet my wife was not satisfied. She had an idea that all low-price pianos could not possibly be bad, and the first spare day that fell to me we set out in pastures new, wending our way to another "factory" where cheap pianos were turned out. My wife tested an instrument. The tone suited her. We ordered the instrument sent home.

During the bother of fetching the piano upstairs the ends of the instrument came off.

"Why!" exclaimed my wife, "they were only glued on! Why don't they fasten them properly?"

"They can't put on nothing but glue for them prices, mum," answered the cartman.

The piano went back, but the house refused to refund our money—a matter of \$175. I informed the proprietors that I would fight and recover. They told me that I might fight and be damned.

Plainly speaking, I was disgusted. We had been in the States a month without a piano. We had read THE MUSICAL COURIER and with (then) sorrow noted the onslaught that you were making upon a class of men who, it appeared to us, were endeavoring to supply people of moderate means with a moderate price piano. Even after all of our warning we refused to believe the insinuations and bent our steps in the direction of another "factory," where we purchased an instrument for \$170.

The same fate that had befallen the first piano struck this one. We tried to recover. The firm refused to make good.

But, undaunted, we tried again, as my wife in her warm Irish vernacular declared that the devil could not have control of all of these cheap pianos. We bought another instrument and had it sent home.

This time the cartmen in fetching it up the staircase broke a \$100 chandelier and punched holes in the wall to such an extent that it cost us \$50 to satisfy the landlord for damages. But the piano boldly asserted itself in our apartments. In a week we could not get a sound out of it. We appealed to the makers. They pleaded innocent, at the same time refusing to give back \$159 that we had paid out.

It now occurred to me that we were involved to the extent of \$803 for experimenting. My reason was beginning to be dislodged. I purchased a file of THE MUSICAL COURIER for weeks back. My wife and I took it (the file) to bed and put it between us. We slept over it.

"Really," exclaimed my wife in the morning, "I can't understand why they do these things in the States. I had heard that all men were honest here."

"But that does not apply to all alleged piano manufacturers, my dear," I answered. "Evidently THE MUSICAL COURIER is on the right side in its fight against stencil quacks and quack piano makers."

Upon that point we agreed.

I now appeal to you, gentlemen. Where shall we go to purchase a first-class piano? Can we buy a good piano at a ridiculously low figure?

IRISH.



Flour manufacturers frequently designate their various brands of flour as X, XX, XXX, or XXXX, the best grades being labeled with the most X's. If Phelps Harmony Attachment be compared with other pedal arrangements in this way 'twill require many very large X's indeed to denote its superlative qualities. Supplied by:

A. M. McPhail Piano Co., Boston.
Newby & Evans, New York.
Malcolm Love, Waterloo, N. Y.
James & Holmstrom, N. York.

J. H. PHELPS, SHARON, WIS.



THE music trade in Philadelphia is in a comatose condition at present, most of the firms endeavoring to recover from the extraordinary rush of holiday dullness. When piano firms put cards into their windows advertising terms as low as one dollar and one dollar and a quarter a week instalment payments on pianos, there is no particular reason to suppose that the community is going to rupture itself in any frantic attempts to fire cash at the piano dealers. On such terms it takes just four weeks for some dealers to collect money sufficient to pay the annual subscription of this paper, for there can be only a few sales of pianos on these terms, as decent people are ashamed to buy in that manner; and that is also another evidence that such offers are essentially defective, as they insult the better class of purchasers. But then piano dealers will put cards in their windows, and sometimes they will also put the most foolish kind of cards in the papers. As we suggested to one last week, "Put this in: 'As my wife has eloped with a conductor of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and will not return before the dome of the Public Building is completed, I hereby offer my stencil upright, which I am sure I shall not use until her return, for \$102, on instalments. If any purchaser will agree to take the moth eaten stool and cover when they take the piano out, I will take off the two dollars. Address P. P., Branch P. O., Manayunk.'" That kind of an "ad." would not surprise us.

Philadelphia competition is simply unreasonable. One concern there some time ago took a lot of old Grovesteen & Fuller pianos, changed the numbers and actually put its own name on the name board, selling them as instruments of its own make. The only excuse we can find for such a racket on the part of a piano manufacturer is the consciousness that the Grovesteen & Fuller pianos were better than those of his own company, and in this the party was right. We really congratulate the purchasers, but they should insist upon having the name of the Philadelphia Company removed and the original name of the piano restored, for in case of exchange or sale years hence the Grovesteen & Fuller name would make the pianos more salable than they possibly could be with the substituted name.

The "running down" of competitors is carried on with discriminating preference for the best personal friends. When you meet two chummy Philadelphia piano men eating oysters at the same bay you can depend upon it that they have expressed most unseasonable compliments regarding each other to the same instalment prospective. The system has reached perfection and augurs well for a future Piano Dealers' Mutual Burial Association.

In one window there was a sign put up last week announcing a cut sale of nine different pianos of eleven different makes, and four of the names were spelled wrong. All that did not deter the dealer from putting the card into the window, and the one thing that astonished us, was that the card was not framed like the Declaration of Independence. We hunted around for the pianos and on asking the salesman about them he said they had been sold before breakfast that day and the day before. Not having been acquainted with that characteristic of Philadelphia purchasers we got up too late, but on our next visit to the neighborhood we shall have the porter call us at 5 instead of 6 to observe these traits of Philadelphia trade.

One dealer was selling two pianos as leaders last week, and both were out of tune. The dealer liked it immensely, for he wanted to make just that kind of impression on the customer, so as to save tuning expenses, as he explained it to us. "If she gets accustomed to that individual quality of the piano she will not trouble us," he said. The party bought, too (not

two), and paid down a \$5 bill, and agreed to pay \$15 the next month, and regularly \$10 a month thereafter. "How much will you average on that sale a month?" "Well, let me see," said the Girard estate tenant; "she has paid \$5; next month she will come here and say that her sister died, and the drunken good-for-nothing of a husband hadn't money enough to bury her, and that at her own home her eldest boy had the mumps, and she would like to return the piano, as she was now in mourning, if I would give her back the \$5 with interest, as I had it over a month, for she needed it toward her sister's funeral expenses." "What will you do?" "I'll exchange the piano for a cheaper one and induce her to keep it on smaller payments."

At another place we asked the dealer if he ever tuned his pianos in the warerooms, and he said he would not be bothered with it. "Tuning interrupts sales; tuners are too inquisitive; purchasers don't know the difference and neither do I. Anything else you want to know? Let's go down to the corner and get a cigar. If you don't like the kind they sell, give it to one of my competitors. You New Yorkers are too choice anyhow. The idea of tuning a piano unless you are absolutely compelled to (not two)!"

In a large wareroom we found two women accompanied by five men, all well dressed people, and one of the women playing "Peek-a-boo" or "Euterpe-a-boo," and as an *oncoré*, "Daddy won't buy me a Bow-Wow" or some such stencil her father would not buy her. "What is the idea of five men coming in here with two women to buy one piano?" we asked. "Oh, they are not buying; she is only playing on one piano (not two). They just brought her in to see how she plays. They bet outside that she could not play, and she took them up and now she is proving it to them. She is a dandy, too; watch the other one dance on the radiator." The radiator is of the old style in the middle of the floor, and Philadelphia women walk over them with impunity. This one danced, and the hot air coming up made it look like a skirt dance.

The Self Playing Attachment is used in all the stores except a few where the owners desire a certain distinction. But the Attachment is selling in Philadelphia. Blasius & Sons are behind in orders over 100, we believe. At least that is what Farnham said, and that settles it. The beauty about the Attachment is that when it is wound up on a German march it will keep on repeating it, like one of Dave Martin's Philadelphia repeaters, until arrested, and as all the salesmen are apparently infatuated with the said German March, the roll rolls on forever. The function of the Attachment is not clearly defined, but the man who operates it ought to be fined. Sufficient of the evil is the day and the night thereof. If a good composition were played, why, there would be no harm, although even then it should not be continuously repeated 129 times before changing the hot roll. But the Attachment sells in Philadelphia.

C. J. Heppe & Son are doing an extensive trade with the famous *Æolian*. That firm has thoroughly adapted its business features generally to this special article, and all its possibilities and its marvelous functions are exhaustively explained to the persons

examining it. Thus an entirely different impression is gained than the mere routine explanation produces upon the mind of the listener. There is art in exploiting the *Æolian*, and there is money in it if it is handled as the Heppe house does it.

It is generally known that Philadelphia has earnestly attacked the problem of piano manufacturing. A number of old, decrepit and reactionary firms are still making a few pianos each on old lines, but there are three young houses manufacturing on a modern basis.

Blasius & Sons are making a high-grade piano of extraordinary calibre and quality. The firm owns a great plant at Woodbury, N. J., eight miles from Philadelphia, and conducts three large warerooms in the city—warerooms known by everyone of consequence in the trade. The pianos have from the very inception of the enterprise been destined to become important factors in the trade, as it was planned that they should be made absolutely regardless of expense. They are far ahead of some of the old pianos that exist merely on reputation to-day. The tone of these instruments is refined and delightfully musical and the whole mechanism is built on designs that hold in view the great divergence between instruments made by piano manufacturers and those made by piano makers. There is a great difference. Making such beautiful instruments as they do, we would suggest to Blasius & Sons to call themselves piano makers, not merely piano manufacturers. If they can grasp this distinction they should take immediate advantage of it. Their 3 foot 10 upright is the smallest upright made to-day in this country; it is a remarkable piano—7 1-3 octaves.

The Lester Piano Company is making a piano that appeals to the dealer as an attractive selling instrument which can be warranted with confidence. The company has a scheme which will mature in the spring and which, if carried out, will bring its productive capacity up to about 1,200 pianos a year. Embraced in it is an enlarged plant, the plans of which are now in the hands of an architect.

The P. J. Cunningham Company is making a very thorough piano, full of merits of the kind that attract musicians. This company also contemplates enlarging, and may soon be found further down on Chestnut street in the vicinity of Broad street. The Cunningham piano is a dangerous competitor, because it has the material in it and is made to speak for itself, so to say, and its musical language is emphatic.

The establishment of N. Stetson & Co.—a large duplex wareroom—is the headquarters of the Steinway, as we are all supposed to know; yet as there are always some new readers coming along taking the places of the old ones that drop off or get too poor to pay us, we might as well repeat that the Steinway is sold at the Stetson warerooms for their benefit. That is to say, the piano is not sold for their benefit—not a bit of it—but the statement is made.

There are, always 25 grands and 50 uprights of the

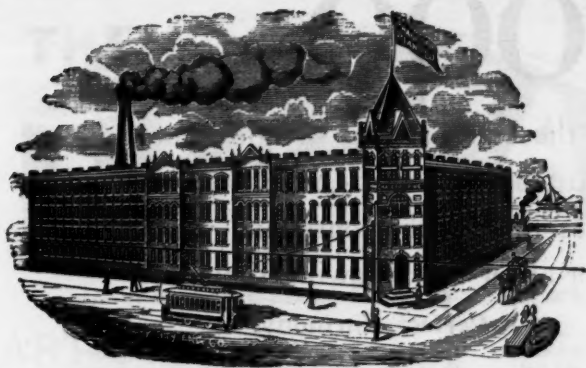
The Wonderful WEBER Tone

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Warerooms: 200 Tremont St., Boston—98 Fifth Ave., New York.

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Her Majesty the Empress of Germany, Queen of Prussia,
Her Majesty the Queen of England,
Her Majesty the Empress-Queen Frederick of Germany,
His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha,
Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of England (Marchioness of Lorne).

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TEENTH CENTURY.The Music Trade and Profession are invited to hear and inspect
this charming instrument as now manufactured at WORCESTER, MASS.

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Are the Most Improved &
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ALL our Instruments contain the full Iron Frame with the Patent Tuning Pin.
The greatest invention of the age; any radical changes in the climate, heat or
dampness cannot affect the standing in tune of our instruments and therefore we
challenge the world that ours will excel any other.

AUBURN, N. Y.



JACOB DOLL,

MANUFACTURER OF

HIGH GRADE Grand and Upright Pianos

OFFICE, FACTORY AND WAREROOMS:

Southern Boulevard, East 134th St. and Trinity Av
NEW YORK.

Steinway *fabrikat* on hand, and Hallet & Davis and Bradbury and Webster pianos fill the adjoining room—probably a stock of 150 additional pianos. One can get no information for publication out of these people. The information one can get is not for publication, and that given for publication is not information. Musical papers could not exist if all firms were as decided as this one is to hide its greatness, or whatever it may be called, under a bushel. What we need is news. There is no news in the recording of sales of Steinway pianos to cultured Philadelphians; in fact that is rather old. Mr. Woodford is loaded with ideas, but he is reserving them for a future ideal musical paper to be published by some truly good journalists who will not insist upon having paid subscribers. Neither will he sell his ideas, and we verily believe that they are too valuable to become a drug on the market at present rates. We should like a dozen or so, and promise to substitute them at once for our own impressive and overwhelming editorials, but Mr. Woodford is too grasping to give us hope for an immediate transaction. He says, among other emphatic things, that Steinway & Sons are not charging enough for their pianos. We collaborate with him in that sentiment, although in nearly all other questions of life we disagree with him.

He or she who desires to play on delightful pianos should try some of the A. B. Chase pianos at Dearborn's. We advised a number of Philadelphia dealers to visit Dearborn's and observe how a fine upright affects a musical temperament. There is no objection to trying these instruments, and Mr. Dearborn, who is one of the most courteous gentlemen north of the Mason and Dixon line, will be only too glad to show the A. B. Chase pianos to anyone.

He is very much pleased with the Ludwig pianos. "Those people," said he, speaking of Ludwig & Co., "have advanced more rapidly in piano making lately than anyone I know."

Mr. Wm. D. Dutton was in Philadelphia on Friday and was absent on Saturday. The mathematical definiteness of this statement may be better appreciated when we say that this usually happens with Mr. Dutton. When he is in Philadelphia on one day he is generally not in Philadelphia on the next following day, and that zodiacal regularity causes peculiar comments on the part of his interested neighbors. If they were not piano men they would not be interested to such an extent in Mr. Dutton's diurnal digressions. Mr. Dutton no doubt has his reasons for creating a hiatus in his Philadelphia permanency, and as we are not unable to explain that reason we shall not enter into it more than to say that, judging from Mr. Dutton's characteristics, he will not explain it, even if he could.

There is a great deal in addition to say regarding Philadelphia trade conditions, but we must adjourn the subjects to a later date. No news exists outside of what we have just reported. Little pointers in abundance could be mentioned; such, for instance, as alterations in the Bellak warerooms (where we saw some handsome Emerson pianos) and a change in the wareroom of Geo. R. Fleming & Co., but all this is of no moment.

There is a lot of good makes of pianos not sold at all in Philadelphia; we believe they could be sold if manufacturers would care to go ahead and develop the work.

—Mr. E. M. Heath is moving into the Garcelon Building on Lisbon street at Lewiston, Me.

—Fred H. Brewer, of Buffalo, N. Y., salesman, 38 years old, is under arrest in the Third Precinct on a charge of grand larceny preferred by George F. Hedge. It is alleged that some time ago Brewer went to Hedge's store and represented that he could dispose of a \$400 piano. The instrument was turned over to him, and he took it to Gowanda, where he sold it for \$120, it is said, and forwarded \$75 to Mr. Hedge. Failing to get a further remittance from Brewer, Mr. Hedge swore out a warrant for him. He was located and arrested in Olean on Sunday.

\$1000

to be awarded for the best pictures designed for advertising the Autoharp. First prize, \$500. Ten prizes, \$50 each. Each contestant may illustrate any one or all of the following subjects.

"Easy to Play."

Possibly the strongest fact connected with the Autoharp is that it is so easy to learn to play, and that, too, with satisfaction to all, listener as well as player. There are no discords. What a contrast to the average practice-hour with any other instrument! Picture it.

"Easy to Buy."

Ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$150.00, it is certainly within the reach of any one, while at the same time even the lowest-priced instrument is musical.

An American Invention.

The Autoharp is not only distinctively new, but peculiarly American. All other musical instruments come to us from the old countries and are hoary with age.

Without a Teacher.

Of the five hundred thousand Autoharps now in pleasurable use all over the land, scarcely one thousand ever had an Autoharp teacher to give them a single hour of introduction to the purchaser. What an expense is thus saved! Is it not then "Easy to Play"?

Tone.

It must be heard to be appreciated. Soft, sweet, and pure, or strong, resonant, and noble, it has wonderful possibilities under the touch of a skilful hand.

Any original suggestion worked out in a picture not covering any of the above points will be received on an equal footing with the others. All work for this competition to be submitted by April 10th. Printed conditions of the contest may be had upon application. Any picture submitted must be subject to purchase at a fair price.

Are you interested in

The Autoharp?

Send for pamphlet "How the Autoharp Captured the Family."

Alfred Dolge & Son, 107 E. 13th St. New-York.

THE above offer will appear in the advertising pages of the leading magazines for February. Alfred Dolge & Son are using every possible inducement to further the interests of the Autoharp. The success of this instrument during 1894 will surely be augmented during 1895.

Where Is He?

ANYONE knowing the address of Mr. L. A. Subers will confer a great favor by sending the same to this office.

An Elaborate Catalogue.

ONE of the most attractive catalogues of the old year is that issued in December by the Wilcox & White Organ Company, of Meriden, Conn., and printed by the Ketterlinus Printing House, of Philadelphia. The catalogue contains forty pages, and is particularly beautiful from a standpoint of typography, letter press, paper and illustrations. The size of the book is 8x10 and it is bound in heavy bristol board, stamped and highly illuminated with the title "Symphony" sweeping across the front and back pages. Next to the title page is one containing a quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson relative to music.

Then ensues an elaborate description of "The Symphony." On the seventh page is an engraving entitled "The Symphony in the Music Room of the Hon. Daniel S. Russell, Melrose, Mass.," and on pages 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19 and 21 are cuts showing the Symphony in various private houses and hotel drawing rooms. There are cuts of various styles of the organ and the book contains a long

list of distinguished patrons who have been purchasers of the Symphony. The book in its entirety is a complete success and holds a distinguished place in the list of catalogues for 1895.

Sorcery Only in Sales Department.

VARNISH was made in kettles fifty years ago, and it is made in kettles to-day. It was made of gum, linseed oil, turpentine and gum copal half a century ago. Calcutta linseed oil and North Carolina turpentine mixed together at varying degrees of heat make the finest and most expensive varnish, which polishes and preserves the wood of sleeping cars and carriages to-day. There is not a varnish maker who does not surround his business with trade secrets, and the uninitiated is led to believe that varnish making is an inherited art, handed down from father to son, and is something that cannot be taught by book learning or transmitted by word of mouth. But a varnish maker who received yards of blue ribbon honors and dozens of diplomas, and who in the course of time will be able to display a score of medals bearing the insignia of the World's Columbian Exposition, said a few days ago that the true art of making varnish lay in the process of manufacture by experienced men.—Chicago "Record."

P. J. Gildemeester, for Many Years Managing Partner of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Gildemeester & Kroeger

Henry Kroeger, for Twenty Years Superintendent of Factories of Messrs. Steinway & Sons.

Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York.

THE NEEDHAM

PIANOS AND ORGANS

ARE NEEDED BY EVERYONE.

ARTISTS need 'em.

AMATEURS need 'em.

TEACHERS need 'em.

PUPILS need 'em.

CHURCHES need 'em.

SCHOOLS need 'em.

ALL ENTERPRISING DEALERS NEED 'EM.

NEW STYLES NOW READY. ADDRESS

NEEDHAM PIANO AND ORGAN CO.,

36 East 14th Street, Union Square, New York.

G. CHEVREL,*Designer and Maker of Artistic Marquetry.*

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

PANELS AND NAME BOARDS FOR PIANOS AND ORGANS A SPECIALTY.
PARIS, FRANCE.

SAMPLES ON HAND FOR INSPECTION AT

WILLIAM TONK & BRO., Agents for United States and Canada, 36 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.
371 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.**THE COLBY PIANO CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Factories and Main Offices: ERIE, PA.

CHICAGO: 327-329 WABASH AVENUE.

THE JULIUS N. BROWN CO., WESTERN AGENTS.**THE JEWETT UPRIGHT PIANOS.***Illustrated Catalogue and Price List on Application.***JEWETT PIANO CO.,** Manufacturers,
LEOMINSTER, MASS.**F. MUEHLFELD & CO.,**• *Piano Manufacturers,* •

511 & 513 E. 137th St., NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

**C. G. RÖDER,**

LEIPSIK, GERMANY.

Music Engraving
and Printing,
Lithography and
Typography.Beggars to invite Music
Houses to apply for
Estimates of Manu-
scripts to be engraved
and printed. Most
perfect and quickest
execution; liberal
conditions.**LARGEST HOUSE for MUSIC ENGRAVING and PRINTING.**

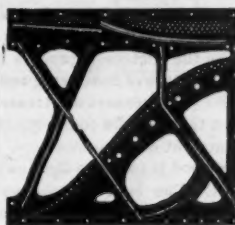
Specimens of Printing, Title Samples and Price List free on application.

WE MANUFACTURE THE

POOLE & STUART PIANOS.

Dealers will find them just what they want.

5 APPLETON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

ESTD **BASS STRINGS** 1867
PIANO CARVING
SAWED & ENGRAVED PANELS
FRANCIS RAMACCIOTTI
162 & 164 WEST 27TH ST. N.Y.**WICKHAM, CHAPMAN & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANO PLATES.

CAST, DRILLED, PINNED AND ORNAMENTED.

ALSO

PIANO HARDWARE

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Martin Piano Trucks,

THE ONLY PRACTICAL TRUCK MADE.

For catalogues and prices address

C. H. MARTIN & CO.,

SIOUX CITY IA.

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

The C. S. STONE**Piano Cases**

ARE THE BEST.

ERVING, MASS.

**G. O'CORR**
Manufacturer
and Carver**Piano Legs,**LYRES and
PILASTERSIN A VARIETY OF
STYLES.Orders from dealers prompt
ly attended to.

FACTORY:

510 & 512 West 38th St

Bet. 10th and 11th Aves.
NEW YORK.**C. F. HANSON & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

INSTRUMENT COVERS

for Banjos, Guitars, Mandolins, etc., in Felt and Canvas
lined. We are well known to the Jobbing Trade as making the
best in the market. Our trade mark is on every button. Send
direct to us: 317 Main St., Worcester, Mass., or 178
Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**Piano Scales, Designs, Drawings
AND PATTERNS**on hand and made to order. Regulating and
Repairing done.**HASTINGS & SON,**Experts in Piano Construction (over 30 years'
experience),

39 W. 125th Street, NEW YORK.

ISAAC I. COLE & SON

Manufacturers and Dealers in

VENEERS,

And Importers of

FANCY WOODS,420 and 427 East Eighth St., East River,
NEW YORK.**ROBT. M. WEBB,**

Felt Cloth and Punchings.

MAKER OF

PIANO HAMMERS.

SOLE AGENCY FOR

Billion's French Hammer Felt,

38 Union Square, NEW YORK.

THE NEEDHAM FACTORY.

By a Non-Expert.

THIS is the story of a visit to a piano making establishment by a man whose technical knowledge of building a piano is about as thorough as the erudition of a Mark Twain Indian relative to Greek verbs. The tale merely relates the impression made upon the mind of an outsider who is as barren of skill in the art of piano playing as the top of Bald Mountain is lacking in herbage. The task, then, self imposed and undertaken by a novice, led the writer to go through the factory of the Needham Piano Organ Company, at Washington, N. J., the head offices and warerooms of the concern being located at 36 East Fourteenth street, New York.

Including the experience with the gentleman who wore the long billie-goat whisker, and who, because his water was frozen up, took revenge by charging 40 cents for a 15 cent luncheon, and the mild sensation produced by the three anarchistic young gentlemen who blocked up the doorway of the tone regulating department and struck a bomb-throwing-like attitude and exclaimed savagely: "He's a reporter! that's what he is! He's a goin' to write us up!" the trip proved delightful, and really those two little incidents related are liable to happen in the best regulated towns.

The approach to the factory leading from the railway station throws into view a plant the entire ground area of which covers 10 acres. The main building is 50 feet wide, 490 feet long and three stories and a fourth sloping roof story in height, with basement. It is elbowed by four wings, varying from 50 to 180 feet in depth by 40 feet in width. Then there are a number of outhouses for purpose of storage, &c., these including six drying kilns, each having a capacity for 20,000 feet of lumber; fan houses, shed, &c.

Enter the offices of the main building and you will be welcomed by Mr. Cole, secretary of the concern. There are several office rooms and a large number of busy clerks in evidence. There are speaking tubes connecting direct with each department of the factory; there is a tell-tale tele-meter by which the night watchman must record his visits to the various stations of the buildings a great number of times from dark until daylight; and there's a tremendous supply of hose for emergency in case of fire. And as you glance at the convenience Mr. Cole will explain that it is but a small part of a gigantic system for quenching conflagrations. The ceilings of the entire factory are studded with sprinkler heads, so placed that when the water is turned on each head will throw a heavy body of water to cover a space of ten square feet; thus all of the factory is provided for. The system works automatically, the sprinklers being operated at will, by means of two supplies: the main supply being drawn from the public waterworks with a pressure of 85 pounds to the square inch; the second supply coming from two large tanks in case the public works should prove defective.

The factory is modernly equipped with the latest improved machinery necessary to facilitate the work of piano making. The engines are powerful, the boilers consume all of the sawdust waste, and a feature of economy is observed in the use of the exhaust steam for heating the factory.

The walk over the premises occupies about two hours, and first of all the lumber yards are visited. There is ample space for storing millions of feet of lumber here, and it was noticed that the woods embraced foreign and domestic growths, hard and soft woods. This stock, which is brought direct to the yards by trains running over tracks built by the piano company, is unloaded in piles and ventilated by means of slats between the boards. And by way of comment it may be said that frequently a money investment in lumber is not realized upon with profit until two years after

the lumber is unloaded; it takes that long to get the money out of it.

The six dry kilns before mentioned are built independent of each other and are provided with fans for forcing heated air into the several apartments. The lumber, having been kiln dried (a process gone through to prevent weather-checking), it is removed to closed sheds. This, it was observed, is done in order to force the condition of the lumber back to a normal state, which is effected by permitting it to take up a certain amount of atmospheric influence. It would not be wise to put lumber direct from the dry kiln into an instrument, because, after the sap has been absorbed by drying, the wood must have time to convalesce, as it were, by getting a breath of fresh air.

The bulky lumber is brought on trucks into the machine room back of the cut-off saws. It then goes to the saws, where it is cut into dimensions convenient for handling. Subsequently the boards run through the various machines on the road to a perfect part of a piano.

And, en passant, it is well to say that the transit of a piece of timber from the forest into any one part of a piano very much reminds an inexperienced man of the evolution of a pork chop from the pig, if one takes into consideration the brute's career, including his capture, the slitting of his throat, plunging into hot water baths and forcing him through flesh severing machinery.

One of the vital parts of a piano case is the veneering. The lumber alluded to is in a wide measure utilized for this purpose. In the basement of the factory is located the veneer room, all veneers being received here and cut up. The stock is then carried back into the gluing room, a separate portion of the basement, where all of the veneering for piano cases is prepared. Every facility is afforded, including a dry house, which is kept at a heat of 175°. From this room the veneers are removed to the presses, and after being thoroughly pressed the veneers are taken out and stored in the veneer room, where they are kept for respective periods of six months or a year, in order that every particle of dampness may be removed.

The veneers next go to the cabinet makers' room. Ascend to this department on the third floor in the cabinet makers' wing of the building. Here the veneered woods, after their six months or one year of idleness, are taken in hand and put into shape by means of finishing, cleaning and sanding, ready for the varnishing department. This is found in the north end of the north wing of the factory, third floor. The stock is brought on racks, built on low rollers, each rack holding material for twelve cases complete, and in one of the rooms the stock receives its coat of filler and stain.

After being dried and sanded the stock is taken on the racks, through sliding doors, to one of the varnish rooms. Here the Victorson process of drying varnish is used, the temperature of the drying room being kept at an average of 110°. The veneers are treated to five coats of varnish and then taken to the coarse rubbing department for a massage treatment with pumicestone and water. From this room the wood is taken to the flowing department on the same floor. The case is now ready for the fly finishers, and, having followed the evolution of the case to this point, you drop it and go back to the interior department for the purpose of bringing the back of the piano up to a state of perfect construction.

To the point where the lumber leaves the machines, it goes through precisely the same process that was observed in the treatment of the cases, and you will therefore save going over all of that ground again by stepping up to the case makers' department, where the backs are being glued together and the wrest-planks or pin blocks veneered and made ready for the bellmen. Their department is on the second floor, the north end of the north wing of the factory.

For fear that a misconception might be placed upon the functions of the bellmen, be it explained that their duty does not apply to any kind of surgical work allied with the human body, but consists of certain delicate operations on the belly of the piano, such, for instance, as putting on the sounding boards, with their ribs (no wonder a piano can "sing," as the critics term it, when it has ribs, feet, legs, back and a belly), bridges, bridge pins and the iron frame, and the process of boring for the tuning pins. Thus is the

back now in shape to go to the stringer, who drives in the tuning pins and strings them. He lays the frame flat and is supplied with various sizes of wire from spindles on a bench at his left hand.

The next thing to do is to put the piano together. The backs and cases pass to the men whose duty it is to glue on the ends of the cases, thus uniting the case with the back and fitting the instrument for the finisher, who takes it in charge and puts in the action and keys. When he gets through with the instrument the fly finisher gets it. He puts on the pedals, key strips, locks, lock board and hinges; fits in the frets, hangs the music rack, puts on the top board and hinges it, and the instrument passes to the regulating department, in one of the centre wings, second floor.

It is at this stage of piano making that the impression is received that science steps boldly from behind the curtain and separates the mechanic's shop from the art room, lops off the arm of the workman, the cabinet maker and supplies deft fingers, keen, perfect artists' ears. The first duty in this department is the correct spacing of the hammers, regulating the damper frame and regulating the depth of touch as related to the keys. The instrument is then taken to the tuning department and from here to the fine tone regulator, where the tone is equalized, the action being removed or taken out and looked over, the hammers filed and the tone softened.

The entire action, when it quits the hands of the fine tone regulator, must be perfect so far as tone and regulating are concerned. The action having been replaced the instrument is sent to the fine tuning department, where it receives its sixth and final tuning, having previously been chipped twice and tuned five times, the chipping process having commenced as soon as the back had been strung. The piano receives its final polishing, and after being oiled off the instrument is sent to the wareroom, ready for the market.

MALCOLM LOVE PIANOS.

A High Grade Piano, equal to any!

MANUFACTURED BY

WATERLOO ORGAN CO., Waterloo, N. Y.

We invite correspondence from Dealers in localities where we are not represented.

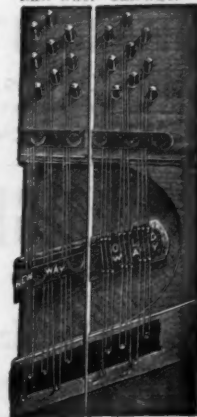
EUROPEAN Cottage Organ Importer

Intending to visit America in 1905, asks Organ Builders who intend to export to Europe to send illustrated Price Lists care of L. 6636, to

RUDOLF MOSSE, Zurich, Switzerland.
(M 12100 Z.)

SCHUBERT PIANOS

NEW WAY. OLD WAY.



WITH
TRIPLE BEARING BRIDGE
PATENTED SEPTEMBER 26, 1900,
BY

Mr. Peter Duffy,

PRESIDENT

SCHUBERT PIANO CO.

PRODUCES A

FULLER, CLEARER,
More Pleasing Tone.

**SCHUBERT
PIANO CO.,**

535 to 541 East 134th Street,
NEW YORK.

THE SCHIMMEL & NELSON PIANO CO.

FARIBAULT, MINN.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Strictly High Grade
PIANOS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

WE may be able to show you a thing or two about Organs if you will give us a chance by ordering a sample. Our Organs sell and satisfy.

THE ANN ARBOR ORGAN CO.,

High Grade Organ Makers,

ANN ARBOR, MICH, U. S. A.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

DAVID H. SCHMIDT,
(Successor to SCHMIDT & Co.)

FELT COVERER OF PIANOFORTE HAMMERS,

312-314 East 22d Street,
NEW YORK.

IN PRESS.

"JACINTA,"

Mexican Comic Opera by

... A. G. ROBYN,

Composer of "ANSWER."

HARRY PEPPER & CO.,

57 West 49d Street, New York City.

Arthur E. Thomas, - Manager.

HINTS TO ADVERTISERS.

By Charles Austin Bates.

No. LXIV.

IN order to make this department as useful as possible, and to know that it is being made useful, correspondence is invited. If there are any questions about advertising which we can answer, we will be glad to do so. Advertisements sent in will be criticised and suggestions made for their improvement. In order that these ads. shall not go astray in the mails or among the mass of exchanges which come to this office, it is recommended that the advertisement be cut from the paper, marked with the name and date of issue and mailed to us under letter postage.

The Æolian Company is a good advertiser. All of the matter that is sent out by them is first class, if money will make it so. Their catalogue is a work of art, and the same may be said of the many booklets and circulars which they have printed. A great deal of attention is given to their advertising, and their agents are supplied with printed copies of excellent advertisements.

I do not know whether this ad. is one of a series that they send out or not, but it is certainly taken bodily from some of their literature:

AN ÆOLIAN

Would make a most acceptable

Christmas present.

LEADING MUSICIANS

Own and use the Æolian and express themselves as charmed to find a single instrument so perfectly capable of filling the broad field between a Piano or Pipe Organ and an Orchestra.

LOVERS OF MUSIC

Who, perhaps, have never had the advantages of a thorough musical education, are amazed and delighted to find the whole realm of music is open to them through the use of an ÆOLIAN, without the machine effects so offensive to the musical ear.

M. STEINERT & SONS CO.,

246 and 248 Westminster St.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The only trouble is that not quite enough matter is taken, and a good idea of the instrument is not given. As a matter of fact the ad. does not tell what the Æolian really is, nor what it does. So far as it goes the matter is all right, but it does not go far enough. It does not tell the important fact that anyone can play on the Æolian, even though they never saw a printed note, and even though they know nothing about music save what they have learned by listening to it. The Æolian is a hard instrument to explain on paper, but this one point can always be made. One other thing which should never be left out of an Æolian ad. is an invitation to come and hear it.

What the advertiser should determine before he writes his ad. is just exactly what he wants the reader of that ad. to do first. In advertising instruments like the Æolian the first thing to be done is to arouse the reader's curiosity, and to convince him, if possible, that the instrument really is something worth looking at. The next thing is to show him that the gratification of his curiosity is very easy. The most that can ordinarily be accomplished by an advertisement is to get the reader of it into the store to look at the thing

advertised. This is true in almost every business, but particularly so in the music trade.

I think I have reproduced this advertisement of the W. W. Kimball Company before, but it has come to me again

Are You an Expert?

Are You an Expert?

Do you know within \$50 or \$100 what a piano should cost?

Take Off the Names

From several pianos and place them side by side.

Which is Which?

Which is the piano you always thought you preferred?

Can You Distinguish It?

If not, why did you prefer it?

What is to Guide You?

How will you know how much to pay?

List Prices.

Anyone can print them and make \$600 or \$1,000 pianos.

"Paper is Patient"

And will stand much abuse.

Discounts?

Yes, they will give them to you. Clergymen's discounts, School discounts, Teachers' discounts, Friends' discounts, Discounts for your influence, Discounts to introduce pianos, Discounts for various alleged reasons, &c.

On What Can You Rely?

On the "many-price-get-all-you-can" system of selling pianos? or on

The One-Price Plan?

Where every instrument is marked in PLAIN FIGURES, and NO MORE IS ASKED and NO LESS ACCEPTED, and where in ALL CASES the best value is guaranteed.

Best?

Is there any longer a "best" piano?

Patents?

There are none that are essential to the construction of a first-class piano.

What Then is Required?

Only a few requisites—such as—

Experience

To know how to attain the best results at an absolute minimum of cost.

Ample Capital

To employ the highest grade of skilled labor, and to purchase the best material in large quantities.

Ability

To utilize these to the best advantage, and to give the MOST FOR THE MONEY.

Who Possesses These

Requisites to any greater degree than W. W. KIMBALL CO.?

Who Are More Eminent

In the musical world than the following well-known musicians, who, together with many others, use and endorse the Kimball pianos?

Adelina Patti,
Emma Calve,
Lillian Nordica,
E. Fursch-Madl,
Lilli Lehmann,
Minnie Hauk,
Emma Albani,
Sophia Scalchi,
Marie Tavarly,
Sig. de Lucia,
Sig. de Sarasate,
Jean de Reszke,
Ed. de Reszke,
Jean Lassalle,
Emil Fischer,
Luigi Ravelli,
Mario Ancona,

Sig. Tamagno,
Max Alvary,
Sig. Del Puente,
Emil Liebling,
Ovide Musin,
Sig. Galassi,
Giov. Perugini,
Pol. Piançon,
Robert Goldbeck,
E. Bévignani,
C. M. Ziehrer,
E. Remenyi,
Luigi Arditi,
L. Mancinelli,
P. S. Gilmore,
Jno. P. Sousa.

Easy Payments. One Profit.

One Price. Plain Figures.

W. W. KIMBALL COMPANY,

[Established 1887.]

Wabash Avenue, Near Jackson Street.
Open Evenings until Christmas.

and the text for a separate advertisement. Taken as a whole, this ad. is as strong as any one I have seen.

The following advertisement occupied nearly a full page in the Washington "Star" on December 8. It struck me as being one which would almost certainly bring good results, and I wrote to Mr. Van Wickle to find out what the effect had been. His letter tells the whole story.

BRADBURY PIANOS.

60-DAY IMPROVEMENT SALE.

Our Building to Be Completely Remodeled.

Entire Stock of Pianos and Organs to Be Sacrificed.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that we have the largest Piano Display Rooms south of Philadelphia, our business has increased to such an extent that we find it absolutely necessary to remodel the entire building February 1 and put in an elevator, so as to utilize the three upper floors as handsome sales rooms. Before we can do this it is necessary to remove every instrument from the building, or the dust and dirt would utterly ruin them. Rather than go to the expense of renting a new building or sending the stock back to the factory we propose to sacrifice every single Piano and Organ in stock. We had thought of delaying this special "improvement sale" until after the holidays, but have concluded that it would be to our future advantage and secure your good will by giving you the benefit of the reductions now, inasmuch as so many Pianos are given at Christmas.

Below we quote a few prices to show the proportions of reductions which have been made on the entire stock.

If you anticipate buying a Piano within the next year or so it will pay you to buy it now. Investigate prices and easy terms.

\$150 Geo. Hews Sq. Rosewood Piano, \$45.
\$200 Chickering Rosewood Square Piano, \$75.
\$300 Halsey Sq. Rosewood Piano, \$125.
\$350 Marchal & Smith Sq. Rosewood Piano, \$145.
\$350 Jacob Brothers' Upright Rosewood Piano, \$190.
\$400 Bradbury Square Rosewood Piano, \$200.
\$400 New Webster Upright Oak Piano, \$250.
\$400 New Webster Upright Rosewood Piano, \$275.
\$450 Bradbury Upright, Ebony and Gold Piano, \$275.
\$450 Bradbury Upright Walnut Piano, \$290.
\$450 New Sohmer Upright Rosewood Piano, \$295.
\$450 Bradbury Upright Rosewood Piano, \$300.
\$500 New Bradbury Upright Mahogany Piano, \$350.
\$550 New Bradbury Upright Oak Piano, \$375.
\$125 New England Organ, 7 stops, \$40.
\$125 Marion Organ, 10 stops, \$45.
\$125 New Marion Organ, 8 stops, \$50.
\$150 Palace Organ, 11 stops, \$55.
\$150 Palace Organ, 9 stops, \$65.
\$150 New Weaver Organ, 8 stops, \$75.
\$250 New England Organ, 12 stops, \$95.
\$250 Needham Organ, 10 stops, \$100.
\$275 Mason & Hamlin Organ, 11 stops, pipe top, \$110.

Every Instrument is Plainly Marked With Original and Reduced Price.

FREEBORN G. SMITH, 1225 PA. AVENUE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 28, 1894.

Mr. Chas. Austin Bates, Vanderbilt Building, New York, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—Your postal of the 26th at hand. Our advertisement in the "Star" of December 8th has paid us well; we have sold twelve of the instruments which were actually advertised, and many others which were not in the list published, and can trace our very heavy Christmas trade, directly and indirectly, to our "ad." of the 8th. Am pleased to learn that it was your kind of an "ad." and can assure you that we are more than pleased with the results of the advertisement.

Very respectfully,

W. P. VAN WICKLE.

From Kansas City comes this advertisement, which has at least the merit of earnestness. While it does not tell anything about the two pianos it mentions, and while it makes the mistake of saying "without comparison," when it should say "beyond comparison," it has the effect of

THE AUTOMATON PIANO

IS TO BE FOUND IN THE WAREROOMS

of almost every reputable Piano House in New York City. 500 testimonials from prominent users. Write for Circulars.

FACTORY: 675 HUDSON ST.; WAREROOMS: 1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

making the reader's opinion of these two pianos very much better than it was before:

**1485
FISCHER PIANOS
— AND —
950
NEW ENGLAND PIANOS**

Sold in KANSAS CITY
and Immediate Vicinity.

We can verify above statement
with names and addresses of a
large percentage of the purchasers.

These Pianos are absolutely without comparison.
Their place has not been made for them. They
advertise themselves. A Million of Dollars repre-
sents the capital of each maker and the guarantee
is absolute. Our own capital is \$100,000 more than
that of any other music house, and we back the
goods.

There are 45 different styles. Quotations mailed
if desired.

Kansas City Piano Co.

1215 MAIN STREET.

C. E. ELLSBREE, Treas.

It sounds as if the Kansas City Piano Company were en-
thusiastic about the quality of their pianos and meant
every word they said.

The Comstock-Cheney.

AMONG piano manufacturers East and West
an article of the most far-reaching importance in the
instrument is familiarly known as the Comstock-Cheney.
To the uninitiated this would appear as a technical part of
the piano, as a technical name of something entering into
the construction of the piano, for it is used in that sense
when the name is uttered, and piano manufacturers among
themselves use it in that sense.

The initiated know at once that it is the well-known
piano action of the Comstock-Cheney Company, of Ivory-
ton, Conn., to which reference is made, an action which
has acquired a national reputation in the American piano
trade.

The Comstock-Cheney Company conducts at Ivoryton,
Conn., one of the largest supply plants in the musical
industries, manufacturing thousands of sets of ivory piano
keys, and also in a separate and distinct establishment the
celebrated action of which we speak. The amount of
stored lumber in sheds and dry kilns, and under process of
manufacture, is great enough to supply the demands of a
great piano manufacturing house, and from this point up-
ward to the completion of the actions, through all the
ramifications and processes of labor and skill necessary for
the production of the intricate piano mechanism (and
actions are called mechanisms on the continent of Europe),
one finds every indication of the application of the most
modern and scientific rules for the production of the article
with which the name of Comstock-Cheney is now so closely
identified.

Many of the very best known piano manufacturers of the

country have been using this action for years past and find
among its chief attributes reliability and exactness, great
durability and a retention of the original qualities even
under the most severe strain and usage. Under these cir-
cumstances the Comstock-Cheney has continued to sur-
round itself with a large array of patrons whose faith in
the action is beyond peradventure, and whose constant
encomiums are a fitting tribute to the merits of the article.

Anyone visiting the Ivoryton factories will be confirmed
in the same general sentiment, for the methods revealed
there must impress the student or expert with the view
that the Comstock-Cheney action is unquestionably destined
to become a still more important factor in the piano trade
than ever before.

Warning.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., January 3, 1895.

To The Musical Courier and to the Trade:

LUDWIG HUPFELD, of Leipsic, is the owner
of United States Letters Patent No. 429,419, of June
3, 1890, for a mechanical keyboard player. Heretofore
you have been warned against making, using and selling
piano attachments which are infringements of the afore-
said patent, especially such as are made by the Automaton
Piano Company. Our attorneys, Messrs. Goepel & Rae-
gener, of New York, have begun suit against the Autom-
aton Piano Company, permission having at last been
granted by the court. It was necessary to make an appli-
cation to the court, because this company for some time
past has been in the hands of a receiver. This suit will be
vigorously prosecuted, and all infringers and those hand-
ling the Automaton attachment will be dealt with to the
fullest extent of the law.

BLASIUS & SONS,

1101, 1103 and 1119 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.,
Sole Agents for the Hupfeld Piano Attachment for the
United States.

A Bechstein Notice.

C. BECHSTEIN,

GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANO MANUFACTORY,
40 Wigmore Street, 5 and 7 Johannis Strasse,
LONDON, W. BERLIN, N.

NOTICE!

I have been informed recently that German manu-
facturers intend to copy my models, and especially my New
English Models. This makes it necessary for me to state
emphatically that all my models are protected by law against
imitation, not only in Germany, but also in England and
the United States, making them my exclusive property. I
will protect myself against damages to my interests by
using all the legal means at my disposal.

C. BECHSTEIN

WARNING.

It does not seem to be fully known that the "Law for
the protection of Trade Marks of May 12, 1894," has begun
to operate on October 1, 1894, otherwise a South German
piano manufacturer would not have made an attempt to
copy a copyrighted model, which is at present much in de-
mand in England, from the piano factory of C. Bechstein,
of Berlin.

This form of unprincipled trade is covered by Section 15
of the above mentioned law, which says:

"Whosoever shall for the purpose of deceiving in com-
merce and trade imitate goods in a manner which is known
in interested trade circles as a mark of another, without
the latter's consent, or who for the same purpose shall
trade or sell such marked goods, is liable to damages to the
complainant, and may be fined up to 3,000 marks, or up to
three months' imprisonment. The punishment is subject

to the demand of the complainant. *The withdrawal of
the demand is not allowable.*"

The royal Prussian court piano manufacturer, C. Bech-
stein, of Berlin and London, gives a "notice" that he is
not willing to let a third party enjoy the fruits of his ac-
tivity. We recommend all those interested in our branch
of trade to imitate C. Bechstein in coming forward with
energy against any contemplated fraud.—Berlin "Musik
Instrumenten Zeitung," December 15, 1894.

To Be Read According to Dates.

NEW YORK, January 4, 1895.

Editors The Musical Courier:

OUR mails lately have contained a large
number of inquiries from the trade asking us whether
the statement made by Blasius & Sons that suit was being
brought against this company was correct. We desire to
use your valuable medium as a means for notifying the
trade generally that such statements are absolutely devoid
of truth. Likewise are their statements that the permission
of the court to bring suit is necessary, because of the fact
that this company is in the hands of a receiver.

The true reason is that we have been unable to collect
our costs in the last suit which we won from Hupfeld, and
that the Leipsic parties cannot bring suit without first put-
ting up security for costs. These statements seem to be
made with a desire of distracting the attention of the trade
from the main fact, which is, that suit is now pending
against Blasius & Sons and other dealers who are handling
the Hupfeld attachment, and the fact that we have in-
structed our counsel to refuse to allow Hupfeld's attorney to
amend their answer to our present suit.

In conclusion the writer will donate \$1,000 to any charity
if any patent attorney of repute can be found who will give
an opinion over his signature that the device being man-
ufactured by the Automaton Piano Company is an infringe-
ment of the patents claimed to be owned by Ludwig
Hupfeld.

Apologizing for encroaching upon your valuable space,
but feeling it fully just to ourselves and the public as to
the true meaning of these continual misstatements, be-
lieve me to remain.

Faithfully yours,

EMILE KLABER.



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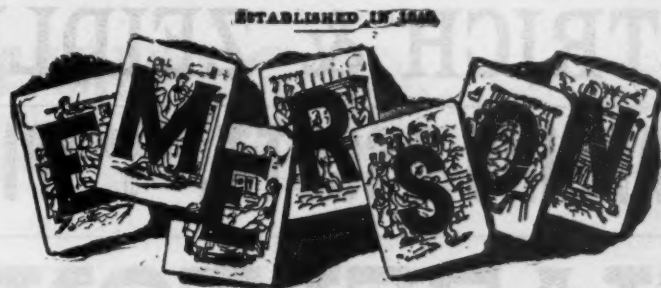
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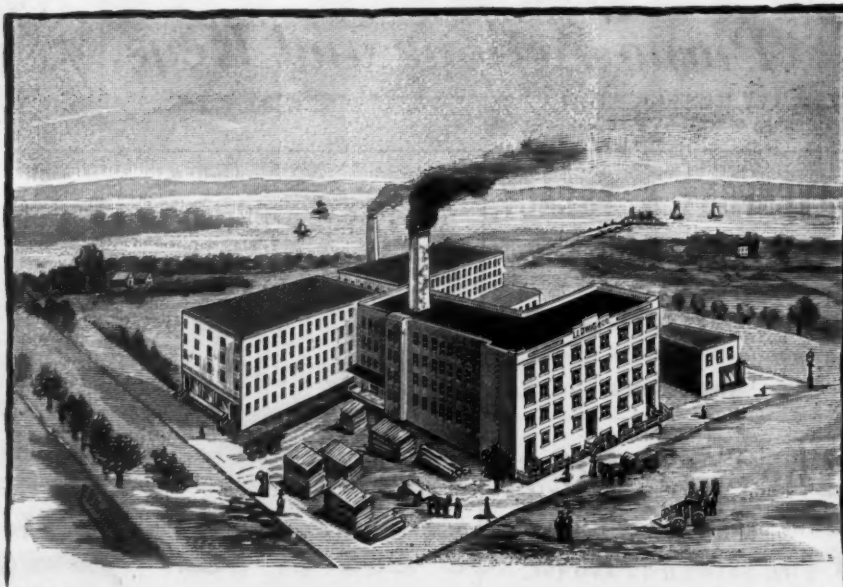
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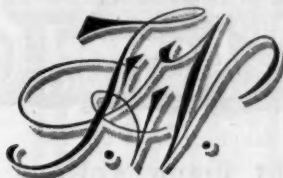
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